

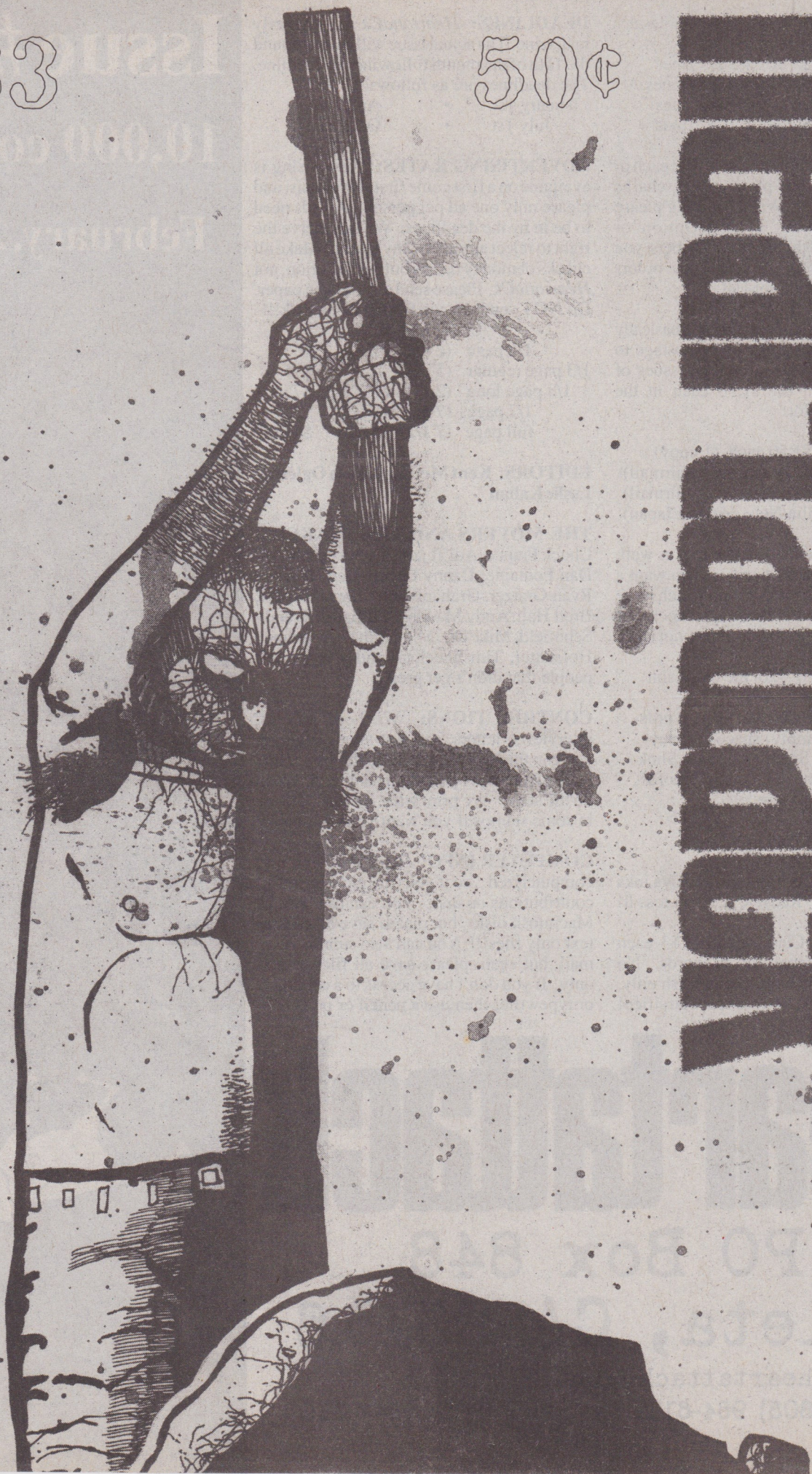
#33

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heart attack

art by Keith Rosson



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#3-#6, #11, & #16-#26 the usual shit
#27 International issue
#28 Words, words, and more words
#29 2001 a (empty) space odyssey
#30 Bury Me Standing and Le Shok
#31 Police Line & Council Records
#32 Blast! interview

All other issues sold out.

PRINTING: HaC is printed with soya inks on recycled paper. Recycle it, don't toss it!

CLASSIFIEDS: Classifieds are \$3 each with a maximum length of 40 words. No exceptions to the 40 word limit. Cash only. Please, no more than 40 words per classified!

DEADLINES: *HeartattaCk* is a quarterly magazine. The actual issue will be out around the 15th of the month following the deadline. The deadlines are as follows:

January 1st • April 1st
July 1st • October 1st

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EDITORS: Kent McClard, Lisa Oglesby, Leslie Kahan

THE MOVERS AND THE SHAKERS: Chuck Franco, Adi Tejada, Dylan Ostendorf, Dan Fontaine, Danny Ornee, Denver Dale, Ryan Gratzner, Graham Clise, Steve Snyder, Brett Hall, Andy Maddox, Fil Baird, Brandy Schofield, Mike Ott, Mike Ruhele, Marianne Hofstetter, Tim Sheehan, and a few other people that didn't get props.

CONTRIBUTIONS: We need articles, interviews, letters, and just about anything you can think of. Most of the things in *HaC* were just sent in by random people. You can do the same. We print what we like. Throw in some stamps if you want your shit back.

COMPUTER INFO: *HeartattaCk* is fully computerized... so if you can, please send all contributions on disk. You can use IBM or Macintosh disks, but please save all files as text only files!!! You can also submit via e-mail, but again please save all files as text only. If you don't have access to a computer or typewriter then use a pencil or pen.

heartattack

PO Box 848

Goleta, CA 93116

heartattack@ebullition.com

phone (805) 964-6111

fax (805) 964-2310

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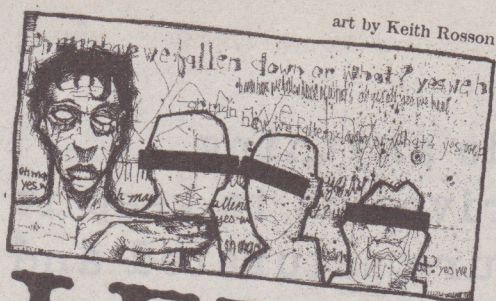
Why does anyone do anything anymore? What drives us to keep it going in our culture saturated and totally jaded existence? Why go to the show, write the 'zine, be in a band, or do community action? Well, that is exactly what we want you to explain. In an upcoming issue of *HeartattaCk*, we will have a guest columnist section on inspiration.

Please send in your thoughts about what/who inspires you inside the punk scene and out to keep doing whatever it is your doing, or to start doing something new.

Upcoming theme issues:

HaC #34 will have a section on inspiration, contributions gladly accepted. The deadline for HaC #34 is April 1st.

HaC #35 is the "Punks Over 30" theme issue. We are accepting contributions such as articles, columns, and interviews for this issue now. The deadline for HaC #35 is July 1st.



LETTERS TO

HAC

Hello HaC,

This letter is a direct response to the "voodoo scare" letter that appeared in September's issue of HaC. The letter concerned us deeply in the Pittsburgh and we dove into our voodoo archives to see what we could do for our friends.

Here's what we came up with.

The history of voodoo is not complicated but would take up some space so just look it up yourself if you so desire.

As for the mystery behind the doll and coconut, etc., here we go. Voodoo dolls can also be used to cast love spells, justified revenge spells, and can be even be used for self-improvement. You mentioned the doll was green so we take from Haitian color schemes to connect this with a wish for money or luck. The doll itself is probably symbolic of a particular voodoo god, or loa, but I know not of which one. In voodoo practice, the coconut is believed to have been one of the favorite foods of the gods. Therefore a coconut is not a surprising addition to any spell cast asking for good fortune.

The spell gets confusing when you describe the ripped-up picture and the five pins, both symbolic of what some might call "negative" spells. These spells are cast to cause harm to others, but normally not more harm than was originally caused upon the spell-caster. There is fear here because of ties to Karma type beliefs.

Anyway, I think y'all are safe and should just discard of said objects before they stink up your room any more.

As for punk and voodoo as a mix, I think it is a bad idea. We have seen a downfall ever since rock and roll tried this incorporation. From the Rolling Stones putting out Voodoo Lounge in 94' to today's generic bar punk style, chauvinistic trends set by bands such as the Voodoo Glow Skulls and Big Bad Voodoo Daddy. Hell, you have to pay \$30 for a Bad Religion poster at Voodocatbox.com. Maybe the closest we came at truly integrating good punk and voodoo was the Cramps. We will leave that opinion up to you.

Anyway, Scott, Vanessa, and Walker, we hope that we have set you at ease a bit with your worries. But we do have one question, especially for Scott. What the fuck are you doing in Rhode Island to begin with?

With love, Breen and Joy;
joeyno_e@hotmail.com

Dear *HeartattaCk* Readers,

I'm writing this to inform all of you about a new DIY health project that is currently

in dire need of submissions. This project is a 'zine-sized booklet about chronic and hard-to-diagnose illnesses. The purpose of bringing together a variety of contributions is twofold.

First off we want to include not only the experiences and problems of the people putting together this book, but those of other people involved in our scene who face a life of chronic disease.

Second, we want to offer people the ability to get in touch with others who are sick with a similar disease.

Specifically we wish to focus on the

roles of certain

easy-to-change things, like in causing and aggravating our diseases. With most syndromes, such as Fibromyalgia Syndrome, Chronic Fatigue Syndrome, Irritable Bowel Syndrome and other illnesses such as Crohn's Disease, diet and stress play great roles in triggering and continuing to magnify the diseases' effects upon our lives.

There are no set rules as to what the contributions can consist of, but we would like the following things to be jumping off points for your entry:

1. How you realized that you were sick, and your ideas about what causes your syndrome or disease.
2. What sort of symptoms you experience.
3. How you treat yourself, be it with drugs, herbs, lifestyle changes, journaling, etc.
4. What has your experience been with traditional Western medicine? Specifically, has your doctor been unwilling to discuss diet/lifestyle with you. Also, have you turned to herbal medicine/acupuncture and how has this helped you.
5. How has your circle of friends/relatives reacted to your diagnosis. Do they provide help, encouragement or support?
6. What sort of lifestyle changes have you had to make in light of your disease.
7. Are there any support or research groups with which you are involved?

At the very least this project should be a good way to get people that are sick to talk about their disease and to form networks within our community to help each other deal with their illnesses. This booklet should also be beneficial in getting information about these easily misdiagnosed maladies to people who have doctors that are unwilling or unable to diagnose their symptoms for what they really are.

Another project that we might like to organize would be a conference or gathering of people sick with or involved in the lives of people that are sick, to discuss DIY health issues and solutions to our mutual problems.

Even if you don't contribute, check out the excellent book Prescription for Nutritional Healing (Third Ed.) by Phyllis A. Balch and James F. Balch. Although a thick and bulky tome, it fits nicely into your bag at any Barnes and Nobles or Borders. The slightly smaller The Way of the Herbs by Michael Tierra outlines the basics and complexities of herbal medicine and includes a huge herbal reference guide. Happy "shopping."

Please send all contributions to:

Chronic Illness Project (We'll come up with a cooler name soon, don't worry.) c/o Alex Polotsky/628 Pheasant Ln./Deerfield, IL 60015. Or, if writing between February 1, 2002 and May 1, 2002: Herr. Alex Polotsky/106 Bergstrasse/69121 Heidelberg/Germany. I rarely check my e-mail, but that's also an option: lilstovetop@hotmail.com.

Dear *HeartattaCk*,

If the following 20 questions were asked of President Bush II during one of his incredibly infrequent press conferences, a great deal of light would likely flow forth and the real reasons for the current domestic and international

conflict would become clear.

1. How can you wage a war against terrorism, when war IS terrorism?

2. How many thousands of innocent civilians have been killed in American bombing raids, and how many more will be killed in Afghanistan—and elsewhere (sooner rather than later)?

3. Is Mr. Bush worried that his carpet bombing of Afghanistan with B-52s may have contributed to the dramatic rise in tensions in South Asia, making the likelihood of a conflagration between nuclear rivals India and Pakistan a very real possibility?

4. Is it not true that the preferred path for the proposed UnoCal natural gas pipeline from landlocked Turkmenistan is through Afghanistan, into Pakistan (with a possible Indian extension)?

5. Why, nine days after the installation of the "new and improved" Afghan regime, did Bush select a top UnoCal advisor as U.S. ambassador to Afghanistan?

6. Why is it that not one of the 19 accused 9-11 hijackers were Afghan? (15 were from Saudi Arabia and 4 were from Egypt, both nations American allies)

7. When Dick Cheney said this so-called "War on Terrorism" would not end in our lifetime, was he serious?

8. Speaking of Cheney's lifespan, why did his long conspicuous disappearance from public view after 9-11 go virtually unnoticed by the corporate media outlets, when he recently had a pacemaker implanted in his chest, not to mention a well documented history of "cardiac events"?

9. Is it not true that President Bush, Vice President Cheney and many other top cabinet-level officials are energy industry owners and/or former energy industry executives?

10. Is it not true that Bush's main presidential energy advisor was the Enron Corporation's CEO Kenneth Lay?

11. Is it not true that the most egregiously corrupt corporation in this country (the price-gouging, plundering, collapsing house-of-cards otherwise known as Enron) was the single largest financial backer of the Bush II 2000 presidential campaign?

12. Is it not true that two of the Republican Party's most prominent leaders in Congress (Senator Phil Gramm and Representative Dick Armey, both from Bush's energy-industry dominated home state of Texas)

both have very intimate economic and political connections to the Houston-based Enron, and both have not-so-coincidentally announced recently that they will not run for reelection?

13. Is it not true that Dick Cheney, despite an ongoing lawsuit by the General Accounting Office, still refuses to disclose the names of those energy-industry executives who were consulted as members of the Bush Administration's official energy policy formulation committee?

14. Why does the Bush Administration insist on violating the United Nations Charter by creating secret military tribunals for suspects, even when our European allies have stated that they will not extradite anyone to face trial in America under those conditions?

15. Did the passengers on the airliner that crashed in rural Pennsylvania on 9-11 actually overpower the hijackers, causing the plane to miss its intended target, or did government officials concoct a flattering fictional cover story to obscure the fact that the U.S. Air Force shot down the fourth and final airliner when it strayed from its filed flight plan?

16. Do you find it interesting that the otherwise-obsessed-with-the-Drug-War corporate media have paid so little attention to the fact that Afghanistan is the center of the world opium production, and that Bush gave \$43 million in American foreign aid to the Taliban government less than a year ago?

17. Do you find it at all alarming that Osama bin Laden is a "former employee" of the CIA (just like Saddam Hussein and Manuel Noriega), in large part a creation of American "intelligence," and that bin Laden's organization (formed during the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan) never would have existed without Ronald Reagan and George Bush, Sr., having funneled untold millions of American taxpayer dollars to the accused terrorists in the form of American arms shipments?

18. Do you find it believable that 20 Middle Eastern immigrants with known ties to militant organizations could operate openly on American soil for years, attending flight training classes (simultaneously showing no interest in learning how to actually LAND a plane), collecting large money transfers from known hostiles overseas, and the CIA and/or the FBI didn't have any prior knowledge of 9-11, despite the fact that several foreign allied "intelligence" agencies supplied the CIA with specific information about the planned attack BEFORE it was carried out?

19. Is it not true that Osama bin Laden requires regular kidney dialysis treatments in order to survive, and do you find it believable that he could be crawling from cave to cave with sophisticated and clumsy medical equipment in tow?

20. Last, but not least, where is Osama bin Laden?

—Jacob David/424 L Street #23/
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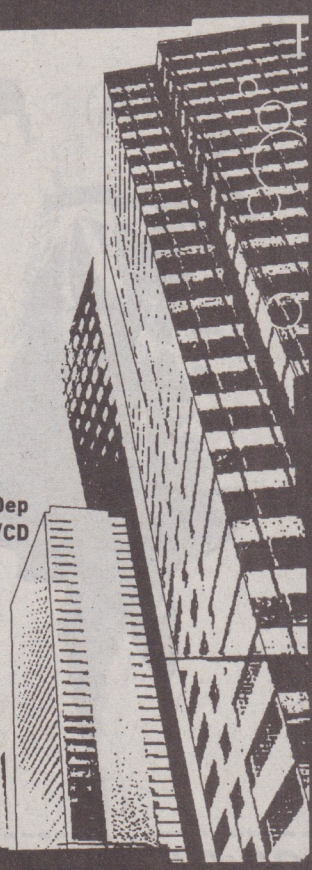
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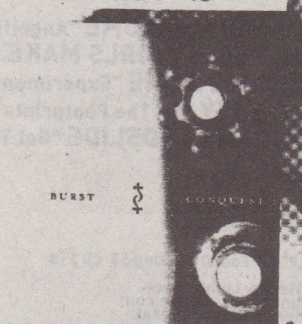
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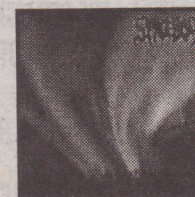
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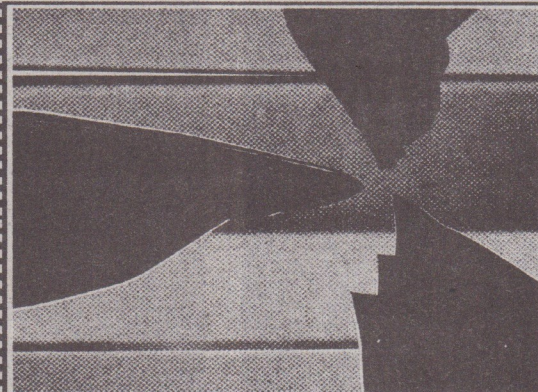
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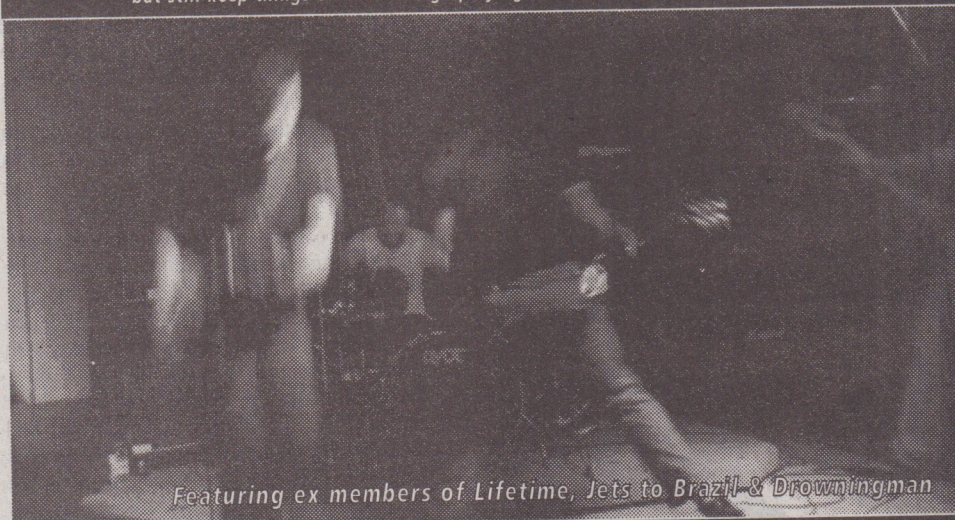
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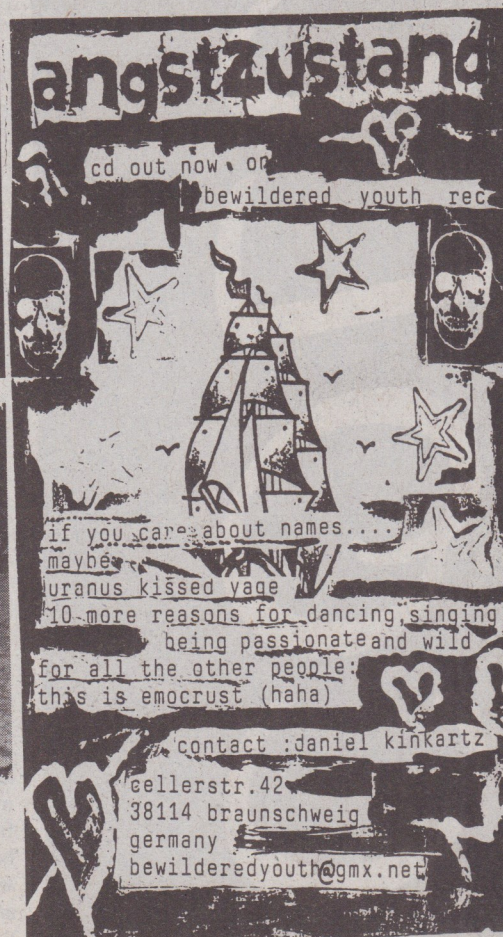
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for all the other people:
this is emocrust (haha)

contact :daniel kinkartz

cellerstr.42
38114 braunschweig
germany
bewilderedyouth@gmx.net



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COMING SOON: Race Bannon 7"

COLLUMNS

Matt Average

I really don't know what to think... I'm a mixture of feelings at the moment. I'm angry, disappointed, confused, saddened, and at the same time I understand the decisions that were made on both sides. The whole thing is a sticky mess. All patterns of thought and opinion intersect canceling one another out. When you think you have the argument nailed, another point raises its head countering what seemed a water tight opinion, and it's "well on second thought..."

The controversy surrounding the Oath 9" is depressing. Really. I talked to both Nate and Mark the night I found out. At first I thought it was funny. I thought Nate was joking, and then he convinced me he was wasn't. I was like, "Oh Jesus, this art work must be pretty twisted." How bad could this lyric book be? A couple days later a friend and I were in Amoeba in Hollywood, and I'm looking through the 10" bin, and come across the Oath 9". Of course I wanna see what all the hubbub is about, so I buy a copy. As soon as I get to the car I remove the tape from the plastic bag and pull out the lyric book. Expecting to see the most vile artwork ever, something that would have Larry Flynt blushing, I have to admit I'm let down. Porn photos distorted to a point where you really can't tell what's going on, and it's presented in a way where any hint of sexuality is removed. More abstract than filthy.

I think Mark's intention with the artwork is to shake things up and wake people from their complacency, perhaps to get them talking about morality (as nebulous as that construct is), or even sexuality beyond unnecessary confused feelings of guilt. Anymore, you can look at a record cover and know exactly what you're going to get. A picture of war; crust band, a cover with child story book art; emo, sweaty guys on the cover grabbing at the mic; straight-edge, etc., etc., etc. How boring! Why must punk be so predictable and safe? Oh... It's getting stuffy, let's open a window and let some fresh air in! I'm dying for someone to fuck with my sensibilities. I want record buying to be something of an adventure, something more than purchasing a predictable product that you have a thousand copies of at home already, but under different names. And I really don't want to see punk any more watered down or repressed than it already is.

So as it stands, or as I've been told by members of the Oath, Ebullition will refuse to carry the Oath 9" due to the lyric book art, and any other records with what they consider objectionable art. Fine, it's their business. Part of me understands why (I would like to make it perfectly clear, I'm not attacking or judging Lisa or Kent). There's also the legal fear of the authorities saying Ebullition is selling prurient material to minors. A comic shop I used to frequent in Oklahoma City used to keep certain books hidden behind the counter because they were afraid some mom would bring her kid in, and if she saw the book on the shelves would threaten legal action. And this was for books like

Re/search's "Modern Primitives." It was like a secret society. "What's the handshake? Alright, cool. We got these books behind the counter you might be interested in..." Years later I read an article in the *San Francisco Chronicle* that the comic shop was shut down and being taken to court for selling a title from Danzig's Verotik imprint.

In the end, no matter how much some of us think we're anarchists, or anti-authority, we buckle under fear (and it's not unfounded!), and maybe some residue of Christian guilt (even for atheists it's inside us and dictating some actions and "morality calls"). Censorship, or banning, no matter how little sends a message out there that we have to watch ourselves and creative expression. The result of all this is we will subconsciously censor ourselves. Compromising vision and dumbing things down for mass consumption. I think back to the slip of paper Martin Sprouse from Pressure Drop Press, included in the original edition of Seth Tobocman's "You Don't Have To Fuck People Over To Survive." The paper was titled "Obscene: fuck is an expressive word." It discussed how he had trouble getting the book printed. Over 30 printers from all over the US refused the book because they felt the title was obscene. Some printers turned the work down because they thought it "might offend their religious customers." The paper then goes on to talk about the "current regressive air of censorship is on its way to achieving its ultimate goal" (this was in 1990). He then goes on to say that printers refusing to print the book may not be censorship, but "it is certainly an effect of recent censorship activity in this country. The result is intimidation: people—or in this case printers—start policing and censoring themselves." Martin then concludes by saying, "More and more, people are willing to become victims of censorship before they are even threatened by it. Intimidation eliminates censorship's front line soldiers; no one has to force people to comply when the line of volunteers is ever growing."

On a different note, at least sort of... I've been thinking about all the talk of the Christian threat in hardcore the past few years. Is it really a threat? Any more so than the Krishnas a number of years back? I can't stand religion of any sort. But I also know very well I'll never be swayed by anyone to march along to whatever god they feel like following. People generally get into punk because they're looking for answers (consider the importance placed on the need of a message from bands) and for something to belong to and fill up the emptiness in their lives and to feel less alone. Some have punk, some have religion. The two mirror one another in many ways. Some say they owe it all to their god, some say they owe it all to hardcore. Both can be zealous and judgmental as hell. And straight-edge... that speaks for itself.

Christianity has always been in hardcore. Circle One, an old LA area band had some songs that commanded the listener to "accept Jesus Christ" and the P.U.N.X. organization they started was Christian based as well (remember the segment in "Another State of Mind"?). There were also Christian hardcore labels, though the names escape me, but they had

bands like The Crucified on their label and they toured their own circuit. Then, like today, that whole scene was really just a small blip on the low-grade punk radar. Really, complaining about religion in hardcore is pointless. If someone suddenly turns Christian, they were bound to anyway with or without some "Christian hardcore" band telling them to do so. The real Christian threat is found in the mainstream.

After the September 11 attacks, it became glaring obvious that there really is no separation of church and state in this country. How about the Senate singing "God Bless America" on the steps of the Senate building? Not to mention all the references Dubayuh has made to god in his rabble rousing sound bites. Fight Christianity on a larger level. Hit them where it counts; their wallets. There's plenty of toll free numbers to rack up charges on, as well as having all their free literature and cassettes sent to the abandoned house across the street from you, or to that obnoxious co-worker. And those free cassettes are good for dubbing your band's demo. Or get a petition started to bring back the Circus Maximus to solve the Christian problem. Now that would be effective, not to mention non-stop entertainment!

Matt Average/PO Box 64666/Los Angeles, CA 90064; engine98@earthlink.net



unpleasant, aesthetically, and which makes me not want to write checks at all, thus weakening the already precarious world economy by one dissatisfied impulse spender.

I'm beginning my new year in Hamburg, Germany, which seems a pretty good place to begin a new year, a good ground zero, better than the actual Ground Zero. Despite the financial idiocy of my current situation (I was originally planning to be in New York City a few days ago, but a strange encounter at the Berlin airport with some teenage groupies of a boy-band whom I had never heard of, though Leslie Kahan probably has, made it existentially impossible for me to board my plane. I'm not sure why, but witnessing the mooniness in their eyes, hearing that they'd been waiting in the airport for days on the innuendo that their heart-throbs were planning to fly in at some point, somehow my brief conversation with these strange beings filled me with such a sense of vicarious futility that I just couldn't get on the plane, and had to turn around, taking the first bus back to Hamburg and partying into the early hours of the New Year like a man with hell-hounds nipping at his ankles), I feel OK.

My mood remains peppy, although a few dark clouds have begun to form around my brow today, as the launching pad nature of everything becomes more apparent. Having arrived here, I'm no longer here, I'm waiting, again, impatiently, to leave. Ready for blast-off, to head out of the starting gate and into the great cosmic embrace.

The big economic news here is the introduction, today, of a new currency called the Euro. The Euro is the now official currency of the European Union countries, replacing all the individual funny little coins and bills of the various realms, which depicted pianos, fruity poets and the like, with one overarching system of coins and bills depicting pianos and fruity poets and the like. I saw my first real live Euro about five days ago, and in the last few days people have begun to break them out more and more, fondling them uncertainly and passing them around, not quite convinced that these odd, monopoly money-looking coins are going to be real money in a scant few days.

Today is that day, and I'd like to go out and spend one, if I had one, just to see if they really work. That's a positive sign for the impulse-spending driven economy, although I predict that it will be a brief and spastic upwards blip on the graphs and Richter scales of world economic affairs which will have subsided by 01/03/02 after everyone tries it once or twice and ascertains that, yes, these goony little coins do in fact work, but also, yes, this new currency is in fact about as unappealing on a tactile level as it is possible to get, barring the introduction of sub club coupons as the predominating method of exchange in the land. And this, again, is a bad economic indicator, and one which I predict will bring grim news to the European markets around 01/04/02, maybe a few days later depending on how hung over everyone is today, when the curiosity factor gives way to the stark reality of a nasty situation indeed: it's 2002, one of the numerologically ugliest numbered years in memory, and compounding this is the new ugly money, another powerful blow to any sense of well-being to be derived from the world of numbers and finances. Between the introduction of the uninspiredly designed Euro, in fact, and the recent redesign of the American dollar for easier forging, a vast bulk of the world's currency now looks pretty lame. And again, this lameness does not encourage me to collect and utilize it. Who wants to spend ugly money? I suppose the only upside is that you want to get rid of the unsavory bills as quickly as possible, but such joyless motivation can't really support a long-term period of true economic growth.

Well, good luck to you, Europeans. I hope it all works out for you. As for myself, I'd like my first Euro-expenditure to be a techno record or a cup of coffee, but more realistically, I should probably look into finding a plane ticket home somehow. I hadn't factored in this new economic transformation, I wasn't quite ready for it, just as I wasn't prepared for the raving fanatical teens at the Berlin airport—these factors confound me, make it impossible to do anything. New Years Day, with the tantalizing lure of new beginnings and other lives, alien existences which could be easily slipped into. Maybe I should just hide out, try to remain inconspicuous, hope the housemates here forget, eventually, that I'm a visitor and accept me as a piece of furniture.

Pitching at Inclines

With

Eric

xxx



"Don't smile, don't shake your head in disgust / Don't you even dare to stare us down / Or make us bear those psalms of murder / Built into prayer."
—Merel

So I bit the bullet again. I actually went and did it. November came around and those of us lucky enough to live in and around Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania had an election to deal with. Those of you who have read this column before may know that I have a strange and angering relationship with the electoral process in the USA. A quick recap? You got it:

—In the last presidential election I was asked to leave the polling station without voting. My name "wasn't on" their list.

—This was after "legally" switching my voter registration to my new address, etc.

—The last federal election debacle in its entirety.

—RE-registering and even after being specific about which party I wanted to be aligned with, STILL being registered improperly by the people at the DMV.

—The good people of my fair and lovely city of Pittsburgh voted DOWN a measure to use public money to build privately owned sports area facilities.

—The state and city politicians worked "plan B" which was to simply use the money anyway, no matter what the sacred vote said.

The list could go on and on. One might start at the more esoteric notion, that even if someone is elected by me (with my vote, that is), that in no way means that they will do what I wish them to do in matters of legal importance, to more tangible arguments resting on the inability to be in agreement with the "party line," so to speak.

That Tuesday came. It was a beautiful day. I hivered and argued with myself all day as to whether or not I was going to do this damn thing. I asked my fellow workers and colleagues what they were going to do. My political leanings can not be easily squeezed into a party platform. I'm sure that 95% of the people reading this have the same problem. So, we have to make compromises. I'm not really accustomed to taking the things that I base my life on, the ideas and ideals that I live by, and simply compromise them because it's "the way things are done." My Mom raised me better than that.

The main crux of my real internal battle about voting or not voting forced my mind back to early August, 2001. My wife, a few close

friends and I went to Toronto, Ontario to see Billy Bragg and the Weakerthan's play. At the show Bragg made a few comments about how the Canadian's "cousin's across the lake" needed to realize how important voting was because if more of the US population had voted, at LEAST Gore would be in office. In Bragg's view that would have been a positive thing because the international environmental policy that Bush was refusing to have anything to do with would have been easily accepted by a Gore administration. Mr. Bragg said that alone was enough to prove to him that there were indeed very real differences between the Democrats and the Republicans.

The people I was traveling with on this particular road trip are all very much in favor of political reform, progressive policy and are very labo(u)r friendly. They, on the way back for the show the next day, began to call me on my non-voting stance. These people were really giving it to me and it started to make me think. I walked away from the car that day not won over to the idea that voting was the savior of the unwashed masses, but that it may be a tool. (Or, that if I vote I just feel like a tool, one of the two!)

One thing that did occur to me is that in dealing with people in regards to political activism or even political awareness, this issue of "well, did you vote?" often comes up. I've heard that disgusting argument that "if you didn't vote you can't complain" a million times. Sometimes otherwise intelligent people make a point of bringing this up. I realize that voting simply to maintain some semblance of "political street cred with the non-activist crowd" sounds a bit, well, stupid. However, I feel that it's more of a valid reason for voting than thinking that the candidates will do what I want them to do!

People often complain that Socialists or Anarchists are too idealistic. They say, "Oh, that stuff will never happen. You can't trust people to mutually co-operate and not screw each other over!" I think actually voting and believing that the candidate is going to do what he or she claims is just as much an idealistic great leap forward. So I started thinking that if I actually take the 5 minutes it takes me to vote (my local polling station is literally about 5 houses down the hill from me... walking there, voting and walking back takes about 5 minutes) but I really think about why I'm doing it and what it can gain me, maybe I'm not in the wrong. If voting can establish credibility to others when I talk to them about progressive and labor issues, then perhaps it's worth it. After all, in this last election, when there were flags over almost every square inch of my home town because some right wing religious assholes decided that it would be a good idea to kill a bunch of working people on Sept. 11... when everyone was filled to the brim with "patriotic pride" and "not taking things for granted anymore," a WHOPPING 27% of the registered voters in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania actually went out and voted. Yeah, that's the lowest turnout EVER. This was, remember, AFTER everyone was busy hanging flags up backwards on their houses and talking about never taking for granted again the "rights and privileges" that we have in the USA.

The only real problem that I have with the whole voting game (and it is a game, a Machiavellian Sham, as it were) is that it shows

that people view the government as a legitimate body. Some Anti Authoritarian writers, (such as Fred Woodworth of The Match! mentioned in this column in the last issue of HaC) have very eloquently pointed out that voting does not "empower" the individual, but rather does the opposite.

"Government will be abolished when its subjects cease to grant it legitimacy. Government cannot exist without at least the tacit consent of the populace. This consent is maintained by keeping people in ignorance of their real power. Voting is not an expression of power, but an admission of powerlessness, since it cannot do otherwise than reaffirm the government's supposed legitimacy." —*The Match!* Number 97 Winter 2001-2002/PO Box 3012/Tucson, Arizona 85702

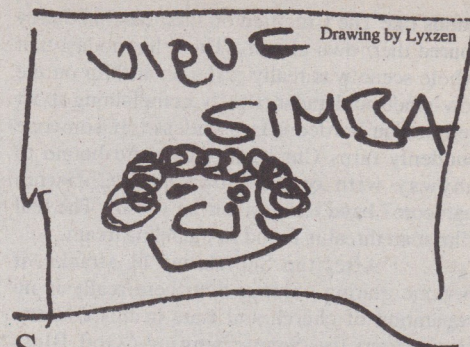
Ahhhh, well put indeed! That is the only danger in voting. It's a real danger, but it's something that we live with everyday. Those of you out there thinking that abolishing the government is just "pie in the sky" thinking, remember, is the system working for real people now? Is it doing what it's supposed to? Is it merely a fairy story to keep us pacified while other people make money? Is it really the "only alternative?" Of course it isn't. People act outside of those constructs every day in amazing and meaningful ways. It really is *as* idealistic (if not more-so) to think that the system of governments and laws is working. What's wrong with trying to get something better together?

I'd never tell someone that they need to vote. I think that to say if you don't vote then you can't complain is an irrational and have-baked (at best) argument for people who want to feel good about doing what their limited, dictated civic duty and right and privilege is. (I've heard voting described as all of these.) It's all hokey because, how can you tell someone that they have no right to complain about something that they had no control over? Think back to the top of this column, when I cited the voters in Pittsburgh voting "NO" on public money for private sports complexes. The powers that be put that plan into action anyway. Was it the voter's fault? They "did their part," they "did their duty," they "exercised their right" or however you want to phrase it. If they hadn't voted the outcome would be exactly the same. So if they didn't vote they would be to blame? It doesn't make sense. A vote is a gentle reminder. It's a saying, "Ummmm, sir, if you will, I'd like to suggest that it be done this way." That's ALL IT IS. That's the extent of it. Be realistic and keep that in mind if you choose to do it.

I always think about what one of my hero's said about voting. Lucy Parsons said "Never be deceived that the rich will allow you to vote away their wealth." Lucy Parsons was Albert Parsons' wife. Albert Parsons was one of the Haymarket Martyrs. Lucy was one of the founders of my union, the IWW. She said that bit about voting at the founding convention of the union back in 1905. How right she was!

Peace. Paper&Pens=Eric/PO Box 162/Turtle Creek, PA 15145

BeepBoopSqueekSquak=xericx@telerama.com
What will save us in 2002? 1994style ¡Viva Ivich!
¡Viva Native Nod! ¡Viva Merel! Learn your history.



So my sister picks me up at the airport and calmly tells me that my brother is staying at her house right now. The house we are on the way to. The house I would have made alternative arrangements regarding had I known. Hence her not telling me. I'm cross and I feel like she's been sly. I should have been forewarned. I needed to prepare for this.

I tell her that if he hurts her again, and that if he hurts my nieces, he'll have more than booze to worry about b/c I'll personally break both his legs. My first question is of course, "Is he sober?" Apparently he is. I'll believe it when I see it. Last time I saw him was exactly two years ago. That was also the last time I spoke to him.

I feel protective of my family. If he starts drinking or goes AWOL or disappears, as he has done so many times before, there will be more pain and more tears. Disappointment... it eats away at you. And I've seen him do it to my sister again and again. She feels like she's all he has and when he knocks on her door the least she can do is open it.

I tell her it's not as simple as that. In opening the door to her house, it also means her life, her world, her head and her heart. And he'll probably let her down again. It's a risk she's prepared to take. It's not a risk I'm prepared to take.

We arrive back here and he looks well. His nose has shrunk to a normal size and no longer has that red-broken-vein-alcoholic thing going on. He looks well. But the tension is horrible. We make small talk and it's crappy. My sister looks uncomfortable—kind of stuck in the middle. I do work on my laptop and they play cards.

When they drag me into their game I need to be taught how to play. Once playing they proceed to slaughter me. But, slowly, slowly, we're laughing more and, before I know it, we're having fun. And when they keep winning the hands of cards I tell them that I'm having flashbacks to being 7 years old and the feelings of futility when playing monopoly or whatever card game - as they won continually for SO many years. They are 6 and 11 years my senior. But both mad as hatters.

We eat and we play and as the hours pass by somehow we fall into familiar patterns. Those of tag-teaming each other—two of us joining forces on a third for a minute or two and then it switching and another one of us three being the butt of all the jokes. The entire time it feeling surreal and crazy and yet utterly wonderful.

I'm thirty. The last time the three of us had fun together I was eleven. I'm crying as I write this, the tears rolling down my cheeks. And I'm scared. I can't take having a big brother back—I can't

trust him. He'll start drinking and he'll fuck my sister and me over again. And we'll get hurt again.

But, tonight, for the first time in years... we put it all aside and had fun. This time I'm their equal, not the pest, and I make them laugh and laugh. I probably wasn't that witty at eleven. We were competitive with each other the way only siblings can be. In-jokes came up that none of us had thought of in years. The gloating when games were won and lost, the teasing when mistakes were made or slips of the tongue occurred. We laughed and laughed for four hours and I didn't look at the clock once.

Tomorrow my nieces and nephew will arrive—the atmosphere will change. And I have to not be so scared that I won't give him a chance. But I have to be strong and have boundaries so that I can't be hurt. Trust must be earned. I can't risk it. It can't be too much too soon. Maybe in five years time we could talk regularly. Maybe he'll start drinking again and that will never happen. Maybe he'll drink tomorrow. But tonight we were the three of us—sitting around drinking tea and eating treats and playing cards. My siblings and me. A family. Incidentally, my sister won the first game, my brother the second, me the third; and in the grand final—I slaughtered them. Ahhh—victory is never sweeter than when against your older siblings. Ever.



Can't sleep tonight, 2:40 AM EST on the dawn of 2002. Can't decide what to say, either, my mind is racing with a million thoughts, all of which are fighting to be in focus. This has been a tough year for many, to say it's been a rough one for me would be kind of absurd, although indeed it hasn't been easy. I learned a million lessons the hard way and my one real goal for the new year is to not give up on who I am. In these days signified by everything from bioterrorism to isolation, I feel lucky to have friends who can still make me feel like the luckiest girl alive—whether it be in the form of a late-night adventure, or a life-changing conversation, this search for the truth which might take a lifetime, or whatever attempts we engage in to make this world a better place. A special thanks to Zegota for playing an amazing show a couple of weeks back, making me forget I was in a basement in West Philadelphia and helping me remember that music can be the transformative experience it's so easy to think we've lost. I'll be traveling in Europe when this comes out, please

write me, I'm already homesick for souls I have yet to meet. The following is from a novel I'm working on, which should be done soon.

Lester's got written in house paint on his shirt: *Love Hurts*.

The words are hard and cracked on the fabric [once white—now silvery, worn to a thin sheer softness]. It clings like two parts of the same story to his tiny frame. The color of the paint probably has a name like *Autumn Prairie Rose* and in another life would be the third and least successful shade, maybe on the windowpane trim or something, in an experimental house decorating scheme. Maybe it's my mood or distaste of such luxuries, but from this angle it looks like the color of bad tangerines.

He's having nails rammed into his wrists, like he does every Friday night. He's blindfolded and strapped to a cross made out of dumpster plywood. Maybe it's because I'm looking close the way you can when you are no longer tricked by fascination, but all I can fixate on is that the nails aren't actually going *through* his wrists. Just his hands, the soft fleshy part between the thumb and the forefinger. Still, though, even through the cynical lens of my boredom, I can't help thinking that it's got to fucking hurt. The nails can't be that sharp. They are his drug, and he's a fucking fiend for reaction. His face is still as someone I don't know bangs away at a nail, not with a hammer, but with a boot. From the sound it's making it's got steel toes. He'll pass a hat around, and deduct the cost of Iodine to see just how good he's done tonight.

Just came in for a drink, not a show. I'm lonely and it's cold and a bone I broke last summer's been throbbing in the chill. Shit, I always say I can tell when it's going to rain sometimes when it never even gets around to it. And when it aches I hold my right rib in my left hand like a baby, and it feels like words inside of me, speaking through the concentrated pulse of pain. But I cannot hear what it wants, it gets lost in my gut. Shit, it doesn't hurt that bad. It didn't even hurt so bad back then, I just couldn't breathe too deep or laugh at all. Broken hearts do the same fucking thing 'cept no one calls you tough or wants to hear the story.

Outside a dingy window, mildly steamy, the streets are empty. A few neon signs are flickering, to no one. Some of them are dead, but still readable. A letter here and there hanging on by a wire, as if the paper got crooked in the typewriter. A barber shop pole, still spinning slowly, in that never-ending snake-twisting kind of way. A gun shop, bars on the windows. Old and new clash like fire and ice in this town and I'm always choking on the vapors. Not far off is the river, choppy from the dam, moving side to side instead of North to South. I think like the fish on these nights, wanting badly for a freedom I carry somewhere inside to take me to a place I cannot return to. From what we've seen or what they've done to us alike, these walls hide us from our dreams, and keep us from finding home. I see myself jumping from rooftop to rooftop like a fucking Ibex or a suicide queen when I find my genetic memory so hungry for escape. I open my eyes and see my spirit running while my body strains to keep up. It makes a trail like motion in overexposed film.

I turn away from the twilight and back to Lester, fighting like mad against boredom. He's bleeding now, and the deep red contrasts sharply with the tangy neon orange still blinking behind my eyes. While one flickers in my mind, the other bores clear on through, solid, to my skull. It touches something there I'd rather not face, but illuminated, I cannot help but to see it all, everything about myself I want so badly to hide from.

My neighbor Chreen is next to me, her skin covered in a watery blue paint. She looks at me, almost sheepishly and clearly drunk, asking if I'm ready to go home. I nod, still feeling something deep in my throat I can't quite speak through. I thought the properties in the alcohol I both hate and need would have forced it all down by now. She is blue from kissing someone dressed as an underwater demon, costume complete with body paint. She keeps staring at her hands, incredulous, giddy, loving the mark the night has left on her body. I take one last look at Lester's body, quivering gently in his riffraff attempt at crucifixion. Sometimes, I am so thankful for those souls who are simply never satisfied.

We get halfway home and Chreen tells me to *hang on a sec*. She leans down to a puddle of leftover rain water. Dead crawdads are floating at the surface. The girl is indeed a goddamn fool, but her spirit makes up for the rest. Through it all, her blue eyes like those of an angry zombie, her mouth naturally falling into a mysterious frown, she carries something with her like a halo or an invisible burden. She's cleaning the blue off of her body with the filthiest, coldest water imaginable and I don't say a word. I'm used to this kind of bullshit and for her, it's worth it.

If she came home dirty they'd keep me up all night, so I guess this antic is partly for me. His name is Martin and he likes having control, not the idea of having surrendered it. He surely doesn't appreciate the way life clings to your skin so you can relive it a million times later. And I guess the real reason why I keep my goddamn mouth shut, is that no one's ever loved me enough to pay *any* goddamn attention to the very grit on my skin. If they did they'd have a million stories to read before bed. I'd listen for my life to take shape out loud and I'd probably be as blind as her, dizzy with both recognition and rage.

So I understand but can't help hating her for bringing me back to this world. The worst I was feeling tonight was lonely in this sea of faces. In this isolation I'm so used to by now, there is always room for escape. But she always manages to show me a circus act which I can't turn away from, no matter how many times I've seen it. It haunts me on these long nights when I will not sleep, cold as the wind rips through this makeshift freak show set up on the edge of your town.

My rib jumps against my nerves in the cold. A year ago hits me like the weight of every day of the year which has passed since it broke. But that's just one reason why I didn't laugh much tonight. I was far too aware of something much too serious. While she splashes this heavy water on her skin, I feel her re-breaking my bone with every movement. The concrete is old and jagged beneath my feet, and I feel like I'm dragging my weight up the hill with my heart. We are two fish swimming upstream against the tide and I'm

wanting badly for a little refuge.

They keep me up anyhow. She shouldn't have wasted any pain in that cold water for me. Both reflecting and distorting everything around us, like a funhouse mirror, telling it all like it is.

SeraBZ@hotmail.com



When I heard the Fresh Prince was going to be portraying Muhammad Ali on the silver screen my gut reaction was to proclaim that the world had indeed gone straight to hell. Was nothing sacred anymore? Couldn't these vultures go pick at some other corpse and leave my private heroes the hell alone? Maybe next summer's box office hit could be the

life of George Jackson with the leading role as Jackson going to, oh, I dunno, maybe Bill Cosby or perhaps a young Jerry Lewis? My friends lined up single file to ask what I thought when, in fact, they *knew* exactly what I thought. They too realized the tragedy of it all yet they got some twisted pleasure out of watching me fume, sputter, and curse. What are friends for, right?

Upon reassessment I came to the conclusion that even if the film was horrible it would still be creating a space for national dialogue on the most controversial sports figure of the post WWII period (It is significant to at least mention the late Paul Robeson as the most controversial sports figure of the pre-WWII period as the campaign by the ruling class against both Ali and Robeson shared similarities. Among Robeson's many accolades was his induction into the College Football Hall of Fame and, like Ali, he spoke on behalf of poor and oppressed peoples worldwide. Both were refused the opportunity to work as a result of such political stances and, as an extension of this refusal, both had their passports revoked. Both were also hounded and monitored by the FBI.) Ali resisted the Vietnam draft on a revolutionary Black Nationalist and anti-imperialist basis. He was also a close friend of Malcolm X. In doing a film on Ali it would be impossible to leave out these two simple facts that automatically send the national discussion in a positive direction. In the off chance these two facts were omitted everyone from scholars and progressives to historians and politically aware African-Americans would be calling foul. The bankruptcy of the writers and director would be totally obvious. In fact, were the film to be a straight-up re-write of Ali's history it would have exposed the effort which began in 1996, when Ali lit the Olympic torch in Atlanta, a city that Coca-Cola helped gentrify in the campaign to accommodate the Olympics, to soften the once revolutionary edge Ali possessed.

When the opening day of *Ali* rolled around I swallowed my pride, admitted that I had been a pretentious jerk, and paid up my \$7. I was not only surprised and impressed by Will Smith's bulked up frame and his amazingly accurate

portrayal of Ali's speech pattern and boxing style but, more importantly, by the fact that he did justice to the role. In fact, only a few scenes are distorted by Hollywood dramatization and on the whole the film is a positive portrayal. It is also significant during this post-9/11 period, when practically the entire country is drunk on patriotism, that a film in which the central figure possesses, as a key element of his folklore, the fact that he denied a US war on the basis of anti-imperialism. In one scene the film portrays Ali's response to reporters after he walked out of a hearing by the New York boxing commission on "unpatriotic remarks" he made regarding the war. Ali declares he's not going to the other side of the world to kill poor people, that the same people who want him to fight his brown brothers in Vietnam won't stand up for his religious freedom at home and that if he's going to die it will be fighting the white power structure. The (predominantly African-American) crowd in the theater erupted into applause. I almost cried.

In an effort to take advantage of the life of Muhammad Ali being in the forefront of the mind of popular culture I wanted to include in the column a reprint of an article that appeared in issue #5 of *Slave Magazine* on the significance of Ali as more than just a heavyweight champion. Hope you dig it.

The Power in Defining Muhammad Ali

Much like the champion Muhammad Ali, the humanitarian, the entertainer, the Black Nationalist, the following article brought together a host of different folks from assorted backgrounds. The construction of this story is the end result of countless late nights watching hours of fight footage, endless conversations with individuals from differing backgrounds, and even a trip to Ali's hometown of Louisville, KY. If there is one thing I have taken from the experience of writing this story it is the belief in the underlying collectivist thrust to the man and, perhaps more importantly, the folklore legend that is Muhammad Ali.

We are in a time when Ali's popularity, like the commercial value of his person, is growing. This presents opportunities to bring light to the climate that helped to create Muhammad Ali. It also presents opportunities for the status quo to roll over the history of the most controversial sports figure of the twentieth century without so much as a blink. Ali has been turned from the flamboyant and confident Black Man of the 1960's to a harmless teddy bear, someone to pity, forever relegated by the media to silly parlor tricks and barely audible jokes. We must certainly concede that Ali's current health condition has facilitated this but only on a very surface level. As Lenin puts it in the opening chapter of *The State and Revolution*, "During the lifetime of great revolutionaries, the oppressing classes constantly hounded them, received their teachings with the most savage malice, the most furious hatred and the most unscrupulous campaigns of lies and slander. After their death, attempts are made to convert them into harmless icons, to canonize them, so to say, and to surround their names with a certain halo for the "conciliation" of the oppressed classes and with the object of duping the latter, while at the same time emasculating the *essence* of the revolutionary teaching, blunting its revolutionary edge and vulgarizing it." In this

sense Ali is dead. The same sector of the population that revoked his passport much like they did Paul Robeson's, that monitored his phone calls, that followed him, are the same ones singing his praises today. And it is painfully obvious that socially we are not in any monumentally better place than we were in the 60's. Young African-American males are being herded into prisons at ever alarming rates. Police brutality against minority communities continues to be common place in the news. So, it is not that "we've moved on," so to speak, that has facilitated the acceptance of Muhammad Ali by the ruling class and the mainstream media. It is, in fact, because Ali's image has been vulgarized.

The following short essay could not, by any stretch of the imagination, do justice to the life and struggle of Muhammad Ali. At a time when members of academia are making money hand over fist on the pontification of Ali and his meaning, I submit my meager perception of not only the greatest boxer of all times but an amazing and inspiring individual.

1. Defining the Black Boxer

The sport of professional boxing at one time was built much like a literary adventure. There were antagonists and protagonists, a climax, and a resolution. The characters, the boxers, did not choose their roles in the story, and certainly from fight to fight the roles were reversed.

The boxers were merely actors with the press and at times the unwitting boxing authority as directors. The writer and audience of the story was of course, mainstream white America influenced by and influencing the power structure. A fighter's role changed according to how distasteful his opponent was to middle America. It was a cultural polemic steeped in racism, a sort of litmus test of the collective consciousness of white America. White boxing fans continually longed for (and still do) a Great White Hope, another Rocky Marciano, to come along and wrest the heavyweight title from a "Negro" in a sport in which white champions had long refused to fight African-Americans. When the white sports columnists swallowed their pride and upheld a Black athlete it was often accompanied by what could only be called a racist perception of what the Black athlete was. The sports writers of those days, much like the majority of the population, wanted their Black boxers polite, grateful in the opportunity to be in the limelight, but brutish read the ring. For instance, it was common place to read sports columnists like Paul Gallico of the *Daily News* in New York to describe African-American Joe Louis as a "truly savage person," and "a wild animal."

The 1963 heavyweight title fight between Floyd Patterson and Sonny Liston serves well as a starting point to dissect the cultural phenomenon of professional boxing. Poet and Black Nationalist Leroi Jones, later known as Imamu Amiri Baraka, summed it up at its base level with an essay in 1964; "They" painted Liston Black. They painted Patterson White. And that was the simple conflict." Patterson, although African-American, was upheld by the mainstream media. President John F. Kennedy supported him. He was a Catholic, polite, a liberal. He was typecast as the Good guy dressed in honorary whiteness, riding the white horse of American decency. Liston, the challenger, on the other

hand, was portrayed as the villain- big, Black, mean, angry. Again we can look to Jones to sum it up at its most honest level: "Sonny Liston was the big black Negro in every white man's hallway waiting to do him in, deal him under, for all the hurts white men have been able to inflict upon his world." Liston had begun his boxing career in the Missouri State Penitentiary where he was serving a five year sentence for two counts of robbery in the first degree and two counts of larceny and the press served as a constant nagging reminder of this. His reputation as a late night drinker and a mafia pawn almost rivaled that as a boxer.

As the fight between the two men neared they both set up training camps around the Chicago area where the fight was to take place. Patterson's camp was a former Catholic Worker settlement. The promoters offered Liston a camp near a prison thinking it would be a fitting backdrop for the news stories but he refused. The stage had been set and this conclusion had been drawn; Liston was the Bad Negro and Patterson was the Good Negro. The predominantly white sports press reinforced these notions with steel girders. The night of the fight was September 25, 1962. Liston entered the ring first with an approving nod from the mobsters at ringside. The crowd beyond the press rows booed him- the kind of catcalls that would be reserved for Muhammad Ali in the near future. Next, Patterson and his entourage came bounding down the aisle and into the ring much like an army that had spent more months preparing for the defeat rather than the battle. The fight was over in two minutes and six seconds, the first round, and Sonny Liston emerged as the new world heavyweight champion, much to the upset of the President, the press, the NAACP and most white folks in the US.

II. The Man Who Redefined The Black Boxer

They called him the Louisville Lip when Cassius Marcelus Clay, Jr. burst into the world of professional boxing after winning the Olympic gold in 1960. He was a biting oddity to the boxing purists, both for his unorthodox style and his apparent inability to keep quiet. Clay was reciting poems and proclaiming he was the prettiest and greatest heavyweight ever. His verbal assaults were just as stinging as his flicking jab and it was all performed with the thin yet aware veil of Kentucky style Jim Crow-ism draping his broad shoulders. The question arises "was this intentional?" and while Muhammad Ali is the only man who knows the answer there is much to support that the antics of the young Clay were indeed intentional, that it was not just the bizarre lunacy of a loudmouth braggart but the articulated attempt to create more than just a prize fighter. Clay was only beginning to break free of the strangle hold the white sports press had in defining the Black athlete. Whether he was aware of it or not, Clay was taking the power from the press in constructing his image and placing it squarely in his corner.

After nineteen pro-fights Clay signed to meet Sonny Liston in what the sports press and the boxing authority thought was sure to be Clay's timely demise. They were all more than ready to see the young Clay, upstart that he was, demolished by one of the most feared men in boxing's history. It never even entered the mind

of the boxing world than Clay could go one round with, much less, beat Liston. Six rounds later Clay, much to the consternation of practically everyone in the professional boxing world, beat Sonny Liston to win the Heavyweight title at age 22.

Even more disconcerting to the white mainstream than Clay the Braggart winning the Heavyweight title, the most prized possession professional sports had to offer, was Clay the "Black Muslim" winning the title. Prior to the Liston fight Clay had been publicly seen with Malcolm X on several occasions. Malcolm X saw in Clay more than simply a prizefighter. He recognized the image that Clay was constructing; "The power structure have successfully created the image of the American Negro as someone with no confidence, no militancy, and they have done this by giving him images of heroes who weren't truly militant or truly confident. And now here comes Cassius who is the exact contrast of everything that was representative of the Negro image. He said he was the greatest and all of the odds were against him, he upset the odds makers. He won. He became victorious. He became the champ. They knew that as soon as people started to identify with Cassius, with the type of image he was creating, they were going to have trouble out of these Negroes because they were going to have Negroes walking around saying "I'm the greatest". In a press conference the day after his victory Clay was asked if it was true that he was a "card-carrying member of the Black Muslims?" Clay answered by saying that he believed in Allah and that "I know where I'm going and I know the truth, I don't have to be what you want me to be. I'm free to be what I want." This was the confirmation the press was looking for and they tore at it like wolves in on the kill. In that moment Clay explicitly threw off the image of previous African-American champions like Floyd Patterson and Joe Louis. He discarded the polite and reserved image of the non-threatening Negro and replaced it with an image he was creating all his own, militant, savvy and serious.

Shortly after capturing the title Nation of Islam leader Elijah Muhammad bestowed upon Clay his new name, Muhammad Ali. Public sentiment was growing against Ali on an hourly basis it seemed and it became harder and harder to find a venue that would allow the Ali-Liston rematch. Finally the promoters were able to book the fight in a small town in Maine, hardly a boxing stronghold. The entire police force was assigned to the fight and extra security was hired for fear of trouble from Black Nationalists. Through some miraculous chain of events Sonny Liston found himself now to be the champion of American decency. His connection to the mafia was overlooked. His stint employed as a strikebreaker and general strong arm was overlooked. His drinking and carousing was overlooked. For the first time Liston found himself being cheered by white crowds. The very same people who booed him during the Patterson fight were now behind him one hundred percent. All the unsavory traits Liston ever exhibited were all forgotten at the moment of his rematch with Ali. The white majority figured it was less threatening to have a thug as champion than a Black Nationalist. Here it was in practice, the greatest flip-flop of boxing

history. Sonny Liston being upheld as a more "favorable" champion than Muhammad Ali. As Ali entered the ring he was met with a wall of boos. The cat-calls swept around him, through his hair, over his gloves, across his massive chest and they uplifted him. Ali knocked Liston out in the first round and retained his title.

III. Vietnam

"No one risked or suffered as much for their decision not to go to Vietnam as Muhammad Ali and his real greatness is to be seen in that. That in spite of this he's become greater, stronger, and more humane." —Kwame Toure

The year 1967 marked a high tide of Black resistance as well as a growing sentiment against the war in Vietnam, and the two were certainly related. Stokely Carmichael cited the casualties of African-Americans in Vietnam as thirty five percent of the total death toll while comprising only around twelve percent of the population.

In march of 1967 Muhammad Ali was classified as I-A. This meant Ali was mentally and physically capable for combat and would soon be receiving a letter from the draft board. As the news filtered out the press started appearing at Ali's house. Ali was accustomed to answering questions regarding racial politics or the Nation of Islam but now he was being met with a barrage of unfamiliar questions. What did he think of LBJ? What was his opinion of the draft? What did he think about the Vietcong? After some stumbling Ali hit the heart of the matter simple and true. "I ain't got no quarrel with them Vietcong. No Vietcong ever called me nigger." And that was that. It is a quote in which the simplicity of it all has served as an added shelf life. In a moment of frustration the finest aspects of Ali's instincts came through for him much like his instincts would save him years later in his fight against the indomitable George Foreman. It was quick, cut right to the point, and whether Ali was aware or not, his statement reflected the sentiment of a growing sector of the African-American population. In a prophetic letter to Ali the British pacifist and philosopher Bertrand Russell wrote, "In the coming months there is no doubt that the men who rule Washington will try to damage you in every way open to them, but I am sure you know that you spoke for your people and for the oppressed everywhere in the courageous defiance of American power. They will try to break you because you are a symbol of a force they are unable to destroy, namely, the aroused consciousness of a whole people determined no longer to be butchered and debased with fear and oppression."

Shortly after receiving the letter from Russell Ali's passport was revoked. What started as Ali's guttural response to the war was being honed and sharpened into a political understanding of racism in the United States and its connection to imperialism. Ali proclaimed he would not go to fight and kill the Vietcong, his brown brothers, for a government that hardly recognized the humanity of his own people. "If I thought going to war," Ali stated in a *Sports Illustrated* Interview, "would bring freedom and equality to twenty-two million of my people, they wouldn't have to draft me. I'd join tomorrow. But I either have to obey the laws of the land or the laws of Allah. I have nothing to lose by

standing up and following my beliefs. We've been in jail for four hundred years." As the government put more pressure on Ali his stance against the war became more vocal and more determined.

On April 28, 1967, Ali appeared at the Army Entrance Station in Houston, TX where he had been summoned for induction. This was the symbolic showdown the American public had been waiting for. The anti-Ali members of the press, of which there were many, voyeuristically licked their chops as though they were jackals waiting for the last flails of a dying animal. While this was yet another chance to lambast Ali and his politics it was now different than before. Much of the American public felt that Ali should somehow be grateful to America if for no other reason than that he was allowed to make as much money as he had. Instead Ali insisted that national loyalty was neither absolute or automatic and this flew in the face of the recent history of African-American athletes serving in previous wars. As everyone expected, Ali refused to take the symbolic step forward based on his exemption as a minister of the religion of Islam.

Poet and civil rights activist Sonia Sanchez described the importance of Ali refusing the draft: "This was still a time when hardly any well-known people were resisting the draft. It was a war that was disproportionately killing young black brothers, and here was this beautiful, funny, poetical young man standing up and saying no! Imagine it for a moment! The heavyweight champion, a magical man, taking his fight out of the ring and into the arena of politics, and standing firm. The message that sent!" The message was certainly sent, and in turn the power structure aimed to send a message right back. On June 20, 1967, Ali was sentenced to five years in prison and fined \$10,000, the maximum sentence for refusing the draft which was a federal offense. Ali's lawyers appealed the conviction and he was allowed to remain at liberty until the appeal had run its course. Even before the trial Ali had been convicted by the New York Athletic Commission. In an absolute denial of due process and equal protection, Ali was stripped of his championship title and barred from boxing in New York. All other athletic commissions throughout the States soon followed suit. As this news filtered out Ali was offered various exhibition bouts internationally, many carrying hefty purses. With Ali's passport revoked, his title gone and his license to box stripped away, he was essentially left with no means to fight his court case or even survive. It was a campaign by the power structure, however coordinated, to starve Ali out. Many African-Americans who had never been politically involved supported Ali's decision not to fight and became active. The white power structure saw in Ali a more formidable force than Stokely Carmichael or H. Rap Brown. Ali was popular, he could draw a crowd, and he had the attention of African-American youth, a prime body of which many GI's sent to Vietnam came from.

Finally, in a Supreme Court decision in 1971, Ali was cleared of all charges but it had cost him. He hadn't been allowed to fight for three years, his title rested in the hands of George Foreman, and he had lost an estimated ten million dollars in purses and endorsements. Even after

losing all that, Ali never regretted his decision. "I was determined to be one nigger that the white man didn't get. One nigger you didn't get, white man. You understand? One nigger you ain't going to get."

Muhammad Ali was the fastest heavyweight ever to enter the ring. His jabs were like a bolt of lightning, he seemed to hover across the ring. In his later years we found out that he could take ridiculous amounts of physical punishment. Watching videos of his old fights are like watching the poetry of movement. He was a gifted, intelligent, handsome and charismatic fighter and his image flew in the face of all those stereotypes about boxers still held today. Not only was he quite possibly the greatest fighter ever to grace the sport he transcended merely being a professional athlete. He stepped out of the ring and his person grew to awesome heights. And when he stepped back into the ring he transformed the individualist sport of boxing into a collective action. His opponents fought instead of one man, all the Ali supporters the world over, from the young Black children in the ghettos, to the long-haired "peace-freaks" of the anti-war movement, to the Muslims across the globe. He was the anti-thesis to the traditional American hero, but a hero nonetheless. In this lies Ali's importance for today. Much like the role changing characteristic of professional boxing in the 1950's and 1960's American politics has hypocritically changed Ali's role for its own purposes. They have wrested from Ali his greatest asset, the power to create his public image. Herein is the danger of losing Ali the Revolutionary Black Nationalist and Ali the anti-imperialist draft-resister. If the ruling elite and the bourgeois apologist intelligencia are allowed to recreate the image of Ali it will be as an apolitical sports hero. The memory of Ali as a fighter for the oppressed worldwide will be drowned by the memory of Ali the prize fighter. Certainly if this is the case they will have succeeded in converting Ali to the harmless icon Lenin speaks of, simply another athlete.

The recorded history of any given era is almost inevitably the history of the ruling sector of the population. If in the effort to fight for a new and better tomorrow the memory of Muhammad Ali as he was can be collectively salvaged a victory will certainly be won. It will be a blow struck against the effort to surround Ali's name with the wretched halo of conciliation. As much as it was an act of defiance for Ali to set the parameters of his own person it is likewise an act of defiance to remember Ali within those parameters and opposed to mere conciliation.

Further Reading; *The Muhammad Ali Reader*, edited by Gerald Early (a good collection of short articles from a wide range of writers that spans Ali's career and beyond). *King of the World*, by David Remnick (a pretty definitive and warm account of Ali's life by the former editor of the New Yorker.) You might also want to check out the following films; *When We Were Kings*, directed by Leon Gast (a documentary released in 1996 on the historic Rumble in the Jungle fight between Ali and George Foreman.). *Muhammad Ali: The Whole Story*, released by Turner Home Entertainment (an amazing six hour box set spanning Ali's entire boxing career, time in exile,

and politics.)

The play list lately has included; Discount's Love, Billy EP, Tilt's Play Cell, Oi Polloi's fucking-A-brilliant Fuaim Catha, and Rum Sodomy and the Lash by the Pogues. I'm looking for any and all Toy Dolls albums and the first two Discount 7's but be warned—I'm not a record collector proper and I'm not interested in paying big bucks for either. If I wanted that headache I'd be looking on eBay

Let me know you're out there... PO Box 10093/
Greensboro, NC 27404;
xdave_cokerx@hotmail.com

Tara MacDonald

This is going to be short.

Short like no time.

Short like a ride at the carnival.

Short like the hair on my back.

Short like daisy dukes.

Short.

I am currently on an ever so much needed two week Christmas vacation. For the first time ever in my life, I have ventured to someone else's house for the holiday season. I'm in a small mill town 7 hours north of Vancouver called William's Lake. The view is crazy beautiful and my boyfriend's family are organic veal ranchers who dwell in two of the most amazing log homes I have ever set my eyes on. There are horses, cows, dogs and like 30 cats that live in the barn. We sleep in a loft in the small cabin and are raised in the morning by the smell of strong, stick to yer ribs coffee. It is very romantic - in an "oh that cow is shitting and it splattered all over the snow and now i can smell it" kind of a way.

Things are good... so very good.

But, Christmas is now over and I have yet to meet up with my own family who happen to reside a million kilometers away. (roughly translated into about 4000 km when realism is factored in.) My parents live in Ottawa, Ontario and although I didn't think I was going to miss them too much this year, I do. The silly thing is that I haven't lived in the province of Ontario or at home for over 5 years. What once was my room and my social circles and my coffee hang-out is long gone. The house that I grew up in has been transformed into a post-teenager-god-were-did-our-youths-go-? castle for the middle income, middle ager.

I recognize nothing except for the uptight high school graduation portrait of yours truly, framed so nicely in fake copper, propped up on some anonymous table in the corner of an unused room.

I'm not bitter though. I'm actually kind of glad.

Whether I like it or not, my parents are going to stumble upon a life one of these days. Truth be told, I'm thinking they probably already have. Aside from a perfectly ornamented housing unit, my parents travel to art galleries in hopes of finding that one original treasure that may be worth its weight in 20 years. From what my brother tells me, there's no wall space left.

My dad was also fully turned onto

tattoos about couple of years ago and hasn't seen fit to stop yet. He now takes colleagues and clients from his office down to see Bunt at New Moon Tattoo in Britannia. So much skin and so little time.

Aside from the physical, my parents have started to socialize more and more with couples in their same situation. Dinner parties, dancing, golf and anything else involving a good bottle of wine and someone to talk to ensues.

To all of this madness I give the supreme thumbs up.

But, this isn't really what I had in my brain to talk about when I sat down to the old typer so I apologize if I've gone on too long.

I just miss those fruit nuts I guess.

What I really set to talking about tonight has some what of a timely nature to it. Last year, for my very own New Year's resolution I decided to give up smoking cigarettes (we have to specify which kind of smoking we are talking about in this part of the country for ever-so-obvious reasons).

Anyway, a friend and I were driving along one late December day, and he suggested so boldly that I throw away my awful habit of smoking and start 2001 all brand new. His argument was so convincing in fact, that I was persuaded to hand over an entire pack of cigarettes to the one older dude who sits in front of the grocery store in my neighbourhood.

I think the experts call it "cold turkey." I would call it retarded if I wasn't so PC. (haha)

In Canada, the government health department has taken it upon themselves to cover our cigarette packs with pictures of rotting lungs, bad teeth, black hearts, coughing children and any other kind of gross picture they can find in order to dissuade people from buying the little sticks of cancer. A drastic tactics, a convincing one, no. Most people I know laugh at the ridiculousness of it and most foreigners are in awe at the sight of it. I don't blame the feds because as of right now, I can't think of any other way to scare kids into not smoking.

So I quit smoking stop on a dime. It was the nuttiest thing I had done in a long time and looking back on it now, I think my friend hit me with the notion at a very impressionable time. The first three weeks weren't too bad. I was taking Epsom salt baths every night because I had heard that the salt sucks the toxins from your skin. I got a really, really bad cold though—one of the worst. The snot was pouring out of my lungs and nose for almost a full month and no amount of Echinacea helped. That was bad but I found that the worst side effect from quitting smoking was the social and mental part. I was so used to taking a break from work and calling it a cigarette break. It was almost like a reward to give myself those couple puffs of tar while loitering on the sidewalk. I had to find other ways to fill that time in my day. I stopped drinking coffee in the morning also because I found that the tag team effect of the dynamic duo was not helping me in my fight. Man was I ever a cow in the morning! I had never experienced that amount of pure, unaltered bitchiness in my life! I could feel the rage surge through my veins and hit the tips of my fingers with no where to go.

But, the worst part of quitting smoking was the loneliness. I had never felt so alone as

when I was by myself without smoke. The whole experience opened my eyes to a whole new vice which I had not seen before. Sure, I was fine with being alone. I had moved to various cities in the past couple of years, met new people, started new jobs, but I had done all of that with cigarettes in my back pocket. Now they were gone and I was really alone. It was scary as hell and made me cry a lot.

I cried over a pack of cigarettes. How fucked up is that?

I guess that's why they call it a vice or a crutch or whatever.

Anyway, my non-smoking saga lasted a lengthy four months. It seems silly to write all of this and realize that I had gone through four months of shows, parties, Sunday nights, bad phone calls, work, stress, life without one cigarette and then one ferry ride ended it all. Four months is forever! Well, it used to be forever and now time seems to vanish without recollection.

That's another story though.

I was on this ferry one day that was steered towards Victoria on Vancouver Island. The island ferry is one of those big ones that costs way too much cash to get you and your car on. The ride was roughly an hour and a half long and it was a bit frosty out. I was on my way to a bar called the Icehouse to do a show for Jets To Brazil and friends. If you've never been on the Victoria ferry, I highly recommend it. The boat travels through a handful of islands that seem so close you could almost reach out and touch them. Anyway, my head was in a state of supreme weariness due to over excitement and exhaustion from a killer show in Vancouver the night before. Not to mention I was nervous as all hell cause I had never been to or done any shows in Victoria before. To top it all off, I am a HUGE Jawbreaker fan. I'm talking bordering the line of obsessive gotta have that gig poster that's going on eBay for 75 bucks American found that JabberJaw box set with the one Jawbreaker single on it gotta have it, gotta have it obsessed. So, getting on a big boat with Blake S. and friends (who happen to be some of the nicest guys I have ever met) was unbelievable.

There I was, little old nobody me, chatting it up with a couple of my idols on a trip to Victoria. Look to my left, a big old house on what looks to be an island that a person could walk around in half an hour. Look to my right, people waving from the other ferry about to pass. Look straight ahead and there's Blake Schwarzenbach holding out his pack of Camel Light skinnies motioning for me to take one.

What was I going to do? Of course, I took two cause I wanted to catch up and Camel's happen to be my favorite fag (although, I like wides better... it's the width that counts anyway).

So I started smoking again and it's all punk rock's fault. If you weren't so damn cute and sentimental and emo and ahhhhh... I maybe could have stood a chance.

But oh no, the big guns came out and this Canadian kid fell like a ton of bricks.

No hard feelings though. Really.

I'm still smoking cigarettes. In fact, I'm smoking one right now. I am not ready to give these sticks up yet and I'm not sure when I'll ever be. But for now, it's OK.

The kids are alright.

Thanks for listening to me blab. I always loved the columns in this rag and I'm hoping you do too!

Don't be shy.

arat60@hotmail.com

P.S. Check out Alice In Wonderland... there's no way that book was meant for kids.

Shittalking with OB

"Well, did you ever think that it wasn't for you?" This was the response that I received after telling Steve Snyder that I was a bit bored by his latest literary offering in *HeartattaCk*. Actually, I am bored by 90% of the writing in *HeartattaCk*, and it kind of bothers me because something that I find pretty exciting (the punk rock scene) produces so many boring ass 'zines in general, and the soporific writings of *HeartattaCk* in particular. But this being punk rock, and the editorial position of *HeartattaCk* being what it is (basically, if you send it, they will print it), I figure it is in my power to single handily enliven this 'zine's content. So welcome to the first column of Shittalking with OB.

Basically I am going to divide this column in three parts (hey, if Snyder can go on for 2 pages about plants, I think *HeartattaCk* has the space): one where I write a brilliant slice of life column, the second where I recount my witty observations on recently passed punk rock type going ons (like shows and records and shit), and finally a "how to do it" kind of section. For your convenience I will subhead the column so that you can easily follow along.

The Exciting World of Music Videos

For some reason this band Phantom Planet decided to shoot a video at G-Mart, a store in Old City which sells "lifestyle" apparel. I believe the lifestyle in question is that of the young urban hipster, as the place continuously advertises that it carries the largest selection of vintage Pumas amongst other items essential to a bar hopping, loft living, cigarette smoking existence. The band Phantom Planet is most famous for having Jason Schwartzman as its drummer. Schwartzman is the actor who played Max Fisher in the notably unfunny and overrated film, *Rushmore*.

The video shoot is not actually inside the G-mart, but is in front of it on Third Street. Which is fine and all, except that it is barely 30 degrees out. (For our international readers- that means it was really fucking cold.) Nevertheless there are many people in attendance for the video shoot. Now it appears from the way that some of these people dressed, that they came to be discovered, because instead of wearing something sensible like, say, a hat or long underwear, they're wearing some fancy ass, but quite light, vinyl coat, sunglasses (it's 7 o'clock at night), and/or cleavage revealing tops. The only thing that was discovered about these people is that they don't possess a lot of common sense.

The shoot is supposed to start at 7:00.

But the Teamsters are unloading the equipment so slowly that it ain't anywhere near ready to begin when I arrived. A bunch of fools in the sportiest of EMS type expedition coats are running about getting the set ready. It appears that to be part of a video crew you must own one of these jackets (the more reflective striping on it, the better) and walk around with an attitude that the job that you are doing (like carrying a patch cord) is the single most important job in the entire world. It also helps to have a good head of hair. Bored, the crowd begins a chant for Philly's number one scenester, Dan Gross. Eventually everything is set up. Some guy I know informs me that the video is being directed by Roman Coppola, who is the son of the famous director, and, more importantly, directed the new video from the world's most amazing rock and roll band, the Strokes. And the Bikini Bandits will be appearing in the video. So these are some big haps going down on Third Street.

The crew starts handing out signs to the crowd that say "I Love Phantom Planet" and "Jacque Rocks" and shit like that. They also hand out G-mart balloons. They must have sensed my unenthusiastic demeanor, as I received neither. Finally the video shoot starts. This features a flamed out step side van screeching down the street and stopping in front of the cheering crowd at the G-mart. The Bikini Bandits jump out of the back of the van and dash into the G-mart. For those not in the know, the Bikini Bandits are the stars of several internet movies (co-starring Corey Feldman) where they commit armed robberies while dressed in, duh, bikinis. After this scene is completed (it took two takes), the band comes out and performs its song. Twice. They do play live. The Bikini Bandits dance up front, and we in the crowd act "crazy" while about four cameras film it all. Then Mr. G comes out with his lady to do his line. He flubs it. And then he flubs it again. And again. And again and again. Each time he flubs it, the crowd, as Philadelphians are genetically predisposed to, boos. Loudly. Then they start calling for Corey Feldman. Finally Mr. G gets it right, and the band plays a half-hour concert while the crew films it. Amazingly the Bikini Bandits dance up front for the entire set, dressed only in hats and bikinis. I thought for sure their fake boobs would have frozen, cracked, and fallen off, but no, these ladies kept shaking booty. True professionals. The crowd, which only included a small number of actual Phantom Planet fans, sticks around too. So if you see the video look for the guy in the back looking uninterested. That'll be me. Surprisingly you can find me at most Funarama shows using this exact same method.

The Latest Punk Rock Happenings

Talking about shows, lately it's been a slow go for ones around these parts. There was the big "locals only" show at the Funarama, also known to some as the "dueling duellies" show, as The Great Clearing Off's Dennis sported both the HWM sweatshirt and hat, while Ron, drummer of Sound of Failure, rocked the Type O Negative tee and sweatshirt. It was duellies for Joe of Failure too, as he made his Philadelphia debut as a member of Kill the Man Who Questions. Good show here, lots of zombie dancing. Saw Social Distortion at the TLA for my birthday, and they

were quite good even if Dennis is dead and they didn't play "Another State of Mind". The crowd was a trip. One guy looked just like former Phillie and noted uniballer John Kruk, and he kept urging those around him to get into it and dance. He also sparked a big ass doobie and offered it to all nearby. Late in the show a Sprite bottle flew from the pit and hit Kruk on his head, but he just calmly reached down, picked it up, and started playing air guitar on it! Also of note was the fan who showed his appreciation for the band by giving it the finger whilst singing along for entire songs. Wacky! Speaking of wacky, Rambo kicked off its US tour with a Mad Max themed gig at the Thunderdome. Pointless wore two belts, though someone noted that while two entered, only one would leave. Citing the new Rambo line-up, Pointless vowed to talk more during their sets. He did not, however, make any attempt to talk more clearly. Hence the audience looked confused for five minutes instead of the usual one as it tried in vain to decipher Pointless' unique West Philly by way of Mayfiar vernacular. Luckily, Rambo brought in ex-Jihad member Mad Max himself to lecture on antiwar vis a vis anti globalization.

It's Fun to Buy a House

If you are anti-property stop reading this right now and go read the columns about how thievery isn't about being selfish, but a really cool form of social protest. This following isn't for you.

I recently bought a house. So with "riding on the back of a trash truck" taken care of back in 1989, two out of my three lifetime goals have now been accomplished. (The other, if you must know, is "to see a movie as the only member of the audience". I thought I had this one aced down in North Carolina when I went to a late showing of *Mortal Kombat* at the dollar theater, but wouldn't you know it a whole damn family walked in right before the credits.) Back to the house, I was surprised how easy it was to buy one. It may seem like a daunting task, but it really wasn't. In fact I am going to outline how to do it in this and future columns. I basically look at home buying as a three-step process: Preparation, finding a place, and actually buying the property.

It should also be noted that most of the information I give in the column is site specific, since real estate laws vary state to state. Please don't take this column as the final word in matters. (If you have any doubts consult an expert.) My house is in Philadelphia, so a lot of the things I write about will hold true for any older, industrial city (like Cleveland, Detroit, or Baltimore). This month I will deal with preparation to buy a home-which is pretty much universal.

The first question you must answer as a potential homeowner is just that- do I want to own my own home? Seems simple enough, but it may not be when asked it this way: do I want to be completely and financially responsible for a \$50,000, \$100,000, \$200,000 item? Do I want to live in the same place for 10, 20, 30 years? Do I want to spend my weekends fixing shit and performing maintenance instead of hanging out? If you answered yes to these questions, you sound like potential homeowner to me. However most banks will not view you as a potential homebuyer, yet. This brings us to the next step- getting your

finances in order.

While you don't have to possess a lot of money to buy a house, you do need a steady income. So if you make a living drug testing and plasma donating, you are not a prime mortgage candidate. When applying for a mortgage you are going to have to provide proof of income for the past three years, so start working steady (yes, I am advocating working. How unpunk of me.) Also get your credit in order. If you don't know the status of your credit, go for credit, or better yet, mortgage counseling. In Philadelphia go to the local CDC (Community Development Corporation) and sign up for mortgage counseling. It cost me \$20 (for them to pull my credit report) and they will budget out how much you can spend a month and such. If you have bad credit (or no credit) they will advise you on how to repair it in preparation for obtaining a mortgage. It's easy and takes about an hour. In Philadelphia this will also qualify you for a \$800 grant towards closing costs and a free home inspection if you meet certain eligibility requirements. Other good things to attend are first time homebuyer programs that mortgage companies, real estate companies, community groups, and the government run. If you can, eliminate all your debts- credit card bills, student loans, all that shit. This will build both your credit and your financial position. Also start saving. You are going to need at least 10% of the purchase price of the house for a down payment and closing costs. (Your mortgage payments themselves will probably be around what you pay in rent, so this is general not something that has to be saved for). If you are buying a home with someone else, everyone needs to get his or her financial shit together.

When you have your finances in order, get pre-approved for a mortgage. Most major mortgage companies offer pre-approval. I think in most cases you can probably get pre-approved where you bank, so that is also an option. As for myself, the pre-approval process worked like this: I called GMAC Mortgage and asked about pre-approval. They put me on to a mortgage counselor. He took some information from me and told me to send him some documentation (pay stubs, tax forms, etc.). From that data he pre-approved me for a mortgage. Basically they say- go look for a house, you can afford to pay X dollars a month towards your mortgage. More importantly they gave me a certificate of pre-approval. This will give you respect when you walk into a real estate office and ask to start looking at houses. Let's face it, most punks do not look like potential homeowners to most Realtors, but get pre-approved and you will be treated with respect! Additionally you will now have a clue as to what price range of homes you can afford. Next time: The house search.

Contact:

mtob708@hotmail.com/PO Box 29211/Philadelphia, PA 19125

Thanks to McKee and Alan for the jokes I lifted.

Home Buyers Counseling:

—www.hud.gov/buying/index.cfm (click on you state to find out where counseling is available)

—www.pacdc.org (Pennsylvania)

Christian Whittall

Punkhardcore and the Politicising the Psychedelic Experience.

I have been attempting in these pages to create an alternative discursive space within which to discuss and comprehend politics because I think the current way we think about this shit is limited, although still important and effective to some degree. My strategy in doing so this time around is to locate a site where our traditional activist approach falls short and reveals its inadequacies, and then use that as a catalyst possibly for new ways of thinking. The site I have chosen for today is the psychedelic experience. This is something that doesn't really seem relevant to organisational/activist politics so it would appear that that way of thinking isn't very useful when approaching this topic. We don't seem to talk about it at all very much anyway for some reason, so there's no time like the present to get started. So the first step I guess would be to rethink politics in such a way that it *does* have something to say about this unique experience and then fully flesh out the consequences in order to reveal something new. So... here goes.

If you're a punk, there's a really good chance that you spend a great deal of time thinking about drugs and a greater deal of time thinking about politics. It is very unfortunate and self-destructive that the best we can do to think politically about drugs is to divvy ourselves up between users/non-users and to file our political judgements accordingly. It is hardly surprising that a social that consistently and aggressively denies itself the linguistic and conceptual means by which to speak meaningfully about what we experience while on drugs would import the hegemonic language of "use" in order to gag and control discourse among a populace where drugs proliferate. It should raise a few eyebrows, however, that a movement/scene/subculture/whatever that likes to claim absolute opposition to said hegemony should adopt, fully consciously, this language for its own ends.

Punk is evolving and it is increasingly making use of and refining its own political language. I think if we carry this off successfully, we will have accomplished something very important. However, I think that we must be careful not to smother this potential by simply equating punk politics with "left wing" or "anarchist" politics or whatever. These should be important influences but in and of themselves they are not enough. Punk contains, fathoms deep, hidden within its internal dialectic, very important and potentially revolutionary processes. Our move to embrace politics must not bury them even deeper but help us excavate the cultural bomb we are all sitting upon and project it and increase its radius of impact into the realm of the political. The creation of a political language that can grasp and animate these powers would indeed endow our desires with great power.

For the purposes of this diatribe, let us define politics as just that, a set of linguistic and conceptual tools whereby desire is reconciled with

"the world" which more often than not is simply the world of *other* people's desires. Taken this way, politics can only really exist in very extreme environments where desires are kept in a state of permanent suspended animation, eternally frustrated. We as a species have spend the last few millennia constructing and profiting from just such an environment. We have achieved scarcity in a world of abundance: hence, politics.

We live in this world and cannot escape politics. Every action, every word, every nuance of meaning we effuse are the subjects and objects of power and political discourse. We have been born into a world of politics where we are in an inhuman state of having constantly to overcome each other, constantly standing on someone else's throat. The only tools that seem available to us for our emancipation are the same that imprison us. We have created and trapped ourselves in a language of power.

Political language does incredible violence to its referents. Whenever we apply language to something, write about it, speak about it, we limit it, enslave it in structure and meaning and deny it any autonomy. You and I are now living in an age where this process has expanded throughout the world and sped up to the point where it has collapsed in upon itself. We no longer have anything outside of language to refer to. Language in late capitalism can no longer refer to anything outside of itself. We can rail against genetically modified foodstuffs, sweatshop working conditions, corrupt legal and political systems, etc., but we have no "real", "natural", "just" alternatives to these things. We have no coherent moral vision of the universe that can in any way be tied to "the world" at large. Anything we erect to give our worldviews ethical ballast necessarily fails. Which is not to say that it doesn't succeed *politically*. Political victory is well within our grasp, but it would be a Pyrrhic one. For example, we can save the animals politically, but how can we save them from politics?

And yet we as punks embrace politics. If not that, then what? I mean, its not like the one's with the better politics wins. Everyone knows that the left has the best most rigorous politics, but neither the right or anybody else even cares. Any slack-jaw could immediately see through your president's inanities. All it takes is a second or two of independent doubt or thought, but the masses *willingly* choose not to take the time out. We, the self-dubbed "politically aware", the caretakers of the world, would like to think they're just stupid, but really, they are smart enough to see the dead end of political thought before they embark upon it. We lack *their* smarts while they lack our heart. Punks embrace politics because punk is all about lost causes. We have not *entirely* wrested ourselves free of punk's inheritance of anarchic nihilism. It has simply morphed and become the catalyst for our irrational and absurd care for a world gone zany. Those of us who choose to continue to engage society deserve nothing but the highest praise for fighting for the good side in a war already lost. Most have learned to love Big Brother. Even though we can no longer really believe in the ecology movement, animal liberation, political justice, etc. we rightly feel we must do it anyway.

Is it possible anymore to see beyond late capitalism? Capitalism has successfully managed

to wrest itself free of its own history, if not history in general. It produces and reproduced its own time, its own past to the point where the concept of history only exists *as* reproduction. Through the constant recycling of images of the past in movies and whatnot, we have destroyed time and history as meaningful, "real" concepts. We have replaced them with culturally homogenised feelings of "pastness" or "historianness". Our history is but a grab bag of facts, feelings, signs, images to be recycled in our day-to-day political discourse. How can we see through capitalism into something beyond it if we have lost time and history? Is not our hope for a better future in fact *nostalgia* for an earlier stage of capitalism? If late capitalism entirely survives on the images and concepts it creates for itself, through what possible medium outside of it would we gauge change and progress?

This is why progressive politics has fragmented into "causes". Grand narratives such as Communism are no longer possible so we are left to hope that all our "causes" will somehow amount to something greater than their sum; that somehow political reactionism, if pursued to its end will produce something extra-political.

So, politics is dead, but there is nothing beyond it to replace it with. Politics is our language. It is our culture, it is our means of interpreting and "making sense of" (read: reproducing) the world. It is self-sufficient; it creates what it describes and describes what it creates. This society/culture whatever you want to call it is fundamentally based on the political exchange of death.

Is this world acceptable to us? Do we have any choice *but* to accept it?

And where the fuck do drugs fit into this?

Like I said, hardcorepunk is one of the few discourses in our culture that orients itself politically towards drugs. What form has this taken in the political universe I have attempted to describe? Where does the psychedelic experience fit in? What political value does it have? What can it be exchanged for? Does it make even sense to speak politically about it? Why would you want to?

We live in a culture super-saturated with mind, mood and body altering substances. It's something I think we are all pretty much aware of, but to actually try to think about it and comprehend the magnitude of it would be mind altering in itself. Never in the history of the human race have our bodies and minds been bombarded with *such* an amount of chemicals of *such* potency. Never have we been *this* ignorant of the things we ingest. If one could draw a graph of the increase of regularly ingested chemicals over time and superimpose a graph of our degree of understanding of them, you would be left with two lines racing away from each other at an exponential rate. It's really *really* horrifying in a "we-are-totally-fucked-as-a-species" kind of way. It would not be stretching it too far I think to say that we have chemically altered ourselves to the point where the meaning and worth of the concepts "human" or "species" is definitely in question. Drugs *are* inescapably political. They are an agent of politics that allows the human body to be broken down into fragments, units and regions of control and power to be exchanged and

conquered *exactly* like the abstract political divisions that scar the surface of the earth.

Example: Tylenol is a total placebo. I have *never* known it to have any effect, positive or negative on my body. Humans are basically immune to acetaminophen. It doesn't work anymore. However, the body, having not the *slightest* idea how to deal with such an artificial alien substance, just stores it indefinitely, potentially damaging the liver especially. It is extremely difficult to detox from medication. It can take decades. Lifetimes. Nobody really knows or cares what the long-term effects are. What Tylenol does offer us is the ability to quantify and control our bodies: "I still have a headache but it would have been worse if I hadn't put this pill in my mouth." Our concept of "body" has become so abstracted from ourselves that we need corporately created substances to facilitate any sort of relationship with it at all. Tylenol is useless and possibly dangerous to the organic constitution of water, tissue and organs that make life possible, but as for the entirely modern and *political* concept of "body" it is indispensable. Most of us have never seen any of our internal organs and have to rely on modern medicine to make sense of how we work. The go-between of science and technology have robbed us of any personal relationship with ourselves and then sold it back in the form of pills. It, along with thousands of other chemicals, do not cure, alleviate, prevent or protect the body; they *create* what we now call the body and are as essential to it as words are to a language.

We are addicted born, all of us.

And addicted we die.

We live in the most disease-ridden world since the beginning of time and yet our life expectancies have never been so high. What is going on here? Why is the preservation of "life" seemingly so important to us? In order to answer this, we must ask ourselves what life means politically. "Life" in a society of death-exchange means its opposite. When we are fully functioning as units in and of political discourse, we say we are "alive". "Life" is so meaningless and empty a concept in this world that we can only extrapolate its existence when political agents such as drugs can act upon it. Humans are kept alive despite ceaseless pain, emotional torment, constant confusion and uncertainty, etc., all in order to keep the drugs flowing. Just as long as a "body" is there, no matter its condition, for drugs to act upon and to give *them* meaning. Drugs do *not* help us. They do not exist for our sake, we exist for theirs. We die for their life.

Hardcorepunk's political access to the drug phenomenon mimics perfectly society-at-large's. We subject drugs to the language of "use". We draw a big fat line between users and non-users of drugs as if this makes any sense whatsoever. A better but still far from satisfactory thing to say would be that drugs use us. All of us. There are no non-users. The term "use" as applied to drugs functions only as nostalgia. We would all like to live in a world of things external to us mediated by tools that we "use" to allow us to gain access to this world. Subject>tool>use>Object=work. Doctor>drug>administer>patient=care. This political language is important as an alibi to hide from ourselves the fact that in this modern world

nothing is external to us. Drugs do not act *upon* the body, they *constitute* it. We live in a world of eternal and ubiquitous imminency. When everything has been reduced to a political language of exchange and control, we *create* and are *created* by the "world". The idea that this can be avoided by "not using" as the straightedge mantra goes, is cuckoo.

Now for the fun part. How the *fuck* does the psychedelic experience fit into this???

The word "drug" in our world is really two words. Or it used to be. They were homonyms but had completely different connotations and political functions. One was the kind of drug you "do", the other was the kind you "take". I'm sure the fact that one is active and the other passive has some significance, but I'll leave that up to you to figure out. The one you "take" was administered by professionals and controlled by technocrats. The other was thought not to be and thus gained the cachet of being counter-cultural and politically significant. Psychedelics fell under this category, as did opiates, amphetamines, barbiturates, alcohol, benzodiazepines, etc. These are all *entirely* different substances in terms of their effects, constitution, legal status, appearance, taste, smell, history, just about everything. The only thing they have in common is their political function. It mattered not what the chemical *was*, since the drug you "do" can be exactly the same as the one you "take". What mattered was its place and function in the political structure. It mattered *how* you took it, *who* gave it to you, *how* you experienced it and a slew of other political factors.

Now, this dichotomy is less meaningful. The political discourses of psychoanalysis and addiction studies, laws and their enforcement, culture and myth have become about as fully elaborate and legitimate as the medical industry's. So it almost makes sense to "take" cocaine through the nose in a club in order to "cure" a slew of socially acceptable ailments such as depression, victimhood, addiction, boredom, growing up, and so on. We have developed a highly detailed political language for each of these and in each case the drug plays an essential role in buttressing it. The professional go-between can now be omitted because we are *all* professionals. We live and breathe technocracy and control; it no longer matters if you have a degree to prove it.

But what about drugs that do *extremely* weird things to our personal subjective experience? The psychedelic experience is definitely a singularity in a self-contained, fully politically administered world. The attempt by some to incorporate it into the language of academia have proved utterly futile and ended in disaster when they were made illegal. Psychoactive substances' study is now confined to a few insignificant corners of such obscure disciplines as ethno-biology and anthropology. They are the only recreational drugs that are not also used medically although even that distinction is blurring with the introduction of "medicinal" marijuana.

Can the psychedelic experience be reduced to a political unit of exchange and control? Is it a rare exception? Can it escape political administration? The answers of course are "yes" to the first question and "no" to the other

two.

Society for the most part has dealt with these drugs by incorporating them into the discourses of baby-boomer nostalgia and historico-cultural phenomenon, law and crime. Psychedelics are somewhat unique, however, in that the major movement to reduce them to a unit of exchange and administration has been undertaken by its users. Top-down efforts to quell them were ineffective and ultimately redundant. Many psychedelic gurus indicate FBI programs and mandates for the failure of psychedelic drugs to achieve their promise of reforming universal consciousness and restructuring society. The reality is that the rise economically and culturally of the boomer generation was responsible for making the administration and control of a seemingly ineffable and uncontrollable experience possible. This is the real psychedelic battleground. The modern history of psychedelics is fascinating and I think it is entirely lost on us today just how important these drugs were to the development of the world we live in today. The boomers' greatest counter-cultural weapon was a victim of its own success. [If you're interested on my more general take on this generation (Pfffft ... yeah right), which ties into this column pretty neatly, my fat ass essay in issue #28 I think, is indicated.]

The discovery of LSD, a scentless, colourless chemical that worked in such small doses as to make it possible to smuggle literally hundreds of hits on the back of a stamp was a *huge* cultural and political phenomenon. The blindingly fast diffusion of this drug throughout America only a few decades after its discovery is largely the work of a handful of underground chemists who worked with the conscious intent of bringing about a revolutionary shift in consciousness. The average hit of LSD of the 60s and 70s was for the most part much more potent than that which circulates today having fully succumbed to underground market laws. And of course, it was infinitely more prevalent. The importance of this has been completely ignored and suppressed by both academia and society at large. If you were an anthropologist studying the growth of a civilisation and then introduced in rampant abundance a substance as powerful as LSD, you would expect the end result would be a total reconstitution of that society. However our current understanding of those times regards the drugs as a mere cultural signifier on the same plane as the sex and the music. At best, we regard those times as merely a "cultural" shift that altered our society only cosmetically while the fundamental structures that underlie civilisation were not affected at all. To reintroduce the psychedelic experience in *such* levels to a society that had suppressed it for millennia would, and did, cause pretty fucked up shit to happen.

Being children of Western society, and fully ensconced in its consciousness, the boomer generation, when confronted with an experience so *other* than just about everything else in the world, did their very best to colonise it. They tried to give it a soundtrack. They weakly tried to give it immediate political value. They created an entire language around it, none of which reflected the loss of power and control that actually takes place under the influences of these drugs. Meanwhile, this was quickly becoming

the most politically powerful non-ruling (then) class in recent Western history. This class, which had been for the most part satisfied with waging war on the plane of cultural codes (clothes, hair, music, language, etc.) all of the sudden were granted real political sway thanks to an abundance of circumstances I have written about in these pages before. In a complete reversal of orthodox Communist concepts of class struggle, this generation had political power *before* it had political consciousness. They were all the sudden required and encouraged to translate their cultural codes into units of political exchange. The best they could do, of course was peace, love, and happiness; words and phrases that would find themselves quite at home as ad copy (and did).

Along with all this, the need to somehow extract raw, hard, politically exchangeable units of meaning from the psychedelic experience arose. The natural societal process of absorbing the shock of the alien that any social undergoes when confronted with a new phenomenon can take normally hundreds of years. The psychedelic experience had to be culturally normalised and rendered politically meaningful in less than a decade. Awkward first attempts to deal linguistically with the psychedelic experience became hard and fast culturally universal codes. "Getting high," "having fun," "tripping," etc., are ways of subjecting the experience to a language of possession and/or geographical transition. They all basically translate to "going from this place to that place and back again." The psychedelic experience is over "there", sobriety is "here". They created a rigid distinction between being sober and not-sober thus giving all the more weight to the sober world. In the 50s, America needed the "other" of Communism to define itself against. In the 60s, counter culture expanded this language power and control beyond the mere borders of a country. The psychedelic singularity was the "other" that made the *entirety* of the "sober world" politically meaningful and exchangeable long after boomers tired of turning on and became stock-brokers 'n' shit.

Do you understand, people, just how fucking *unprecedented* and loopy that is? Does anybody recognise that this generation *fucked* the entire world? I guess it had to happen some time, but like, what a bunch of assholes. This totally laid the conceptual groundwork for globalisation to become possible and so we are left to bear its yoke.

Well this column took some interesting and unpredictable turns, didn't it folks? I certainly didn't expect it to go on so long or to be so weird, but there you go.

I wrote this because I think people like us punks who claim to be politically aware and passionate about the world should really take the time to discuss and explore psychoactive drugs. I was going to try to come to some big conclusion about how we as hardcore punks should think and act concerning these drugs that would use radically different language and ideas than those we've inherited, but eh... fuck that. I would rather *talk* about them than tell people how I think they *should* be talked about. We have inherited the psychedelic experience from this past generation, but we have also inherited their stifling, stupid language, culture and politics. The drugs are still there. Why not talk about them?

Why doesn't HaC run a drug issue? That is, NOT a straightedge issue. Would it be possible to talk about drugs and their effects on us without resorting to the language of use? There is a myriad of issues concerning drugs that do not revolve around saying "yes" or "no" to them and I HOPE that I have shown that they are pretty important things to talk about. And I DON'T mean high school trip stories.

Of course I have my own opinions, but I would much rather present them within the context of a discussion, argument or dialogue, rather than just list them here.

So I guess what this really is, is a call for more and deeper dialogue in the hardcorepunk community about drugs, psychoactive ones in particular. Either in these here pages, or directly with yours truly,

Christian Whittall/72 Wychcrest Ave./
Toronto, ON/M6G 3X7/Canada;
okiejoe2000@hotmail.com



I just returned from my second trip to New York City visiting family and friends since the Sept. 11 attack. This time I came prepared with a microphone, the idea of a fourteen day return policy on all video camera equipment from major electronic stores, like Best Buy, and the willingness to conduct more interviews. I'd have to say the urgency to interview people in New York City was not as apparent this time around. Backing it up a bit, when I was out there in September, a friend who I just met, Clint, let me borrow his video camera to go around and interview folks regarding the effects, ramifications and alternative solutions to the possibility of war against Afghanistan (at the time). So for the following days I was there I hit the streets interviewing people with no real direction for the footage other than just for personal documentation. I planted myself at the corners of busy intersections in different areas of the City, mainly around Union Square, where there was candle light vigils held and a place for peaceful congregation. There was no lull where people weren't discussing some facet of the attack or of war or of peace or of anything to do with what happened. I tried to capture as much open conversations people were having as possible.

One evening at Union Square a white woman dressed like the Statue of Liberty was dialoguing with folks about the importance of patriotism during this most volatile time. I grabbed the camera and started filming her speak to people around her. I asked her a few questions about what the Statue of Liberty means to her since she was herself painted green and had this whole Liberty attire goin' on. Since she was speaking so highly of being a patriotic citizen, I proceeded to ask her if she thinks patriotism is partly accountable part for the domestic racial violence against Arab Americans or those of

Middle Eastern descent. She quickly rebutted no and said that she didn't believe that there was "any kind of behavior like that" happening. We talked for a bit longer and as I turned around I was approached by this woman who was listening to us talk. She pulled me aside and informed me with rightful indignation of the kind of abuse she has received from passers-by since the attack. She then discussed how her Arab communities of friends and families have been either attacked, slandered, and now in fear of their businesses, storefronts, and lives. Most importantly, she expressed the importance of documenting these experiences and helped me centrally locate areas where hate crimes were being committed. I didn't get a chance to go to most of the areas I intended on going because of time constraints, however, I spent the rest of my time in New York City focused on documenting people's voices about the hate crimes against Arab Americans and Muslim peoples. I felt uncomfortable bringing up these kind of issues to peoples of color that have to deal with racial attacks on a daily basis, but I knew that I must at least try to document what I could with the time I had.

My last day there I hailed cabbies and interviewed about fifteen cab drivers. Eight drivers had already faced some sort of racial abuse or discrimination since the attack (four days after), and most of them had discussed stories of their co-workers, family or friends that have been verbally, physically, and mentally abused because of their Middle Eastern descent. One driver talked about his friend, who earlier that day ran into a deli to grab a drink and came out with his cab in flames from a Molotov cocktail. These stories are endless and they are getting no media coverage whatsoever. Without media coverage it is much more difficult to hold people accountable for their actions. And I can understand if Arab Americans don't want to go to the police regarding their safety because even that won't guarantee the next murder, the next cab bombed, the next slander, the next derogatory store, comment, and by far the most penetrating and underexposed, the feeling of being an outcast, marginalized, and forcibly sent outside of the status quo paradigm when you don't want to be. Their safety is wholly dependent on their communities and themselves; self determination, by default, is their means of freedom. And once again, these stories are being quenched by a larger conditioned fear that permeates the general public.

I've decided to compile all this footage, including the footage I took over New Years, in collaboration with this other fool Clarke to make some sort of documentary not just on hate crimes but documenting critical perspectives on the war. The documentary will hopefully discuss the political, social, and economic ramifications of now what America calls "War on Terrorism". We are planning interviews with some speakers and other critical theorists in the near future. I don't want to name any names yet but I'll have more news and updates about this project on www.dimmak.com and possibly in the next issue of HaC. If you have any suggestions or can help us with ideas please get in touch with me.

Heavy props to Ravi for the great analysis of better ways to communicate to folks about strategies to avoid more bloodshed. Thanks for all the links and contact information. On that

note, check these sites out regarding the detainment of over 1,200 immigrants, mainly of Arab or South Asian (especially Pakistani) origin: —Coalition for the Human Rights of Immigrants: (CHRI), 212-254-2591; chri@itapnet.org; www.itapnet.org/chri

—Prison Moratorium Project: education@nomoreprisons.org; 646-486-6715.

II.

Leonard Peltier Update: February 6th will mark Leonard Peltier's 27th year in prison. Events protesting Leonard Peltier's imprisonment are being posted on: www.freepeltier.org. Write him: USPL Leonard Peltier #89634-132/PO Box 1000/Leavenworth, KS 66048

III.

Sundiata Acoli update: The prison administration stated that Sundiata and 15 others were rounded up because they were anti government type people and/or they had explosives in their past. When the others were sent back, Sundiata was kept in segregation. He was told by the administration that he would be held for a while because he was a member of the Black Panther Party. After more than 4 months in isolation, Sundiata Acoli finally got out of the hole. Write to Sundiata at: Sundiata Acoli, #39794-066/PO Box 3000, USP Allenwood/White Deer, PA 17887

IV.

For those that have been emailing me, the This Machine Kills/JR Ewing split is still coming out. Projected date: April 30, 2002. But we and JR Ewing should have them sometime in March (before their tour). Brian Roettinger and I are releasing a noise remix 12" of the Death in the Audubon Ballroom LP on Ebullition. It's limited to 300 and it'll be coming out pretty soon.

V.

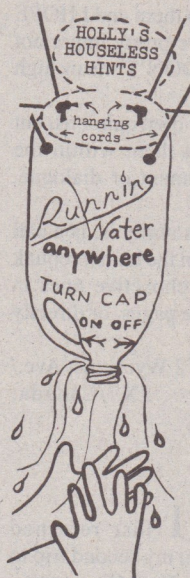
An Asian American Interest magazine called *Yell!* has been formed. Our first issue will hopefully be ready for distribution by February 19, 2002. The issue will include interviews with From Monument To Masses, Giant Robot, Diane Fujino on writing a biography on Yuri Kochiyama, Jude Narita, Planaria Records and Design, and pieces on identity, Kurt Vonnegut, Abraham Lim, Black students taking over North Hall at UCSB to create the first ever ethnic studies in 1968, perceptions of feminism from men of color, and more... We need submissions from Asian Americans!!! Please get in touch. If you would like an issue send a buck.

And one last thing, regarding new music—watch out for the Bobcats!!

"State executions are little more than ritual murders that mock justice, a blood lust, a blood sport, a spectator sport, an act of State-sponsored terror rooted in avarice, hatred and revenge, without the benefit of moral sanctions or the capacity for justice. It is the willful arbitrary act by the State perpetrated against the poor, the powerless, the penniless and the despised. There are no millionaires on death row. It is as evil and cruel a punishment as the Roman circus feeding men to lions. It is no less arbitrary and no less brutal. It is no less a sacrilege than the ancient practice of human sacrifice." —Imam Jamil Abdullah Al-Amin formerly known as H. Rap

Brown

All Power to the People!
Steve Aoki/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107; dimmak@dimmak.com



I select jugs whose caps have COARSE threads, such as bleaches, syrups, and some juices come in (fine-threaded milk jugs don't allow enough flow). Long threads preferred: the cap is less likely to unscrew all the way and dump the water. I prefer gallon jugs: they hold enough water for most tasks, but not so much they will make a huge splash if accidentally dumped.

Cut an opening in the jug's bottom for filling the jug (and for occasional cleaning). The cut piece may be left attached by a "hinge" of uncut plastic to serve as a lid. A big opening will ease filling and cleaning. However, if the faucet will be used where there may be people unfamiliar with jug faucets, better make the opening small—else some folk may stick their hands or utensils into the water.

For cutting the opening, tin snips are fine. A scissors will do—if a knife is used to cut through thick pieces. Or a knife alone. To make holes for hanging, I twist/twirl a pointed knife. Or I melt holes with a hot nail (heated by holding with pliers over a flame).

Suspend the jug, cap down, by cords tied to overhead branches or beams. Four cords give more stability than two; and the more the cords diverge, the less the jug will move around. Or, if mounted against a tree trunk or wall, the jug can be further steadied by adding two side cords. Tie them from the two rear holes around the tree or our to the side.

I fill the jug, through the opening I cut in the bottom, from other jugs in which I haul water to my camp, or from a pail with a dipper.

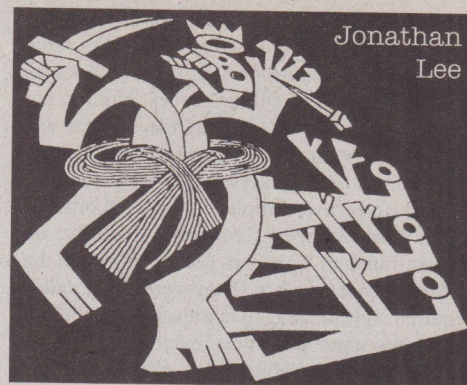
To turn on the water, simply loosen the cap part way. The more it is loosened, the faster the flow. To turn off, tighten the cap shut. On-Off arrows, made with a waterproof marker, show which way to turn.

I catch the run-off water in a pail or big pan placed below. Or, if outside, I may let the water run onto the ground.

Comments and questions welcomed. Holly/Dwelling Portably/PO Box 190-hcc/Philomath, OR 97370. (Sample \$1. Six/\$5.)

Portable faucets are easily made from some types of plastic jugs. They can provide running water at a campout kitchen, or in a van, workshop, barn, etc. We often use two at our base camp: one in the kitchen area of the tent, and another outside for washing things that need not come in.

Like a regular faucet, the stream can be turned on and off. This leaves BOTH hands free—thus avoiding awkward pouring or pumping with one hand while trying to wash with the other. Cleaning hands, fruits, vegetables, and dishes is easier.



Jonathan Lee

Attention Shoppers! It's The Artist Not The Artwork:

It was halftime at the Memphis/Arkansas game and the Memphis pom-pom squad had changed their tops from a glimmering blue to a sequined red and white. As they took to the court, the loud speaker called for the audience to rise for the pom-pom tribute to 9/11 and our American service men. A somber horn slowly belted out the beginning of the national anthem only to be interrupted by an explosion of sound. The squad started their routine and "Fortunate Son" by CCR began to play. I just didn't understand how a tribute to war could boast an anti-war song as its anthem. A few days before I had seen Kid Rock perform it for our troops in Germany on MTV and had come to the same conclusion. Just picture it, a crowd of soldiers banging their fists in the air screaming, "I ain't no fortunate one!" Yeah baby, America!!! But it came as no surprise, just the mention of, "Ohh the red, white, and blue," was reason enough. It's just music, not the message. The thoughtless and consuming public will accept any message that's attached as long as there are big lights, bigger flags, and pretty girls to sell it.

Two other songs had also been making a lot of appearances during the last few months that just didn't quite fit if you listened to the lyrics: "Born in the USA" by Bruce Springsteen and "This Land is Your Land" by Woody Guthrie. Any time you see anything patriotic on television, even before 9/11, you were sure to bet "Born in the USA" wasn't far behind. I mean what could be more patriotic than a joyful proclamation of your birthplace... the good old US of A. Oh, but Springsteen's song, like CCR's, is also an anti-war song. I guess when you cut out the verse about "killing the yellow man" and just stick to repeating the chorus over and over again no one notices. What's even more interesting about all that is "Born in the USA" became the theme song for the New York City Police Department, the same department that before the tragedy had a ban on all of Springsteen's songs and concerts nationwide due to his song "American Skin (41 Shots)" which openly criticized the NYCPD. As far as "This Land is Your Land," it's a communist song—how much more un-American can you get.

I leaned over to share my observation with my dad and after doing so realized how thoughtless that might have been. His brother, my uncle, was currently stationed in Saudi Arabia, one of a few countries currently on our next-to-bomb list (others include Yemen, Somalia, Indonesia, and Iraq). He had found out over the Thanksgiving holiday, actually the same day that

an article in the Memphis paper came out about a protest I'd helped organize (with a quote by me on top of that). So he's in this torn spot without a sure way to react—his brother is off risking his life for “our freedom” and I'm out on street corners holding up signs in protest to him being there. Never before have things been so complicated and more and more I feel the public isn't sure how to react (so they don't). They see the war blow by blow and thus are desensitized to it. When the same controlled facts flood the papers and the television stations everyday, people start to lose interest and thus care little for questioning the situation. Bombs are dropping constantly, body bags aren't coming home yet, and fear is leveling off at home. I've even found myself becoming less active and letting winter take hold. So the question is how to awake the public? Hmmm...

Clean Up Call. Free Speech on Aisle Five:

On the day after Thanksgiving there was a protest out in front of the Wolfchase Galleria, the largest consumer center in the Memphis area, organized by Voices for Peace. Being the biggest shopping day of the year, it seemed like the perfect time to reach people, or at least show the public that not everyone was happy about the new American war. It's also out in the middle of the four corners area; where Germantown, Cordova, Memphis, and Bartlett come together (basically white and upper class); and because of this it was debated if that was the right spot. In all the protests we've done so far, the largest percentage of positive response has been from the minority communities and that makes sense—who else would be sympathetic about suffering? But Wolfchase was to have everybody there at one time; from upper to lower, from black to white; thus being the final choice.

When we first got there it was cold and windy. Across the street at Best Buy hundreds of people were lined up around the building to the front door, around, and back. The Mall had tons of people lining the doorways. Nothing had opened its doors and still there were thousands of shoppers all foaming at the mouth for the treats they intended to fight for. By the time the doors had opened a decent number of protesters had showed up, enough to place people on both sides of the entrance and as time went on Mall security noticed us. Two men in casual dress with walkie-talkies walked up and just watched until finally I approached them. Surprisingly they were rather nice and seemingly supportive, so no problems unless we blocked traffic.

Eventually the media showed up, or to be more specific the Commercial Appeal, and they proceeded to ask other protesters and myself questions while writing down observations. The response from traffic thus far had been overwhelmingly supportive minus a few one-finger salutes and faded, passing screams. In fact, most of the time we did street-demos like this, at least 70 percent of people responded positively. I turned later to notice a few cops had shown up and were parked in the Barnes and Nobles lot right behind us. Eventually they approached us and said they thought what we were doing “sucks” and that they are hunting for one more complaint against us so they can drag Jeff and myself (the two reps for the day) off to jail. Protect and serve, right? They were there because of a complaint

received from Allen Craig, a raving Bartlett man bent on getting a rise out of us and thus provoking a fight.

We'd had a similar situation pop up before in which a driver turned around, popped the curb, got out of the car, and started swinging. This didn't go that far, but with some of the terrible and vulgar things being said it could have. The cops just stood watching at the top of the hill talking and laughing with the reporter. With that the reception on the street turned more negative and eventually we left. The newspaper the next day had us on the front page, much to our surprise, with a photograph of old Allen Craig getting in our faces. It also included the caption, “You people are nothing but freaks,” probably the tamest thing said by Craig all day. Two days after Thanksgiving there also was a small march and Food Not Bombs serving downtown. Ever since 9/11, and in fact before, Food Not Bombs in Memphis has been reaching more and more people. There is so much to do, the list just grows. The challenge now is to locally start some kind of anti-war movement that will overflow across America. So get active and get informed!

Jonathan Lee /PO Box 11552/
Memphis, TN 38111; Diymemphis@aol.com;
901-726-0069

Frank Stapelfeldt

Almost four months have gone by since the World Trade Center attack. As a member of the F.D.N.Y it has not ended for me. How do I move on? How do I heal? I have my days where I want to burst out and tell everyone how much I am hurting inside. Or that I am terrified of what still might happen to me from breathing in all that dust and smoke. How do you explain to your family and loved ones exactly how close you came to not coming home?

I know I am not alone in this by any means, but I feel alone. I know my girlfriend wants to help me and understand me so bad. She sits and tells me that “I have so much going on behind my eyes.” She may give me a quick hug or holds my hand after I see a picture of someone I know who is dead. I know I am loved. I know am lucky, but the “it could have been me” that I feel gets the better of me when I see there faces. I don't want my loved ones to know what this guilt feels like. What if I got to the towers quicker? Could I have saved them? I keep what I went through and am going through to myself for reasons that most people don't seem to understand. But to put it simply, I just don't want them to know. I think it's better that they just know that I am here with them today and not among the missing or dead. This also may seem strange to most but unless you were there you will never understand.

There is a song I hear on the radio that makes me cry every time I hear it. It's a song called “superman (it's not easy)” by a band called Five for Fighting. The lyrics go like this: “I can't stand to fly. I'm not that naïve. I'm just out to find the better part of me. I'm more than a bird...I'm more than a plane. More than some

pretty face beside a train. It's not easy to be me. I wish that I could cry. Fall upon my knees. Find a way to lie, About a home I'll never see. It may sound absurd...but don't be naïve. Even heroes have the right to bleed. I may be disturbed...but won't you concede. Even heroes have the right to dream. It's not easy to be me. Up, up and away...away from me. It's all right...you can all sleep sound tonight. I'm not crazy...or anything. I can't stand to fly. I'm not that naïve. Men weren't meant to ride, With clouds between their knees. I'm only a man in a silly red sheet. Digging for kryptonite on this one-way street. I'm only a man in a funny red sheet. Looking for special things inside of me. It's not easy to be me.”

I have found my own little meaning in the song. From my understanding the guy who wrote this song, wrote it about being a father. I was told that he wrote it with the meaning that he is only a man trying to make a life for his family and he is no hero at all. I don't think I am a hero in any sense of the word. I think I just found comfort in the song. We all work long hours and don't see home that much. We are often passed on the streets like we are ghosts. Up until September 11th I think I could say I was invisible to most people on the street. I was just another face in the crowd. I do this job for a love of it and nothing else. I am only a man in a silly uniform “looking for special things inside of me.” I love the feeling of helping people. Sometimes my job can frustrate me, but when I am really needed and I can help. I don't think I can describe the feeling. To be honest I have looked for comfort in just about anything and everything these last few months.

I lost a lot of people dear to me, but with that came working in a horrible setting. Seeing the wreckage and ruin of the World Trade Center. Seeing body parts and bodies not yet identified and wondering if that might be someone you know still missing. Then on your time off or before work you would go to funerals and memorial services. So I need little joys and little comforts to get me through the night. Sometimes I just think about going on tour with my band. That always makes me happy. I think about our little trip with Yaphet Kotto, or our tour in Europe with Serpico and countless other tours and trips. I think about friendships and the people I love. I think about my hopes and dreams. All these things make my life wonderful.

I have been trying to find ways to just get back to normal. The last memorial service I went to was for Fire Fighter Christopher Mozzilo of Engine Co. 55 and Ladder Co. 148. Chris is the older brother of my friend Pamela, and Chris was a wonderful human being. It can be said that Chris lived more life in his short 27 years on earth than most of us will in a lifetime. We put to rest Chris's fire helmet. That's all his family had, a helmet and volumes of amazing stories to tell about an amazing son and brother. I stood in line and watched masses of people flood a church. One by one family members read off stories and memories of Chris. I watched hundreds of F.D.N.Y. members burst into tears weeping. Chris memorial service was the straw that broke the camel's back. All those strong “heroes” crying out loud at once together, it is something that has left an indelible mark on me. Chris touched so many lives and he died doing what he loved the

most. Rest is peace, dear hero, I will see you again someday.

Monica Goldstein was a high school classmate of mine. She was also one of the sweetest girls I have ever known. Monica was engaged to my buddy Mike Rizzo. The two of them had been going out since we were all in high school together. I will never forget Mr. Borzumatos history class. We all knew Mike had the biggest crush on Monica, and I think the entire school was in on getting them hooked up together. I sat next to Monica in history class so it was my job to get all the notes to her. She would laugh at me and tell me I was a troublemaker. Her laugh was infectious, her smile intoxicating. Mike was a lucky man to be loved by her. The thing is that every guy secretly had a crush on Monica. I still have her picture from our high school ski trip. She was so beautiful. Mike is devastated; he had been working two jobs to save for their wedding. They had a complete life ahead of them. Like most stories, their story was primed for a ride off into the sunset ending. Monica's life was ended short of that. I found myself at her memorial service dressed for work. I could not go in, I couldn't face Mike in my work uniform. I felt helpless. Why didn't I bring his angel home to him? In some way I feel like I failed a friend. I turned away and drove back off to work. I regret not saying goodbye to her. I wish I could have saved everyone. I wish I could have given the world one more day with Monica. The world deserves that... Mike deserves that. I am sorry Mike, and I will always smile with you Monica.

Kristen Montanaro was my brother's Fiancée. Kristen was working on an impact (93rd) floor of the North Tower, the first tower hit. I called my brother on the 11th and told him to be prepared for the worst. But how could he really. He waited and waited for her to call home. Kristen is still among the missing. We don't know if they will ever find her. Kristen was part of my family. Just like someone who is always there at home with you. She is missed in our home and she is missed in our lives. My brother still cries at night. One morning after I got home from working at "ground-zero" he took my dust covered uniform and hugged them as if he was saying goodbye to Kristen. My mother misses her very much as well. My brother asked me, "How do you go there everyday?" I never answered him. The truth is I went so I could find the people we loved trapped in that rubble. I went to find Kristen. I went to find Chris. I went to find Monica, and I went to find all the other people I know and love.

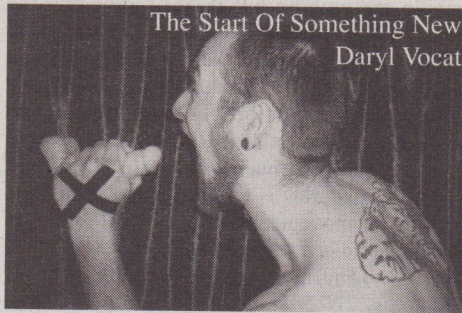
With a heavy heart I am saying goodbye to all the people that I have love and lost on September 11th, 2001. I need to heal from this; I need to move on. I don't think I have any answers on how to go about doing it. I know it starts with communication. I have been trying to let my family know about what I went through and what I am going through now. Thank you for putting up with my words. I thank everyone who has been writing me with kind words. Your support has helped me through. I know this is a long road and I am not alone. I know this isn't the end of this story, this is a lifetime of memories. My heart goes out to the family and friends of those lost on September 11th. To all those who left us that day, I will see you again someday. We will laugh, cry and stagedive together knowing that

through it all we were loved. "LOVE IS STRONGER THAN DEATH"... "FOR THOSE I LOVE I WILL SACRIFICE"

Love and support,

Frank Stapelfeldt—F.D.N.Y./115 Elmwood Ave./Staten Island, New York 10308-2637; Pissinrox@aol.com

Please feel free to write me about anything. I got so many wonderful letters and e-mails since September 11th, 2001. Thank you so much to my family, friends and my girlfriend Morgan for helping me through all of this. Thanks to all of you that took the time to get in touch with me. Keep rocking out for the New Year, stage dive whenever possible. 1...2...3...GO!!!!



"I've been trying to tell you for a couple of months now but it never leaves my lips, I Love You." He tells me for the first time since we've met, which is over a year by now. The words don't seem to come easily from either of us because there is so much attached to the idea of love, especially given how our love for each other operates in our lives. Both of us have long-term boyfriends, but it's not as though we are keeping secrets. We don't relate to each other as boyfriends, partners or whatever other term might typically apply to a relationship. We don't have a name for the way we relate to one another other than a line we use out of convenience to describe our relationship to others. "Uh, so who is that guy you hang out with so much?" "We're having an affair that everyone knows about." It seems to best describe the situation to those who aren't us.

I would say that I love the concept of love, but am sort of afraid of the real thing. To me, love means a certain amount of commitment, dedication and trust, which all seem to be good things. Conversely, it also includes the real potential of hurt, heartbreak and sadness, which I am not fond of. People often claim that love and hate are only a step away. The love/hate dichotomy seems to describe the agony and ecstasy of being in love, but excludes the drama potential of such a situation. I think both the drama and hurt potential increase exponentially in open or polyamorous relationships. So why would anyone bother living like this? Personally it seems more honest to acknowledge and deal with our attractions and loves for people than it does to pretend that we can only love one person on this earth at a time.

Peter, the affair boy, has a theory that sleepiness and exhaustion lead to the desire for monogamy. After all, isn't it wonderful to know you have someone to share a bed with every night? It's comforting and pleasant to have a regular sex partner and most outside people can easily accept that you have a significant other in your life. When you have a number of significant others in

your life it takes much more work to make sure everyone is happy and satisfied with how things are going. That's doesn't even touch on all the explaining. "How can you date so many people, it doesn't make sense?" Well, it DOES make sense, and it CAN work, if you want it to. A lot of people don't want to bother though, opting for the one-to-one kind of love. I have to admit I am still surprised at how many punks, former punks or other people in general seem to cringe at the idea of multiple partner relations. After all this time, after all the rebellion and progress of the generations before, we as a society, still think monogamy is the shit.

As a general rule, I am not big on labels and classifications, but at the same time I am pretty much obsessed with them and how they work or don't work. I keep coming back to how we use language and how we try and describe ourselves. I would have to say anything I use to describe myself seems to be more practical than anything, more for the benefit of others than any sort or accurate representation. I can maybe best explain this by the way I use the term queer. For all intents and purposes I was raised straight, which doesn't describe my attraction to boys. After a while I would tell people that I am gay. This too is problematic because it doesn't describe my attraction to girls. So then there is bisexual which I find problematic to because it is still based on binaries which leaves out my attraction to people who aren't really boys or girls. And so I call myself queer. Bored yet? I use queer, not because I feel that's what I am, but because it tells people a little something about the ambiguity of my sexual attractions. These days I am less and less interested in defining myself in ANY way that relates to sex. I think people are sexy, not genders.

So, back to the whole polyamory thing. There are a whole bunch of ways in which people describe such relationships. They all say sort of the same thing, but there are definite variations. Non-monogamy, polyamory, open relationship, just plain slutty and so on. I sort of like the term polyamory because it speaks of love, which I am fond of, but at the same time it sort of sounds like a tropical bird or wind pattern, and it isn't defined in terms of monogamy or not. I was wondering how other people view the "polyamory phenomenon," how it fits into this world, how other people deal with it, live it, describe it. Not surprisingly there are many web sites about polyamory out there. It's enough to make a person puke. One of the first sites I came across is called The Polyamory Society which is at: www.polyamorysociety.org. This is a non-profit organization "which promotes and supports the interest of individuals of multipartner relationships and families."

It gets better. Much like every cause in this day, there is a "polyamory awareness and acceptance" ribbon. It's enough to make me never want to utter the word "polyamory" again. You can even make a tax-deductible donation to the Polyamory Society. This all strikes me as being quite odd. It's funny to come across something which you are supposedly a part of which seems completely foreign. Looking at this web site leaves me with icky feelings that polyamorous folks have poor self-esteem and feel like victims to an uncaring society. The site is quite practical

and includes tips such as "What to do when a friend or family member chooses the polyamory lovestyle?" There is also helpful advice for people "transitioning to the polyamory lovestyle," as well as handy affirmations such as, "I am a unique and special person. There is no one else quite like me in the entire world." This all reminds me a little too much of Stephen Covey's Seven Habits of Highly Effective People. I wonder if there is a connection.

I feel most annoyed by groups such as the Polyamory Society and a lot of gay groups as there is this victim mentality. Our oppression will bond us. Our segregation will save us. We bear the burdens of a hostile society. All of this may be true to a certain extent, but it always seems so submissive to me. Maybe the vulnerability of it scares me, but it seems that playing the role of the victim only enforces oppression. We are presented with a survival guide of sorts, how to get by in YOUR society rather than disregarding it all together. This is how we live on your terms, this is how we define ourselves in relation to you all. We need to share our stories, we need to talk to each other about our lives and loves, but I would have to say that living polyamorously is never going to be the same as reading about it. The varieties within the concept of polyamory are infinite so to me it seems incredibly daunting, if not down right impossible to make a "rules to live" by for it. Maybe I'm missing the whole point though, and maybe the point to all of this information is to share stories and experiences, maybe it's about recording our histories and our loves. Maybe the business aspect of it is all someone's way of organizing things and just because their story isn't mine doesn't make it any less valuable.

We lie in each other's arms and Peter reveals to me that he fell in love the first night I went home with him. As we talk about life and love he tells me his version of love is the want or desire to be a particular person and that the closest he can reasonably get to that is to hang out with them.

When I lie in David's arms and he talks about falling in love with me. He talks about how I appeared out of nowhere like an answer to a prayer. He tells me that his version of love means that another person's happiness is vital to his own happiness. This seems truly altruistic to me and makes me feel comfortable, which can be a rare thing.

My version of love includes lots of cut out paper hearts, flower petals, ginger marmalade, warm skin, glitter, eating olives, feeding other people, making videos, drinking virgin strawberry daiquiris, snuggling, laughing and hiding from the world together.

"Love is a dangerous angel." — Francesca Lia Block.

Daryl Vocat/241 Logan Ave./Toronto, ON/M4M 2N2/Canada; safe23@hotmail.com

Ron Galaktik

God Bless Budweiser

Whether it's by going to one of Tucson's

outstanding restaurants, taking the kids to the mall, or buying that new car you've been thinking about, you can do your part to help America stay strong by spending money. The car radio was telling me this, courtesy of the city's auto dealerships, no doubt. I was flabbergasted. I'd thought the commercialization of the bullshit that went down had already hit its nadir. Guess I was wrong.

It's already an unwritten law that any business, which wants any customers at all flaunt Old Glory. Every store you enter's trying to make a quick buck on the Mother of all Fads. And I guess I can't blame them, only they oughta put \$-signs instead of stars.

So now it's my civic obligation to keep spending money to keep out the huns. Only I didn't really spend money in the first place. And I know there's a lot of you "alternative-lifestyle" people out there, who don't spend much money either. So how can people like us do our part to boost America's economy?

Let's think. What do I spend my money on?

Beer.

I have already made myself a handsome pro-alcohol poster by stealing a GOD BLESS AMERICA Budweiser poster and folding like a Mad Magazine fold-in.

God Bless Budweiser.

And God does bless Budweiser, because God blesses America. And Budweiser is what makes America America. To me, the Stars and Stripes is a symbol only of the US military-industrial complex—the flag is for planes and tanks and oil tankers and such. But Budweiser. God bless Budweiser. It's no coincidence that the three most valuable brand names in the world are also the most American: Marlboro, Budweiser and Coca-Cola.

So what's a poor boy to do to save his favorite country in the whole-wide world, besides drink Schlitz and listen to "Stars and Stripes of Corruption" on repeat. (I'm not cool enough to have it on vinyl, but at least I don't have to get up and put the needle back. Give me convenience or give me death.) "We wonder why others hate us, the bin Laden's we hand pick to bleed their people dry for our evil empire." Why don't the news stations ever mention that people like the Taliban and Saddam Hussein were put into power by the US. It's no secret, but somehow it's not news worthy. America only want the new in their news, and they wonder why their history repeats itself. And with shorter MTV attention spans, the bar has been lowered again: the history we're forgetting is stuff that happened five years ago. And no one will care ten years from now when the people from the Northern Alliance turn our weapons on us. Bite the hand that feeds you.

And basically, I was thinking about switching from Schlitz to Budweiser. It's the same beer, right. Bud's just more expensive because they spend all those billions of dollars on the Super Bowl ads that make them the most powerful brand in the universe. And where do all the ad people live, anyway? NYC. We gotta keep them in jobs, man. It's our job as jerking class swine, not to swill this communistic schwill, but to join together as one nation under Budweiser, in Bud we trust!

But wait a minute. Budweiser's more expensive, which means less beer for me. And

while it is reasonable to ask a man to make certain sacrifices for his country, drinking less beer's not one of them.

And then I realized that scumbags like me *do* have a valuable part in the American economy, and this is where I'm asking for your help. I've been doing my part all along. Like last night, when I went out putting the American flag stickers I stole from the Circle K upside down on SUVs and hotrods. A gang of drunk frat boys saw one and kicked a bunch of dents in the side of one, and a wino put a brick through the windshield of another. How many dollars had I created for the American economy!? I was a hero. I felt like Paul Revere. I deserved a medal. How many jobs had I saved? The people who fixed the cars were just the tip of the iceberg. The people who make windshields, all the insurance company people, claim adjusters, the police. God bless Budweiser, it was a beautiful day for America.

And you can do your part, too. Keep tagging, keep shoplifting, keep vandalizing public property. How many million dollars do you think the city of NY spends trying to clean up graffiti? How many jobs will be lost if people stop tagging just because of the Attack on America. But the Empire strikes back; we're not going to take this lightly. We all have to do our part. When you gaffe a box of Corricidins from the Osco, you're doing just as much as if you'd bought it. Osco has to keep its shelves filled; you're keeping that pill factory running. Plus, every time you steal you ensure that companies don't try to cut costs by laying off security personnel.

Me, I'm killing two birds with one stone by grafting upside-down USA's around town—an idea I bit from EZLN. I figure it'll get out my anti-flag angst, and at the same time keep the anti-graff crews fully vigilant. After all, we can't have pro-terrorist propaganda written on the walls in wartime. We can't even see bin Laden's latest video anymore.

But, what can you expect, this is wartime.

And I'm going to be on the front lines, keeping America employed.



ravilution

When the punk outcaste becomes the bully To those punks who have dealt with parents being harsh towards them for identifying with he, please ask yourselves these questions. If you have kids later on life how do you plan to treat them? If one day your son or daughter comes home and admits they like Creed or dresses a way you disapproved of, would you react the same way your parents reacted towards you? If they play cheesy pop or country music at loud volumes would you demand they turn down their music? Would you want to create a level of resentment in that kid towards you like your parents did with you?

When I was in high school my parents used to give me a hard time just for wearing Bad

Brains and Black Flag T-shirts. I know that their pestering me because of my clothes prevented me from wanting to communicate with them when I was a teenager. I think closing the lines of communication is the worst thing a parent can do with their kids. Wouldn't I be like them if I gave someone a hard time for wearing a Slipknot shirt or something I didn't think was "cool"?

Most people will agree that the angry, misanthropic segment of Christianity which constantly preaches* how immoral mainstream America is should first clean up their act and check the hypocrisies in their own communities before passing judgment on everyone else. Well I think this needs to be applied to the hardcore scene as well. In HaC #30 (the very issue which Al Burian himself couldn't even get banned from!) Bryan Alft wrote about the Columbine tragedy and how many of us could relate to being outcasts in high school. Robin Banks' column also called out certain punks to stop picking on kids wearing Nirvana and Dead Kennedys shirts. Later on in that same issue was an article on a Civil Rights freedom fighter. So after reading all of this I thought of something. What if those Columbine kids who listened to Marilyn Manson had one day decided to check out a hardcore show? Do you think those punks who could relate to being treated like outsiders would've been friendly towards those 2 students? Or do you think they would've taken on the same mentality as the bullies in Columbine and made fun of these kids for liking Marilyn Manson, dressing differently, and ended up just talking a bunch of shit behind their backs? I'll come back to this question in a second.

I remember once sitting in a parking lot of a show venue and watching 2 sorority girls roll up in their car to the entrance to talk to the door person. They rolled down their windows and had asked what was going on inside the venue and what kind of music was being played. I remember about 8 or 9 guys standing outside simultaneously start cracking up and making fun of these people they didn't even personally know. I remember another show I was at where a band member had invited his siblings and their friends to attend his band's first show. They were all dressed nicely, and I remember a lot of the so-called "open minded" kids in there making fun of them simply for not meeting the requirements of punk fashion. And when the band member announced later that night that his relatives were in attendance and pointed them out, a lot of those same kids ended up feeling stupid. A couple of years back I was talking to my next door neighbor, a high school kid who was mostly into indie rock, naming a few punk bands to me that he was into. I suggested he come out to a show to check out some good local music if he liked that kind of thing. He then told me how he wouldn't go anywhere near a punk show because a lot of those kids were snobby as hell and way too elitist. The thing is, I graduated from the same high school he was going to at the time and I know that many of the kids, teachers, and coaches at that school were very conformist-oriented and downright superficial. It was disappointing to me that he identified the same qualities in punks that he identified with kids in his high school: narrow minded, stuck up, and shallow. With both groups (high school and punk) his only crime was not completely conforming to their rigid standards. It's not as if he was being

hostile towards anyone, people just gave him a hard time for being a little different. Yet those same judgmental people in hc will claim with enthusiasm that they are "rebelling" against the attitudes of their parents and popular kids at their high schools. Another time (this is my last example, I promise) I was sitting outdoors on the patio of a restaurant with a good punk friend of mine when I had spotted some buddies from school at another table. I said "let's go sit over there with them" and then had to deal with his reluctance to get up; finally after some prying he admitted he didn't want to sit with them (be seen with them?) simply because some of the girls in the group happened to be wearing GAP and Abercrombie & Fitch clothing. Did those people do anything bad to him where he had to automatically dislike them? Did they make fun of him? Did they mock him for his appearance? No. I understand that this type of judgmental thinking goes on in all social circles, not just hc. I'm not implying that *all* punks are shallow like this. But the reason I use my friend as an example is because :

1. he prides himself on being vegan, you know that whole I'm compassionate because I follow a particular diet thing;
2. his clothing, bag, and whatever else are decorated with patches that have catchy slogans, such as how homophobia is wrong, Equality now, Unity, or this or other;
3. I know that when he was in high school he got picked on for whom he chose to socialize with, the music he liked, and how he appeared.

Did I miss something here? It's a shame because he is one of the most caring people I've met and the sad thing is he is only willing to share that kindness with people exactly like him (punk) while at the same time looking at other people the same way people in his high school looked at him. This is very contradictory to me to on one hand to claim to be down with equality and compassion but then at the same time shun all people unlike you for simply not being punk enough. Let's take off the hc blindfolds, drop the self-congratulatory talk, and **be honest** here please. If any of the Columbine outcasts were in attendance at a show I think it's safe to say a significant portion of the scene would've made fun of them without any remorse whatsoever. It's ironic, for all the rhetoric that many punks talk about how they are going against the mainstream, it seems to me like there is no shortage of backward mainstream attitudes being mirrored in the scene. The last time I checked, all conformist oriented rules and standards set forth in junior and high school environments were by the popular kids. Isn't that also reflected in the hc scene? Doesn't high school encourage kids to only stick with their cliques, identify only with people who are exactly like them, and judge people on a superficial level? Is hc all that different? Obviously there's a difference between DIY music genres and something like Marilyn Manson. But if a teenage kid resents his/her parents or has a strong level of self-hatred because of being picked on at school, it doesn't matter what the hell their music taste is or how they dress. That doesn't give an asshole, misanthrope punk the right to make fun of someone simply because they are wearing a Rancid shirt and do not conform to the

almighty hc lifestyle**.

If a close-minded jock pummels your face into the ground while calling you faggot because you have a blue mohawk and a Minor Threat shirt on then chances are he's gonna do that to you if you're rocking tie-dye and listen to Grateful Dead, if you're wearing all black and listen to Nine Inch Nails, or if you're alternative and listen to Weezer. If a parent gives their child a hard time because they look punk they'll probably also give that kid a hard time had they chosen to be a metal head or hippie. The whole purpose of the Civil Rights movement was to break down barriers and have human beings co-exist peacefully. You don't see anti-racists (the real ones that is, not the white counter culture ones who simply pay lip service) saying, "Sorry, you listen to Britney Spears, so that means your ideals are automatically different from ours." It's funny to me that many punks think the way you dress or taste in music must somehow coincide with lifestyle practice and ideology (not surprisingly, those with this opinion have the *least* amount, if any at all, of experience with many of the issues they claim to so strongly believe in). My personal experience with activism is that the people who place emphasis on being counterculture end up doing the least amount of work and are over-concerned with shock value and attempting to be different rather than actually trying to bring out positive improvement and building bridges with different people from all walks of life, which is what anti-racism is trying to do. There's nothing wrong with wanting to express your individuality or set yourself apart from the rest. But in many cases people end up using their differences to foster some sort of superiority complex. It's just more mainstream garbage disguised as rebellion. This mentality is the same idiotic social behavior that is culturally instilled in students' minds during high school. And that same mentality is definitely encouraged in the scene.

Many kids end up using hc to channel their aggression and anger into something positive. Obviously this is a great thing. If there's some kid in attendance at a show who's not fully aware of what DIY punk is and is feeling the same amount of confusion or low self esteem that a lot of other teens feel, what exactly is the *harm* if that kid discovers through participation in the scene how he/she can channel their frustrations into something positive? Bryan pointed out in his column that he used punk to vent his negativity. If you can prevent some Marilyn Manson fans from lashing out at people or harming themselves by encouraging them to pick up on something positive and empowering then what exactly is the problem?

I am not saying go out and recruit people for punk. The truth of the matter is I could care less about the music and for me personally, I sure as hell don't relate to white counter culture. What I'm saying is if someone comes to a show and looks a little different or doesn't have a complete understanding of underground punk, it's hypocritical if punks create a high school-like atmosphere and treat that kid like an outcast. Either befriend the person and give them a chance or leave the different kids in peace to enjoy themselves. Either they will eventually figure what it's all about or they will drop out like everyone else. If they figure it out, great, that's

one more ally. If they drop out, whatever, who cares, you won't see them again. It's already bad enough when outcasts have to deal with nonsense in high school and from their families, why place more burden on their shoulders by carrying out the same behavior in the scene?

This is a free country (sort of). If someone wants to be an elitist or misanthrope, or they think only people exactly like them are worth talking to, then they can go right ahead and do that. The problem here is that such people, rather than being honest about their anti-social tendencies instead cover it up by claiming "rebellion." Plenty of close-minded hc kids go to great lengths in using sugar coated terms to describe themselves, terms such as "open-minded," "non-judgmental," and "compassionate"; some even have the nerve to insultingly call themselves "anti-sexist/racist/homophobic" claiming to believe in equality when they can't even treat someone who is dissimilar with some dignity and respect. That isn't "rebellious" against the mainstream. **That is mainstream.** My personal favorite is when people think simply through a change in their lifestyle or because of their participation in hc they are somehow revolutionary (this is a title that has been earned, not given to oneself). If this is the case I suggest these people either actually practice what they preach and stop mimicking the bullies who treated them like crap or just come out and admit they think they are better than those unlike them.

A lot of people wonder why it is soon as kids become adults they drop out of punk. Some people say it's because it was just a passing phase for them. I think this is true for some people, but this explanation is just way too simple of an answer to describe each and every single kid that drops out. Since hc nurtures a high school type atmosphere then people shouldn't be surprised when that is the end product: kids who as soon as they are past high school or college age end up leaving. Someone who is in their 20's or 30's who has to worry about kids or paying bills may still enjoy the music and strongly believe in certain ideas. But they're not going to be able to relate to someone who is more concerned with making fun of new comers into the scene or constantly questioning the "realness" of other punks. Punk promotes a childish, elitist environment, if it didn't why are shows dominated by teenagers? I just turned 24 and many of the kids who years and years ago were constantly making fun of "posers" to prove how down they were with punk are no longer around. Where did they go?? One day they're screaming punk for life and constantly talking shit about everyone and anything that doesn't fall in line with their values and then 3 or 4 years later they're out. Why do most kids drop out every few years with a new generation taking its place? I don't think someone can invest several years of their life into something and then just one day say "ok, I hate punk music. I'm dropping out of the scene and turning my back on everyone."

Either the environment that is promoted in hc needs becomes more practical and less shallow so that it appeals to a multi-generational audience of all ages or we will always see kids treating punk as just another rebellious, teenage phase.

Dance like a butterfly, sting like a bee:

Muhammed Ravi/PO Box 802103/Chicago, IL 60680-2103; sanyasi@juno.com

*: what I mean specifically when I use the word "preaching"—*talking* a lot but not actually backing it up with any action; something that is common in both religious and counter culture circles which places emphasis on finding ways of differentiating yourselves from people unlike you, rather than actually practicing the values that are constantly being preached (such as exercising patience and being open minded towards people who may not agree with your stance or follow your standards of living immediately). Kind of like the angry, well-to-do Christians here in the US who talk of everyone unlike them leading lives of immorality rather than actually helping people in need or exercising God's "love" which they keep *talking* about. This stems from the fact that it's a lot easier to pass judgment on other people and mock them; actually trying to have a positive impact or looking at someone who's different from you as a potential ally takes a great amount of effort and work which most preachy people are not willing to do (and anyway, it's no secret that punks will more likely get more scene points for making fun of people who admit to liking Destiny's Child, rather than trying to communicate with them, right?). **: hc lifestyle—standards set forth by privileged heterosexual white males, many of whom are disconnected from most ordinary people out in the real world (just like in the mainstream). If everyone could live out the hc lifestyle we'd be seeing single mothers, 40 year olds, and more people of color living this lifestyle which is constantly praised; but since this isn't the case we instead see largely well-to-do males who have no real worries or dealt with any sort of struggle who eat up the punk way of life; unfortunately, some take it a step further by bragging about how great they are in comparison to those who might not necessarily be capable of following that same lifestyle. Thanks to these people for hooking me up during my travels the last few months: Oliver Coltrass, Stephanie Emerson, Matt, Shilpa Mankikar, Sarika Paul, Ronnie Monster, Jacob Isaacs, Vijay & Sujay Sathiakumar, Urvi Desai, Mike McConnell, Clint Mitchell, Bo Hughins, Jillian Bell, Cohin Kakar, Tony Yu, Tina Pilgrim, Satish, James McCracken, Lakshmi Jayashankar. Several years ago a friend of mine coined "Ravilution!" as a joke on the back of a T-shirt he made. *Little did I know that 5 years after its inception, Dirty South graffiti artist Rhise would start up a rival sticker campaign against me aptly titled "Bobbylution." If you're into the art of graffiti, send him a stamp or two (or better yet a dollar) and order his 'zine: *Nu Steel*/PO Box 55452/Birmingham, AL 35255. The 'zine is purely graffiti flix of freights and walls though, so don't expect any music content or in-depth writing.

AS A MAN

It was only two or three in the afternoon. I had just recently awoke and was doing some erotic wrestling with my friendly friend when I suddenly felt a pain in my

groinage area. It was basically a gas- build-up-type pain but like I said, below the belt. I was doubled over and worried. Finding temporary comfort when I was fully reclined made me think the worse, hernia. But, being how I am, there was no way I was going to the hospital. The next day was literally the only day possible to finish the recording of an orchestra project I was working with. This project easily meant more to me than getting early, as opposed to late, diagnosis of this or that.

My solution, and that of my now truly concerned wrestling partner, was to try eating something. Chinese buffet was but four blocks away. Still doubled over, I hobbled down the stairs and out the door. The looks of concern and comments from my friends were received with a touch of angst. "Get the fuck out of my way," I said in the nicest tone.

My voyage to food was only interrupted by a brief stop in at an occult-ish magic store. Seeing that they had some "healing" books, I asked the two boys behind the counter if they could help point me in the right direction. After confessing that they really are just playing "Dress-up" and don't practice any alternative healing, they pointed me into the direction of "professional" help. Well, I don't believe professionals are any better than ordinary folk. In fact, I hate professionalism. But I love Chinese buffet, so I continued.

Two other friends were already indulging and assumed me to have a hang-over-from-hell. Oh, didn't I wish that was what I had. Still in anguish I decided to see how much of it had become mental. I pushed aside the pain to make room for some sweet and sour soup. That little trick only lasted so long. The pain came back and I found myself laid out across a few chairs and the restaurant owners looking at me with curiosity, sort of like the same look they have given me three other times before asking me to leave.

Anyway, one of my three accomplices in buffet worked for a lady who knew a guy whose cat's veterinarian's sister-in-law's doctor knew of a guy who practiced alternative healing. Of course, we couldn't get a hold of him. So, after continuously denying the fact that I was gonna end up in the hospital I finally faced the music. We waddled out of the buffet and ran into another friend who said he would drive us up to the hospital. This was a strange way to reunite with a lost friend but I take what I can get.

So, I am in the hospital. I recently got free medical insurance so I guess I was lucky, not like I don't owe them now, and will owe them in the future, more than I would ever pay, which amounts to anything over a thank you. Anyway, after the bureaucracy and waiting room I found myself getting stabbed with an IV, for what

purpose I was never told, and told to get naked, which I did. After quite a while a young doctor came in and asked me a number of questions regarding my pains. She was from Russia and although her knowledge of the English language far surpassed my



knowledge of Russian, our communication was below par. Her hypothesis was my great fear, hernia. Now, my only real fears in regards to my health are emphysema and Alzheimer's but this I feared just because it would definitely interfere with upcoming plans, like travelling a few thousand miles carrying a large backpack.

My fears were set straight quite quickly once the "head" doctor came. It ended up being a male doctor in the middle of a frustrating cell phone conversation that came rushing to my rescue. He was still on the phone as he made a "Metal" sign with his hand and stuck it into my groin and quickly asked if the pain was concentrated around the points where his pointer and pinkie had touched. I shook my head in agreement.

"Yeah, doc. It's real bad."

"Don't worry, it's not what you think," he reassured me as he was finishing up his call.

Once off the phone he told the female doctor that my vesicular tubes were clogged or something like that. Neither she, nor I, really understood. Seeing both of our confused looks, he turned to me and said the two sweetest words I believe my ears ever did hear.

"Blue balls," he said.

Well, after the laughter in the room subsided he asked me if I knew the simple procedure which would cure what was ailing me. I asked him if I should do it there. He told me to go home.

But before I left he reassured me that I was not alone in my mistake. He said that semi-often he finds men in his workplace that think they have a serious problem when in reality they just need to clear the pipes. He said that getting arousal without ejaculating could cause some serious problems if done often enough or for a long period of time. This was all news to me. I had felt the "blue balls" feeling before but never like this. Nor had I even thought that "blue balls" was more than a frat boy myth.

Under this new knowledge, understanding, or whatever, I find much more confusion, as well as confidence, in being a man. I don't know exactly where I stand on the topic of instinctual desires but I do know it comes up often when dealing with issues involving "sex in the scene."

The threat of damaging my own inners due to not "taking care of business" has allowed for new conversations to arise which have furthered my education on being a man.

These conversations came often as Pittsburgh is a small community and everyone I saw for the next week asked me about my hospital trip because they had either heard of what had happened or wanted to know. I'm not sure that I've ever had such a story I was so eager to share. Of course, my mother felt differently as I recently shared it with her on December 24th.

Anyway, for all you other boys out there, who, thanx to our wonderful public education system, are so highly educated on your bodies, remember the doctor's orders. "At least once every couple of days. Remember the doctor's orders. Over and Over. Remember the doctor's orders." [those are good ol' TBA lyrics for those of you ignorant of Pittsburgh Jug Core]

Anyone wanting to discuss being male or have some tips to share, contact me, well, hell,

anyone who wants anything can contact me at joeyno_e@hotmail.com

Jeff Kraft

"I heard that over 90% of all people will have a friend who dies before they graduate high school," an old friend of mine once told me. This comment has been stuck in my mind ever since, and how weird it is to think that someone so young and full of life and love, can just one day be dead.

Once again I'm finding myself back home in Calgary before heading west, to settle down a bit in Vancouver after travelling for 5 straight months. It seems every time I come back to this town to visit, more and more has changed, whether it's a new neighborhood being expanded, new strip malls, less trees and parks, or old friends, acquaintances, and enemies being completely different.

A few issues back I wrote a letter describing getting beaten up by a bunch of jocks. Imagine my surprise when my parents (as they were driving me home from the airport last Christmas) pointed out a shrine on the side of the road, where Nathan (on of the jocks who harassed me on a daily basis, and gave me a good beating with his 4 friends on that one fateful night) had been killed in a car accident just 2 weeks prior to my arrival.

To this day, I still don't know what to think of that. Was it karma paid back 1,000 times over?! Should I feel sad? Should I feel happy? It was just so strange to think that someone who once affected my life so deeply, is now fucking dead.

Less than a year later, I arrive at my folks house with Gabriela and Bailey at 9AM, sleep deprived from the all night ride we got hitch hiking from Winnipeg to Cowtown. First thing I did was look through all my mail. In the midst of my letters, postcards, and Columbia House forms, I found a card with the picture of a familiar face. I read the font which said "CHRIS LUCAS 1980-2001."

Chris? One of my only friends in Grade 8. The most amazing pianist I've ever met. One of the few kids in my school who never called me a poser, tryhard, or wannabe. Another social outcast I could hold real (and nerdy) conversations with, make up secret handshakes with, and share ridiculous inside jokes which only strengthened our stroll down the ladder of popularity. And now he's dead?

The last time I saw him was the last day of school in Grade 11, after our paths slowly separated since high school began. Mine leaning towards punk rock, and his into being by himself.

"Yep, I'm leaving this school to go to an Alternative high school, so I guess we won't see each other that much," I told him. We agreed to hang out that summer and stay in contact, but we never did. We never talked to each other since.

So, here I am looking at his memorial picture, as my dad comes home from work, and I ask him what happened. In August, he was living with his mom in Lethbridge, Alberta (or as the

few local punx call it, "Deathbridge"), and decided to end it all, jumping off the bridge into the shallow river beneath.

I remember just before coming back to Calgary, remembering what my friend once told me, "90% of people have friends who die before they graduate high school," and how odd, but lucky it is that none of my friends have ever died.

Now I'm left with only the memories, and the guilt of not remaining his friend, and saving his life.

"Oh by the way, Jeff," my pa said in passing, "your sister is in the hospital, and has something wrong with her, that we don't know yet... but, some good news is your Grandma just got out of the hospital after being deathly sick."

So I went to the hospital to see my sister laying in bed, pumped full of morphine, and barely talking because of the pain she's in. The doctors said she'll be better soon, and it's not life threatening, but it's so fucked up to see someone, a sister, only 4 years older than me lying on a hospital bed in pain. It's scary.

On top of it all, I just found out that 2 of my old friends both have fathers who have been diagnosed with cancer and have only a short time to live.

Is this what growing up is supposed to be like? Having more people around you die or get sick? Having old friends change so much that they're almost completely obsolete from your life? Reminiscing about being young (if I point out one more anecdote of my childhood to Gabriela, from walking around my old neighborhood, she'll probably puke) and hanging out with friends who are now ghosts haunting my memories?

But then I notice that, still, there is Dan, the only punk from my high school, still at the show with his mohawk. There's still that one crusty hardcore band that still plays the same old hall, and the same (somewhat shrinking number) handful of kids who still act young and crazy (although now it's in skiddy kareeokie bars, instead of parents basements). And of course there's the few people who are "growing up" but still doing amazing things, and living life to it's fullest (like those who have little hobbit children and still play in punk bands).

It's people like that, who help me from getting bummed out about getting a little older, and losing friends, and dealing with death and apathy (with myself and others). It's all the people who remind me to quit taking life so seriously, to put on my sneakers and be a kid, and the bands that sing "positive youth, is not just for kids anymore!" It's the people that remind me that it's okay to grow old, and take on new crazy responsibilities, as long as it doesn't compromise with our desires, or kill our dreams.

I had an argument with someone recently about youth crew bands. He argued that it is stupid and ignorant to refuse to grow up, and to be "young until I die," and the whole thought of it is like having pride in ignorance. I argued that being youthful does not have to mean shrugging off responsibility, and ignoring important shit. It means to rise above apathy, and the mainstream version of "growing up," getting careers, raising perfect families in the suburbs, and watching TV and drinking beer to kill the time. Being youthful is about taking on challenges

without jaded eyes, and challenging your world, and constantly learning and growing. Youthfulness is the process of growing and not stopping, not growing stagnant and bored.

And I guess all this death and sickness around my life can only be taken as a learning experience, something I must go through to learn as a human, and continue to grow, but not get depressed and apathetic.

Write me: Jeff Kraft/PO Box 21530/1850 Commercial Dr./Vancouver, BC/V5N 4A5/Canada



My column has a chart in this one. Next issue, keep an eye out for a graph on Ebullition's 1995-2001 fiscal years! All information on the graph is purely for entertainment purposes only. The idea stemmed from an old Raleigh, NC 'zine called *Jimmy's Dumbshit* that did the same with local scenesters. It was such a good idea, I recreated it for a larger demographic. Enjoy! If you're on the list and you want to complain about it, please write to me and not to *HeartattaCk*. Thanks to Christina and Rachel for contributing!

Hey y'all, remember when Nirvana came out and kicked the asses of all the bad pop back in 1991 and helped define the "alternative" genre in the early 90s? Yeah. That was pretty cool.

With yet another chapter of Michael Jackson permeating the Billboard charts (and what an amazing job he's done!), isn't this a sign that pop music is going to be ripped another new asshole? The mainstream press is desperately itching to be making Nirvana parallels. It has been over ten years, so I guess it's not in bad taste.

Not that the mainstream press is perfectly free of bad taste! Oh no! Never!

"So who's going to be the band that breaks it?"

A lot of you High Fidelity record collecting nerds out there were already busted when the book revealed the obsessive compulsive behavior of the Top Five lists. Your top five break up albums. Your all-time, top five most lucrative years of Jonathan Richman. The comprehensive, desert-island, all-time top five albums to jerk off with your left hand to. Now you can nerd it up without letting on that you never get laid. On that last date, when you talked only about how many Sheer Terror

records you owned, well, that was a really bad idea.

So Chicago is filled with more than it's share of pretentious record nerds. I shot the question out to a small group of dudes in denim suits at a dive bar* a few blocks away from my place in Chicago. From the notes I scribbled on a napkin (and from other conversations over the winter holidays), a few of the alternative rock bands with a lot of hype going for them and some speculations on whether or not they're going to be the next Big Thing (Pretentious? Yes. Important? Only if this sort of thing gets you all hot and bothered. Entertaining? Definitely.).

Disclaimer: Most of these bands have releases with barcodes, which probably means I shouldn't be talking about them in this magazine.

The Strokes—Rehashing Lou Reed isn't all that bad of an idea, really. Even with the hype surrounding this band, their nonchalant image isn't alluring enough to garner mythology. Intrigue, maybe, but everyone already knows they're spoiled brats with mad connections. That sort of background doesn't sound quite as provocative as struggling trailer park trash.

The (International) Noise Conspiracy—The retro old garage and soul look is certainly in style, but is it too hip for mainstream appeal? Will their socialist platform be too alienating with fans unfamiliar with theoretical leftist politics? Well, it's worked before. As

charismatic as they appear, white-capped frat boys might not buy into it and instead write off the entire band as a bunch of "pinko faggots."

Denali—My friend Dave claims they have PJ Harvey-ish proportions with a Portishead-like sound. They're on Jade Tree, so we'll see how far being on a large established label (with connections to strong publicity and college radio distribution) takes them. Then again, PJ Harvey didn't break the pop charts.

[This brings up another tangent. In their existence, Dischord has had two bands that have jumped to majors. While not around as long as Dischord, one would think a band or two or a few from Jade Tree would make the jump. Unless you count The Promise Ring's jump to Anti, then there aren't any. In fact, Girls Against Boys left their major to join Jade Tree! Interesting.]

Ryan Adams—Already hailed as "The Kurt Cobain of Country" by the sensationalistic British music press, he certainly does hold the reigns of the simmering insurgent country genre. While prolific, he knows his history of rock and roll stars like the back of his hand. Which means he'll probably die at 27 of a drug overdose or a motorcycle accident.

Rival Schools—Old hardcore pioneers doing what Texas is the Reason was doing a few years back. While pop candy will certainly get one on the charts, there's nothing revolutionary about it. Quicksand definitely had it, but in order

PUNK POINTS

Your definitive guide to who's who and what's what!
Authenticity vouched for by a very incapacitated Tommy Davis.

Scenester	+	-	How it happened
Kent McClard		5	is taller than God and stands up front
Lawrence Livermore	156		made Prince a pair of assless pants
Felix von Havoc	50		makes studded friendship bracelets
Mike Thorn		62	lives in San Francisco rent free, yet still wants to be taken seriously
Scott Beiben		331	pursued an acting career
Jessica Hopper	18		threw coke-lined diet shakes at The Locust
Slim Moon	6		collects coupons
Cave In	520		auditioned for a house party scene in How High
		521	lost to P.O.D.
Sean Agnew	89		snuck a packet of soap into Tragedy's rider
Brian Dingleline	16		challenges his own band members to pencil fights
Forbes Graham	20		wrote a song about pimpin' and got play because of it
Rick Rodney		21	introduced hair gel into the scene
	2		discovered that there was more than One Truth
Andy Nelson		441	really thought Man... or Astroman? was from outerspace
Josh Hooten	999		makes a positive contribution to the scene
Gibby		11	was mistaken for Judith Light on Commonwealth Ave.
Matt Owens	27		refers to masturbation as "roughing up the suspect"
Jen Angel	46		puked on Paul Reuben's shoes at a hot dog stand
Poison Idea	13		rocked out sitting down
The Faint		151	doin' it for The Kids
Alexander T	1		challenged Henry Rollins to a lift-off
Andrew Martini		6	skipped out on More Than Music to go to a gamer's convention
Justin Cummings	41		tried to make Mr. Roboto his Eagle Scouts project
Elizabeth Elmore		8	bowled a 12 at the Diversey Rock'n Bowl
Steve Aoki	7		started a pit at a Low show
Chris Boarts		32	has better vision than the rest of us
Lisa Oglesby		2	constantly namedrops Don Mattingly
Dan Yemin		211	wrote a poetry zine about third wave ska
Chris Bickle	35		farted during a border patrol strip search
Travis Keller	183		spent his entire trust fund on candy
Q and Not U	24		marketed their band as "ex-members of Take That"
Leslie Kahan		662	found Excalibur and then lost it at a show
Al Burian		32	doesn't go by "Alvin"
Darkest Hour	88		have a total of 3210 collective hit points
DS-13	14		thought Jesus was in Hot Water Music
Shawn Scallen	10		smelled his peehole
Dan Sinker		11	lost his peehole
Tony Erba	1		invented the personal computer
Mike Joyce	166		heard Sigur Ros on the radio and thought it was the soundtrack to "The Discovery Channel Presents: Whales Fucking"
Chris Thomson	13		coached a MathCounts team
Jud Jud		39	have not yet covered "I Adore, Mi Amor"

to keep the flames going, one doesn't add water.

Jimmy Eat World—Jimmy Eat World remind me of the little boy on the playground who keeps climbing towards the top of the monkey bars no matter how much shit is thrown at him. Like many of their fans, their career is right at the pubescent point now, but they've made so much noise that it's not going to be an unexpected surprise.

Mind you, the list only really covers an ever far-reaching SIX bands. There's thousands out there doing a lot more interesting things. More than likely in our scene, they're doing it with no intention of having rewards reciprocated. The Next Big Thing could be something entirely different from another genre... hell, Dixieland Jazz might be the voice of the next generation. That, or a Flickerstick side project with a DJ might strike a angsty chord with America's preteens.

"Just hold this product, smile at the camera, and we'll Photoshop out your zits."

* Tuman's—The Alcohol Abuse Center. It's an old AA center in the Prohibition days was really a Speak Easy, therefore when Prohibition ended, the place opened up as a bar. Some of the regular drink prices: \$2.00 Guinness, \$2.50 Bass, \$1.25 Old Style/PBR, and on Mondays they have fifty cent Killian's. The jukebox carries some of these favorites: Mission of Burma, Naked Raygun, Fugazi, Drive Like Jehu, Los Crudos, Sabbath, and a mariachi band doing Kraftwerk covers. Yes, I paid my fifty cents to hear a 40-second Crudos song and it was worth it.

The Asian American Artists Collective just started in Chicago. We're a network of artists of the yellow shades and you can see what we're up to at: <http://www.thecollectivechicago.com>. There's all sorts of projects going on such as Kitchen Poems (an Asian American writing group) and The Mango Tribe (an Asian American female theatre group).

The vision started from some of the members of I Was Born With Two Tongues, a spoken word group that tours quite a bit and definitely worth looking into when they play a venue near you. Check 'em at <http://2tongues.com>.

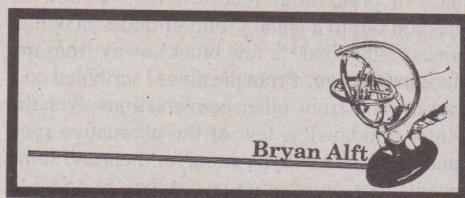
There's an interesting DIY magazine based on Chicago art and design. You can probably find it at 'zine stores all around. It's called *Ten By Ten* and it's in a 10x10 inch format. The most recent issue of this writing features a cover designed by SomeOddPilot and has an article/photo essay about the Fireside Bowl. You can see what the community is like at <http://tenbyten.com>

My old high school job was being a lab tech and camera salesman at Ritz Camera, the McDonalds of the one-hour photo industry. My old manager, Greg Edge (if you're wondering, his middle name is indeed "Straight"), and I would go out and shoot shows all the time, so I learned quite a bit from him. He e-mailed me awhile back and told me that everyone should look at his photo website: <http://www.gregstraightedge.com>.

The Foundation for Asian American Independent Media is having their annual Chicago Asian American Film Festival on April 5-14, 2002. If you're nearby, do have a look. <http://www.faaaim.org>.

I can be reached via email at

vincent@pacihl.com. All hate mail will be laughed at and deleted. I know, I know, I'm an asshole. Deal, OK?



Yep, really proud to be an American these days (sic). A recent Pew Research Center poll found that between two-thirds and three-quarters of Americans are in favor of expanding the use of force in the "war on terror" beyond Afghanistan. Iraq is apparently in the sights of many "patriotic" Americans, as well as Sudan and Somalia. I suppose the sentiment of the American public is not a surprise when considering the lack of knowledge and understanding most Americans have about the world outside of the United States.

I recently watched the movie *Black Hawk Down*, an action-packed film about U.S. military action in Somalia in the early '90s. If you can remove yourself from the fact that it's supposed to be an accurate portrayal of an historic event, I suppose it is an entertaining film. However, the reality is that this film presents a skewed and simplified version of historical events under the guise of accuracy and truthfulness. The film is two and a half hours of fighting accented with a few extremely vague and simplistic tidbits about how the United States was simply trying to do the right thing and got caught up in a violent civil war.

While there may be some truth to the fact that one of the U.S. government's intentions in Somalia was to ensure the safe passage of food aid, certainly the political and military situation was a great deal more complex than Hollywood—and Washington—would have us believe.

It is this Hollywood version of interest and understanding most Americans have clung to following the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11, and that is just fine with those in power. Bush has worked hard to reinforce this simplicity with a constant mantra about the "war on terrorism." The United States is "good" and those who would stand against the U.S. government's will are simply "evil." Apparently, if you repeat this enough and avoid as much reality as possible, the American people will gladly fall into line. Bad guys wear black... er... turbans, and the good guys drape themselves in the red, white and blue. To suggest that things are perhaps not quite so black and white is to be "un-American."

Attorney General Ashcroft has made this distinction very clear for all of us who may hesitate to accept loss of liberties as necessary to ensure our freedom. As Ashcroft told Congress, "To those who scare peace-loving people with phantoms of lost liberty, my message is this: Your tactics only aid terrorists—for they erode our national unity and diminish our resolve." I haven't heard anything so frightening in a long time.

As someone not so eager to wave the Stars and Stripes for any reason, I have been thrown off balance by the patriotic zeal exhibited by almost everyone. I have never seen so many

hollow displays of hypocritical bullshit in my entire life!

Robert Jensen, a journalism professor in Texas, recently commented on America's patriotism. He called patriotism "perhaps the single most morally and intellectually bankrupt concept in human history." Jensen broke the idea of patriotism into two categories.

The first brand of patriotism is that currently used by the vast majority of Americans and touted by politicians and the media. This is the idea of "patriotism as loyalty to the war effort: If you want to be patriotic, you must support the war." The premise of this type of patriotism is that all dissenting thought should be stifled. Love it or leave it. As Jensen states, "This is a patriotism that is incompatible with democracy or basic human decency." We are asked to give in, to surrender our responsibility to evaluate government policy—the very core of a democracy.

According to Jensen, the second type is "patriotism as critique of the war effort." He says, under this definition, "To be truly patriotic one cannot simply accept policies because they are handed down by leaders or endorsed by the majority of people... Being a citizen in a real democracy... means exercising our judgement, evaluating policies, engaging in discussion, and organizing to try to help see the best policies are enacted."

While this second classification is a common response to the "love it or leave it" crowd, Jensen would prefer to abandon patriotism altogether. For him, there is a tremendous amount of arrogance and chauvinism wrapped up in American patriotism. Americans seem to hold themselves as unique in their pursuit of freedom and democracy, that we are the only ones developed highly enough to attain such a system.

Personally, I saw this arrogance on display during the 2000 elections. The horrible infringements on voters' rights and errors at polling stations should bring shame to all Americans—especially those so eager to parade the United States as a shining example of democracy and freedom. Despite this situation, the amount of anger and demand for change in this country has been astonishingly small and little reform has been enacted in the past year. Yet, Americans seem to have no problem sending monitors to other countries to ensure they have fair and free elections, or lecturing non-democratic nations about the need for reform.

I believe Jensen is on to something. No flags, no salutes, no pledges for me. I am proud of the gains people have made in American history despite the downward pressure of the rich and the powerful, but these gains are worldwide, and so is our struggle. The reality is that a great deal of this downward pressure comes from the world's remaining super power—the United States—and that is certainly nothing that I am going to stand up and pledge my allegiance to. Having been attacked by terrorists does not change this, and the fact that so little effort has been made to try and understand the complexities of the world around us and the United States' role in that world only shows how deep our arrogance runs.

Bryan Alft/*Contrascience* 'zine/PO Box 8344/Minneapolis, MN 55408/USA; balf@isd.net

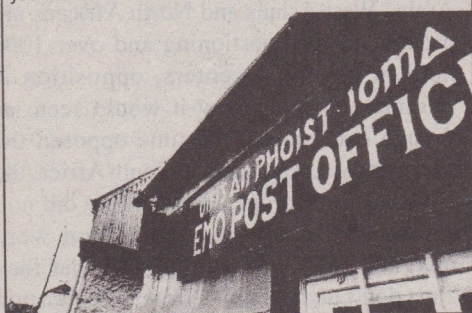
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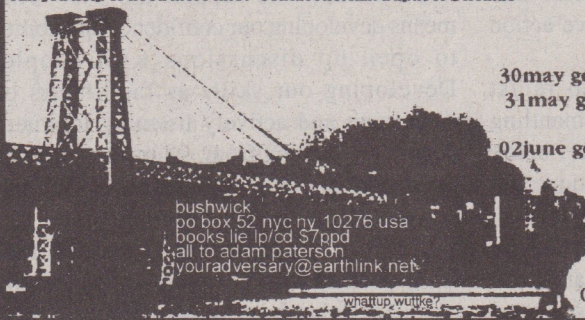
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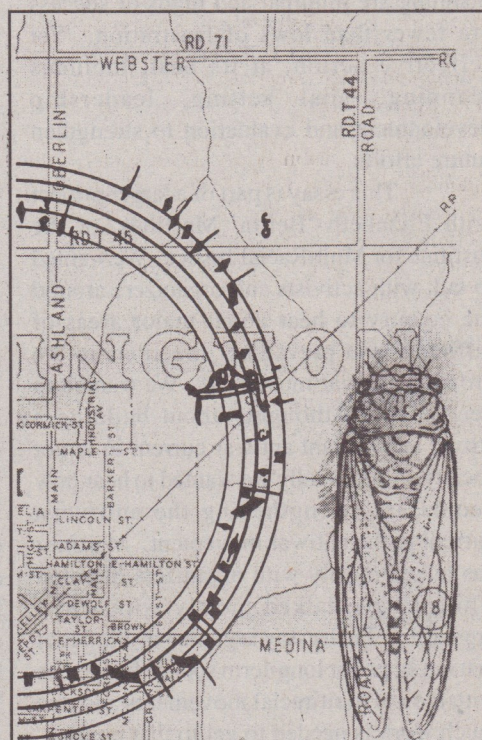
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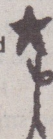
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text by Chris Crass

Still We Rise: conversations with organizers on building global justice movement and ending war

"We don't have much time, we need to slow down." The first time I heard this was at an antiwar coalition meeting shortly after the bombing of Afghanistan started. The African American organizer who said it was talking about the need to hold on, to think about our possible actions and to prioritize what would be the most strategic use of our limited time and resources. She was talking about patient, reflective action in the midst of chaos.

The need to respond to racist attacks, US bombings and the dismantling of civil liberties is real. However, being frantic doesn't mean getting things done and being busy isn't the same as being effective. I am accustomed to crisis organizing, where folks are routinely frantic, burn-out and turn-over are high, long-term memory and planning are minimal and highs of success are fewer than lows of frustration. Yet reflective action, at its best, includes planning, goal setting, leadership development and evaluation to strengthen future efforts.

This essay is part of a larger project with Elizabeth 'Betita' Martinez, of the Institute for MultiRacial Justice. We wanted to talk with activists and organizers around the country to hear about major areas of difficulty and prevailing directions in the growing antiwar movement. We wanted to hear people's thoughts about building a strong and vibrant antiwar current in larger society. Additionally we wanted to hear how people are strengthening the antiracist current in the antiwar movement. Martinez has talked mostly with organizers of color, while I have talked mostly with white organizers. Each essay is guided by the belief that our hope for long-term social change lies with radical multiracial movements and that much work is needed to get to that point.

Sharon Martinas of the Challenging White Supremacy Collective in San Francisco outlined three key areas of work for white activists doing antiwar work:

1. Internal political education on antiracism and anti-imperialism. Martinas

explained that there is a long history in antiwar resistance of white domination and marginalization of people of color. Studying history and examining how white privilege undermines social change movements is needed to avoid repeating past mistakes. She also emphasized the need to learn about US imperialism and how it negatively impacts communities of color at home and abroad.

2. Learning how to respectfully listen to and talk with people, white people in particular, who support the war. This means developing our confidence and ability to open up discussions with people. Developing our skills as facilitators of discussion and actively listening to where people are coming from. Martinas spoke of the importance of revolutionary humility and not acting like one has the correct line.

3. Explore relationships and alliances with local grassroots organizations of color who have a similar political background. Ask what they need right now?" This is a strategy to both organize around the local and global impacts of US policy and commit to building relationships that will strengthen our long-term work. Much of this work will be taking on concrete tasks and it will help give white activists an experiential understanding of racial justice work.

Many of the barriers, challenges, insights and examples that other organizers discussed fall into the three categories that Martinas laid out.

Thoughts on Political Education

Political education, internally and externally, has been identified by many as the key component to successful organizing in this period. For Dara Silverman, an organizer with United for a Fair Economy and Tekiah: A Jewish Call to Justice in Boston, this has the potential to bring critical attention in the US to Israel and the Palestinian liberation struggle. At the UN World Conference Against Racism, held in August of 2001 in South Africa, the struggle against Israeli apartheid was front and center. With international solidarity building, Silverman argued that now progressives in the United States need to take a stand against the occupation. The complexity of politics and history in the Middle East, and

specifically in Palestine/Israel, has been cited by many activists as an enormous barrier to developing antiwar consciousness.

Silverman explained that while it is presented as too confusing and too complex to take a stand, in fact many of the historical injustices that we clearly identify in hindsight appeared complex and confusing when they were taking place. For example, today, everyone condemns the internment camps that locked up Japanese Americans during WWII. However, as thousands of Muslims, Arabs, West Asians and North Africans are brought in for questioning and over 1000 held in detention centers, opposition is minimal. While today it would seem as though everyone at the time opposed the Vietnam War, Apartheid in South Africa, the Holocaust in Europe, in fact many did not. Those who did voice opposition were marginalized, attacked and told that they "just don't understand." Israel's occupation will also come to pass, Silverman said, and she hopes activists will recognize the need to prioritize the Palestinian struggle in our antiwar efforts. In progressive white circles, Jewish radicals have been at the forefront of solidarity work with Palestine and continue to provide crucial leadership in these times of war.

Laura Close, national field organizer for the Students Transforming And Resisting Corporations (STARC) Alliance, has been working and talking with students across the country doing antiwar actions. From conversations with students of color and white students, Close identifies two main areas for political education in the mostly white sector of the student movement that she works with: developing antiracist analysis and developing organizing skills.

In her essay, "Whiteness, Organizing, Allies and Accountability," Close writes: "Whiteness hurts everyone. Whiteness is used in the US as a model of humanity, that sets white as best/right/normal and people of color as second best/wrong/other. This makes white people like me assumptive and oblivious. That is, we tend to assume that the ways we organize events, organize opposition to the war are best/right/normal when in fact we are isolating and

art by Keith Rossen

ignoring all sorts of people.”

This dynamic of universalizing white experience is further complicated by a dynamic that Close sees repeatedly with white student activists, particularly white male activists. The dynamic is a combination of both an ignorance of what organizing is and how to build opposition to the war, and an arrogant attitude of knowing everything there is to know about being radical. She also points out that for many other white student activists, particularly women, there is a lack of confidence in one's ability to organize. Together these dynamics seriously hold back the potential for building antiwar opposition on campus. Close explains that what is needed is political education that builds the analysis, skills and confidence of activists while simultaneously challenging white privilege.

She writes, “As young organizers we often don't know what organizing is. I always got projects done (like a conference or a rally) but not until recently could I define organizing.” She continues, “It's not really a theory, it's a skill set that you can summarize: (and there are variations!) Organizing is about changing the relationships of power in our society. It's about building networks, institutions, organizations that established power (the government) has to reckon with when they want to do evil things (like cut welfare or wage war). Organizing is successful when each demonstration, lobbying delegation, phone bank, banner hang, teach-in, post card delivery builds off of the step that came before it and ends with you achieving your goal. Right now, we are not building off of each

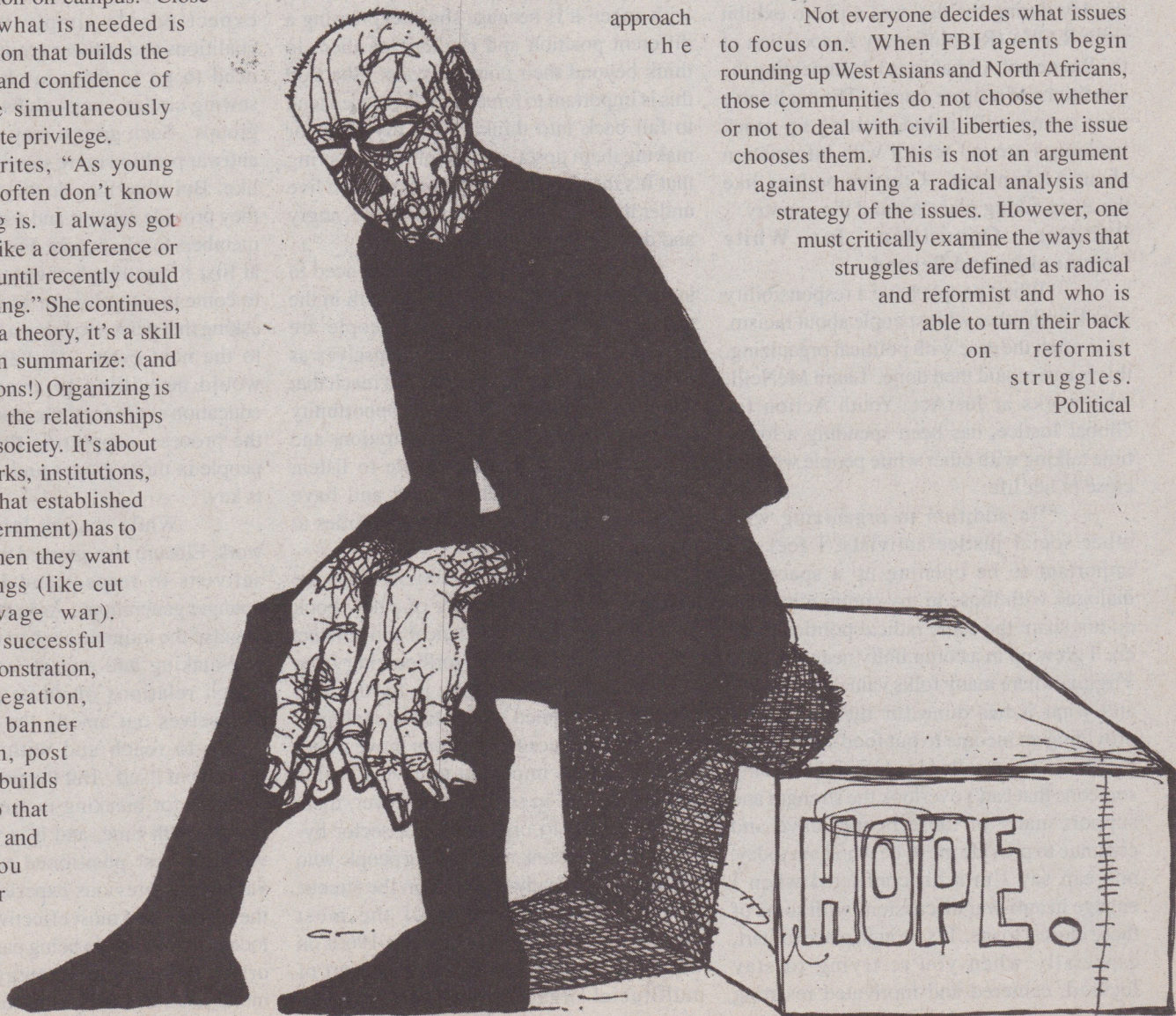
other, our rallies and conferences are scattered. We're trying damn hard, for sure, but we're not building because we don't have the skills! But that can be fixed.” As field organizer for STARC, Close goes around the country working with student groups to develop analysis, confidence and skills.

Rahula Janowski also emphasized developing antiracist analysis and challenging white privilege. Janowski, an anarchist organizer, talked about a recent debate at an anarchist discussion on the war. The group was mostly white and part of the

discussion centered on
how anarchists
s h o u l d
approach
t h e

attacks on civil liberties. Some argued that because anarchists believe the state to be an illegitimate institution, to petition the state for anything would be counter to anarchist principles. She writes, “some of the folks at the meeting were using a deeply held political core value – the illegitimacy of the state – to avoid doing necessary and hard antiracist solidarity work – opposing the denial of civil liberties for people of color, specifically Arabs, Middle Eastern people and Muslims, in the wake of Sept 11th. I suspect that if and when attacks on civil liberties extend to anarchist and white radical communities, we'll be less likely to say this isn't important work.”

Not everyone decides what issues to focus on. When FBI agents begin rounding up West Asians and North Africans, those communities do not choose whether or not to deal with civil liberties, the issue chooses them. This is not an argument against having a radical analysis and strategy of the issues. However, one must critically examine the ways that struggles are defined as radical and reformist and who is able to turn their back on reformist struggles. Political



purity is often infected with race, class and gender privileges. Janowski points to the importance of having such community discussions to bring these issues up, particularly in difficult times like these.

There are also many political education events and actions put together by multiracial groups designed to build opposition in multiple communities. Chantel Ghafari, an Iranian activist and member of POWER (People Opposing War, Empire and Rulers), explained a recent event at University of Irvine in Southern California. The coalition which organized the event includes the Muslim, Afghan and Iranian Student Unions, Academia in Action and Act For Global Justice. They set up a Refugee Rights camp consisting of 25 tents made out of the rubber and plastic tarps used in actual refugee camps. About 20 people slept out over a three night period. Each night the coalition hosted a different event focusing on refugee awareness. Talking about refugees opened further discussion of the Middle East and US foreign policy. On display during the day was a photo exhibit from RAWA (Revolutionary Association of the Women of Afghanistan) documenting the conditions of refugee camps. The coalition's next action will include setting up mock landmines around school with information about Afghanistan. Creative actions like these are taking place around the country.

Building Opposition in White Communities and Beyond

White people have a responsibility to talk with other white people about racism. As is often the case with political organizing, this is easier said than done. Laura McNeill, who works at JustAct: Youth Action for Global Justice, has been spending a lot of time talking with other white people who are close in her life.

"In addition to organizing with other social justice activists, I feel it's important to be opening up a space for dialogue with those in my community who do not share the same radical politics that I do. I grew up in a community near Norfolk, Virginia where many folks value the military and what it has done for them, whether providing an income to put food on the table or access to a college education. Being someone that can't overlook the strength and support many of these people have and continue to provide me to be who I am today, one can say I'm a bit conflicted when I engage in anti-war discussions with some of those closest to me. It's a tough place to start, especially when you're trying to stay focused, centered and motivated resisting

against this racist war. Yet, I move on the basic instinct that people generally want to do the 'right' thing and not support harm and hatred towards others. And if given the space to raise their own consciousness around systematic injustices such as racism, US imperialism and global US corporate dominance, they too may be willing to rediscover their voices, raise questions and challenge those injustices."

To do this work, McNeill first engages them in dialogue and listens to what they have to say. She has shared and discussed articles from alternative news sources. When the time is right, she shares her story of becoming an activist and explains her motivations for acting. She builds on similarities while also pointing out contradictions in others' arguments. She has also made comparisons between families in New York City and Afghanistan, which requires breaking down stereotypes of Middle Eastern people.

In doing so, McNeill said she has had to be aware that when people respond with anger, it is because she is expressing a different position and challenging them to think beyond their comfort zone. She said this is important to remember "because I tend to fall back into thinking it's my fault for making them upset, instead of remembering that it's these systems of oppression we live under that are making them confused, angry and driving the wedge between us."

Laura also highlighted the need to include the people we're talking with in the discussion, "I've learned that people are moved to act when they see themselves as an integral part of the solution. To reach that point, people must be given the opportunity to express themselves, their frustrations and ask questions. I'm accountable to listen, share with them what I know and have experienced and give them opportunities to plug in."

Max Elbaum, an activist since the Vietnam War era and author of a new book about late 1960s/1970s radical movements ("Revolution in the Air" forthcoming from Verso) talked about digging in for the long haul. He explained that antiwar coalitions are important because they can move rather quickly and it's important to have a visible antiwar current in society. However, there is also a need to organize on a sector-by-sector basis and sink roots among people who are not at first ready to march in the streets. He recounted how some of the most successful organizing from the late 1960s on was conducted by activists who, as part of multiracial organizations and projects,

targeted racially diverse oppressed constituencies: hospital workers, welfare recipients, factory workers, low-income neighborhood dwellers. An integral part of such work was linking opposition to war and domestic issues. Long term base-building also set a context in which activists could effectively challenge racist attitudes among whites and point out how the system of white privilege strengthens the hand of those who exploit workers and poor people of all racial and national backgrounds. Many organizers, through years of immersion alongside ordinary folks in grassroots struggles, were able to dent the debilitating pattern of so many people in this country thinking of themselves solely as whites, seeing people of color exclusively as "the other," and being blind to any bond of class, gender, or even basic human commonality across the color line.

For building an effective antiwar movement today, Elbaum suggested that patient work with existing organizations of ordinary folks will be crucial. We can't expect people simply to come to the coalitions and antiwar groups we set up - we need to go to them in churches, unions, sewing circles, social clubs and community groups. Such groups may move toward an antiwar position more slowly than we would like. But when they do they bring clout, and they provide support and a structure for their members to take action. For example, maybe at first it's getting someone from the group to come to a teach-in or action, then maybe asking that person to bring a few more people to the next event. Perhaps these people would be willing to arrange a political education event for their group. Throughout the process, supporting the leadership of people in those groups and offering support is key.

While sharing lessons from past work, Elbaum also stressed the need for older activists to respect and learn from the younger generations. As in the past, it is vital to grasp the intimate connection between US war-making and racism, and the ways in which relations of white privilege play themselves out among the people we are trying to reach and within the antiwar movement itself. But the precise forms and methods for breaking racism's grip - those change with time, and it is young activists who are best positioned to take what is valuable in previous experience to develop the freshest and most effective strategies for today. In addition to being part of multiracial organizations, one strategy for building multiracial, antiracist movement is solidarity

work by mostly white groups.

Antiracist White Solidarity Work

Lily Wang, an organizer with the Bay Area based Asian and Pacific Islander Coalition Against War, said now is not necessarily the time to be trying to all work together. She explained that there is so much that needs to be done in so many different communities, "We're struggling with how to work in dozens of different Asian Immigrant communities, let alone how to work in multiracial coalitions where immigrants and non-English speaking activists are often marginalized." She said that white activists should check in with organizations of color and ask how they can offer concrete, task-oriented support. Through support work relationships and trust develop.

Wang also stressed the importance of accountability. Accountability is the cornerstone of meaningful solidarity work. The history of white activists undermining social change work alongside the contemporary manifestations of white privilege lead many organizers of color to be leery about working with white activists. This is further complicated by the tendency of white activists to either not see struggles in communities of color or to see them as very one dimensional, single issue, reformist struggles. Accountability, for white activists, involves keeping that history and these dynamics in mind and working to change this behavior. Accountability is doing what you say you're going to do. Accountability is being willing to be held responsible by the people that you work with for your behavior, actions and organizing.

Creating accountability often necessitates building relationships between organizations. San Francisco Food Not Bombs wanted to show solidarity with the mostly Latino day laborers in the Mission District. They would bring food out to the street corners where folks stand hoping to get work. FNB shared free food every Monday, but the group was unable to resolve questions around method and impact that arose from problematic dynamics in the unsolicited distribution to scattered individuals. In addition to the ineffective timing of sharing hot food at noon, many of the day laborers assumed that FNB was a church group, and communication was inconsistent. FNB decided to shift strategies and experiment with a different way of supporting these communities, by offering to bring food to events organized by the Day Laborer Program (DLP), an independent, self-organized center providing everything from medical services to women's group

meetings. At first, the DLP agreed to FNB's offers to bring food, but would make sure that there was enough food in case FNB didn't show up. Frustration at feeling redundant helped folks from Food Not Bombs develop their understanding of relationship building as a slow process of demonstrating reliability, leading to the growth of mutual trust. As more and more events went by and FNB showed commitment to follow through and work respectfully together, the DLP started contacting them to do food, including at important events like holiday meals for day laborers and their families. FNB has also helped coordinate child care for DLP meetings and doorknocked to solicit neighborhood support in establishing a permanent building for the program. Over time, relationships developed. And now, in this time of increased attacks on immigrant rights, FNB is counted on as an ally as DLP and other immigrant rights groups prepare to fight back. These kinds of relationships do not happen overnight, regardless of how good the intentions are.

"Having the opportunity to do support work for an organization like Day Labor is a great gift," said Clare Bayard, an organizer with FNB. "What we in FNB have learned from watching their brilliant and inspirational radical organizers in action, both community organizing skills and invaluable information about the realities of how the global economy hits different communities here in San Francisco, has strengthened all the work that our organization is involved with around economic justice and human rights. Building alliances is slow work; the DLP had nothing to gain by taking FNB initially at our fresh-faced enthusiastic word. But the process of internal political education that has accompanied our decision to prioritize building that relationship, being patient and dedicating ourselves to being reliable and flexible, has enabled us to find a much more effective way to support the critical struggles of immigrants in San Francisco. These folks are leaders in the fight against global capitalism, and we need to find ways to work in solidarity with each other."

However, in times of increased repression, there are further complications for multiracial alliance building. Dan Berger works with a multiracial group in Florida which is part of the continental network Colours of Resistance. They planned an antiwar and antiracism panel to specifically address the ways that white supremacy is operating internationally and domestically.

They asked a prominent radical Latino professor to speak. The professor gave them contact info for a radical white professor and said due to racist reaction he would prefer not to be high profile. Berger asked, "in times like these, what are the responsibilities of antiracist whites to both be critical of our privilege, while also utilizing it to speak out." Many radicals of color have responded that white antiracists have a responsibility to speak up while always remembering how white supremacy silences others.

In Richmond, Virginia, Sasha Vodnik and Shawn O'Hern talked about alliance building work they've been part of. "Food Not Bombs has been working with Parents for Life and Stop Police Abuse Now, two groups organizing in Richmond's African American community and led by people of color, for about six months. We irregularly attend each other's meetings, but have consistently turned out for each other's events over that time. FNB and SPAN co-hosted a lecture by Lorenzo Komboa Ervin (a former Black Panther and former political prisoner) a few months ago. We turned out a crowd of about 50 people for three speakers." Vodnik said that one aspect of solidarity work is hearing how different communities define the issues. At the lecture, Lorenzo Komboa Ervin talked about opposition to the war animated by a broader vision of radical social change. "We aren't interested in a peace that maintains the status quo," Ervin said.

Vodnik said, "That's been an important check-in for me in remembering the relationships between struggles - that work against police brutality and racism and work for a living wage and universal health care, etc., not only has a place in an antiwar movement - the movements are integral to each other."

Continuing on that line of thought, Brooke Atherton of the Challenging White Supremacy Collective said that white activists need to understand what it means to respect the leadership of radical activists of color. "The people most negatively affected by the injustice, need to lead that struggle for social change," she explained. There is much confusion about what looking to this leadership means. It is neither about white people blindly following others or being uncritical of people of color. Furthermore, lots of white activists have said that looking to other people's leadership undermines their own leadership.

Atherton responds, "it's not about losing agency, it's about giving up the need to control everything. Some white people

can feel that doing childcare or phone banking is not the best application of their skills, but through consistency in this kind of support work, white people can build relationships and develop trust with radical organizers of color and learn the vital importance of supporting organizing led by people of color in very concrete ways." She said that it can start with asking activists of color who you respect, "how are you organizing in this time period and how can we support your efforts?" These steps are the basis for longterm radical, multiracial movement building. In addition to antiracist solidarity work, there are also lots of white people who work in multiracial groups. The questions that arise are different, but the intentions are similar. Brooke reminds us that white activists' leadership is continually needed in organizing with other white people. There are also important leadership roles that anti-racist white folks have played and continue to play in multiracial organizing.

In this time period, I have looked

to inspiring people around me for guidance and wisdom. The conversations that developed into this essay have been a way for me to make as feminist writer bell hooks says "radical creative space which affirms and sustains our subjectivity, which gives us a new location from which to articulate our sense of the world." This strength is necessary, as many of the organizers noted during our conversations, there aren't easy answers to these questions of effective political education, organizing in white communities and doing antiracist white solidarity work. Rather there are complicated questions to guide us.

This essay is dedicated to Katie Sierra, the 15 year old who was suspended from her high school in Charleston, West Virginia for expressing antiwar politics and trying to start an anarchist club. Her courage also guides us.

More resources:

—Katie Sierra and her legal battle at illegalvoices.org/katiesierra.

—United For a Fair Economy conducted a

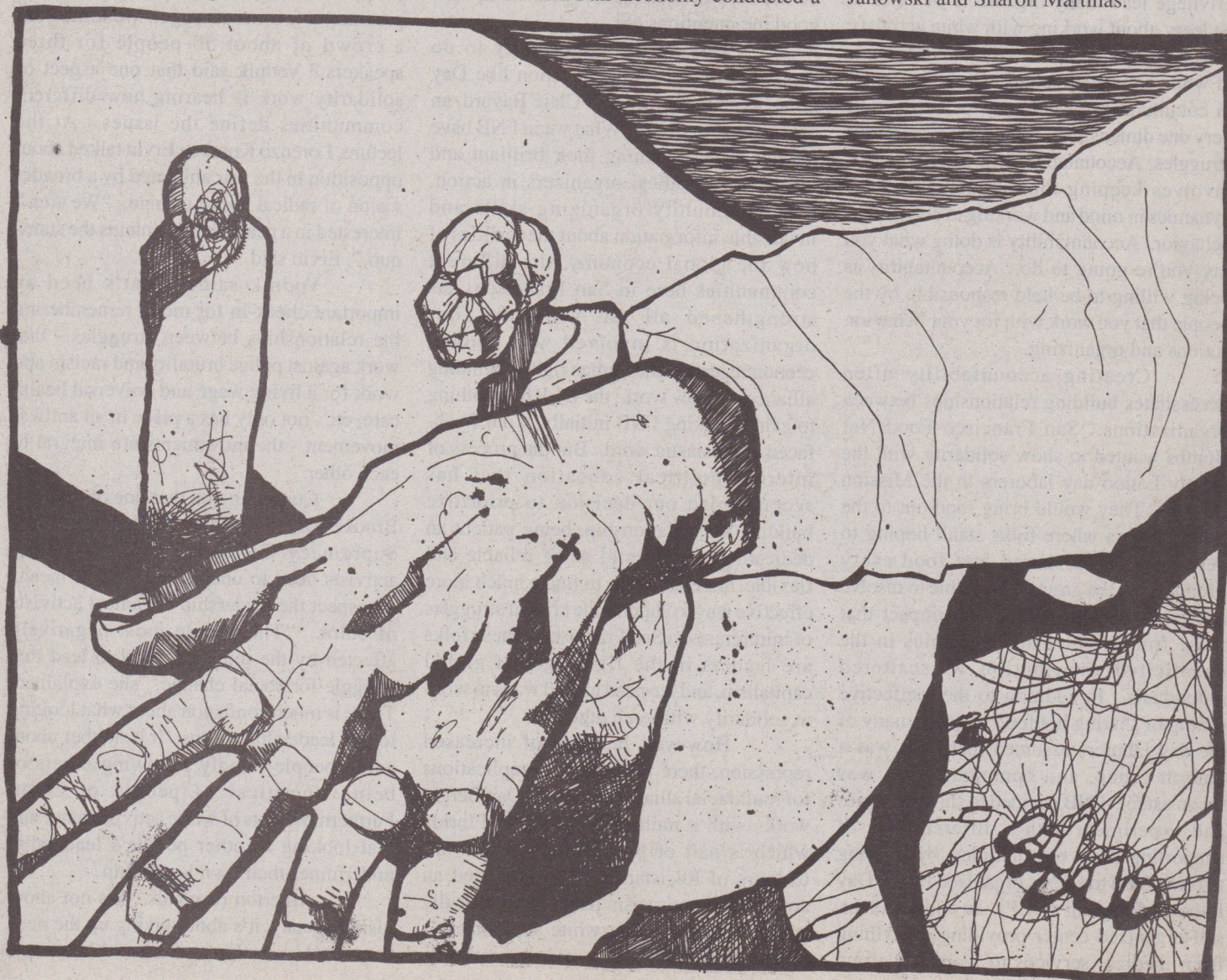
listening project talking with community organizers around the country about their work post-9/11. GlobalRoots.net.

—Colorlines, a magazine on race, culture and action, produced a special edition covering the war on terrorism highlighting the impact on communities of color in the US. 4096 Piedmont Avenue, PMB 319 Oakland, CA 94611 or colorlines@arc.org

—The Center for Political Education and the Institute for MultiRacial Justice have created Q&A leaflets about the war on terrorism available at politicaleducation.org

—Onward newspaper has produced a special edition on anarchist responses to the war and their new regular edition has important news and analysis from the antiglobal capitalism movement. POBox 2671/Gainesville, FL 32602 or onwardnewspaper.org, info@onwardnewspaper.org

Special thanks to the editorial crew on this essay: Chris Dixon, Laura McNeill, Dara Silverman, Max Elbaum, Chantel Ghafari, Dan Berger, Clare Bayard, Rahula Janowski and Sharon Martinas.



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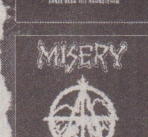
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I was pretty fucking excited to be given the opportunity to sit down and do an interview with Wells Tipley from Traffic Violation Records. He, along with a few other people, was pretty much responsible for rejuvenating and reestablishing the punk scene on Long Island in the early and mid '90s; a scene that had been almost nonexistent for years. Since that time, Wells done much to help build the Long Island DIY scene and showcase it through his label, Traffic Violation Records, as well as to strengthen the international DIY scene through his distro and writings. We were able to talk for close to two hours (even running out of tape and having to go buy more at one point!) in what seemed much more like a conversation than an interview and what follows is an edited version of our discussion.

— Interview by Ben Holtzman.

HaC: When and why did Traffic Violation Records [TVR] start?

Wells: Traffic Violation started in '95 when a few of the guys from the band that I was in, Striped Bastards, got together with a bunch of guys that were in a band called Splurge from around here and we put out a split 7". And it was just a collective effort, we all chipped in money and time to get it out. And eventually somewhere down the line, everyone sort of just fell away and I began doing it myself.

HaC: Do you consider TVR a DIY label and if so, why do you feel being DIY is important?

Wells: I definitely consider Traffic Violation a DIY label. I think DIY is important because it provides an alternative community, a forum for communication that isn't driven so much by commerce but more by communication. And I think it's neat how the network of friends is set

up so that you can accomplish communicating with a large audience on a global scale on your own terms. Because not only a lot of times is the content revolutionary, but I think even the medium is revolutionary in that we've built a network outside of the mainstream music making monolith.

HaC: Two of the last records, the Contra and then the Insurgent record, have both been pretty political. How important are politics and political releases for the label and how important are politics in your life?

Wells: I have my own set of personal beliefs and politics or whatever. I'm not really involved in activism, like a lot of the people on Long Island are, but as far as the label, what I look for in music and what I look for in bands, as a fan, is iconoclasm. You know, like a real spirit of opposition. And I think a lot of what's coined political, bands like Contra and The Insurgent, what I'm drawn to in those bands is not so much the dogmatic politics of it. I'm drawn more to the spirit of opposition. Rebellion and iconoclasm are just things that, not just in music, but in everything, I'm just drawn to as ideals.

HaC: And why is that? What is it about rebellion and iconoclasm?

Wells: I'm not sure, but an interesting side note to that is that my interest in rebellion is what's drew me to punk in the first place. And I think punk nurtured those feelings. But now being involved in punk for maybe six or seven years, I find now I'm rebelling against the punk status quo. It really makes me question whether my ideas are my ideas or whether they're just reactions to other ideas. Like, is it just the rebellion that I'm in love with? Or is it genuine disapproval with what I'm rebelling against?

HaC: It seems that in the US, even with a lot of the DIY labels, there isn't really isn't a whole lot of effort to make it into an international thing. It seems to me, and maybe I'm wrong, to be really focused on the national, the US DIY network. My question is, assuming that you agree with me, is why do you think the US DIY network often, not all the time certainly, but often only deals mostly within itself?

Wells: In Europe, the way that records are distributed is you press one thousand records, and then there's maybe one hundred labels that are trading over there, and you send ten records to each of those hundred labels and they do a distro and you do a distro, and that's how your thousand records get distributed. In Europe, the people who do labels, are the people who do distros. Over here, the bigger DIY labels all have exclusive distribution through Ebullition or Lumberjack or whoever. So, I think there's less trading, and because of that we're not as exposed to as much European stuff. Like, the way that I distribute my records is I pressed one thousand Contra LP's and one thousand Contra CD's. And probably to one hundred different labels, I traded like ten to twelve copies of that record. So right there, that's twelve hundred records that are gone and are sitting in distro boxes, that are being carried around the country or carried around Europe in

most cases, in distro boxes and being sold that way. And I think that's a real rebellious way to distribute music. I think that's really neat and I think it's in direct opposition to the way most music is distributed. And I think that's really part of what defines the DIY scene in Europe.

Over here, it's not so much like that. There's not a lot of labels that are distributed primarily through trades like that. And I think over there, it really aides in having the community tightened in and having the community communicating with each other because you know, everyone's writing back and forth, writing letters with their trades, getting in touch with each other. "Oh, I heard this record's out, can I get ten copies of that? I have ten copies of this record available." And I think it's really a fucking great thing. I think it's really inspiring and it's really a big part of what defines Traffic Violation as a label, because while showing Long Island to the world through the records that we put out, we're also bringing the world to shows around here. So, when you go to a show in Noah and Adam's basement [A.K.A. the Vargas house, a DIY space where shows are held], you can flip through the distro box that I'll bring and it'll be records from Germany, Australia, Japan, and it's just fucking kids like us doing bands there, trading for our records. It's amazing that the kids in The Insurgent have their record in Japan spinning on some kids record player. And vice versa. And I think that's a totally neat thing. And I think that that concept is severely under appreciated and underused here in the states. I mean there's labels here in the states that trade, but just not like overseas. Like there's a fucking great network of DIY hardcore/punk that are out there trading records and it's fucking great.

HaC: Maybe, and I don't know cause I'm not involved in this stuff as you are, but maybe there's less labels in Europe and than in America. So, maybe since there are so many labels in the US, maybe it's sort of understandable that the bigger DIY labels don't want to trade with the smaller, lesser known DIY labels and maybe that's bullshit, but maybe they don't want to get stuck with all these records. So often bands put out records and never fucking tour or you get stuck with a terrible record that nobody wants that sits in the distro bin. I mean, so how do you deal with shit like that?

Wells: Without question I am extremely versed and experienced in getting horrible fucking records and I would never fault anyone for being selective about what they trade for. That's not what I'm saying at all. It's not like I was scorned by someone and they were like, "We don't want to trade for your records" and I was like, "That's it, US hardcore sucks!" But, yeah, there's definitely stuff that I get in the mail where people say, "Oh, will you trade for this?" and I'll say, "Listen, I don't think I can move this." You know what I mean? But a lot of US labels like won't even fucking write you back. I mean, from my experience there's just not enough trading going on here as in other places.

HaC: What's your relationship with the Maloka

Collective in France?

Wells: Well, we've been trading records for a bunch of years. And I became pen pals and friends with Xavier, who's part of that collective. We bounce emails back and forth, letters in the mail. Right around the time he got the Contra/Splurge split, I got the Divide and Conquer 7" from him. And we both wrote back to each other really excited. He was really excited about Contra and I was really excited about Divide and Conquer. So, we agreed that on their upcoming records, that we would do a split label release. Which is something you see tons of in Europe. So, basically the way that it was set up was that he was going to do the Contra LP in France, for Europe and I was going to do the Divide and Conquer/Robotnika split here. And we figured out that the most cost effective way to do that would be that I would have the Contra LP manufactured here and then ship him 300 copies of it. And he would have the Divide and Conquer/Robotnika LP manufactured over there and ship 300 here. It was neat because we took money out of it completely. I mean, basically at it was like a large-scale trade. And then we were just able to offer it to our respective continents, on a bigger scale. But it was a really neat partnership and hopefully we can do more of it in the future, if we can both come across a couple records that we wouldn't mind splitting with each other.

HaC: How do you distribute your records and have you run into any problems with distributors? Or actually, that's always a "yes," so I guess, what types of problems have you had with distributors?

Wells: Like I said before, I primarily distribute my stuff through trades. I do the mail-order catalog that has all my records and my full distro catalog of about 300 titles from around the world. So that's the primary method of getting rid of records. Over the years I've tried to crack getting into mom and pop record shops across the country, but it's been a real difficult thing. Little by little, I learn more about the process. I learned that you gotta make one sheets, promo posters help. A huge thing that I just learned is that you gotta do follow up calls, after you send samples and one sheets and promo posters, you'll call them up and say, "Did you get it, what did you think? Would you like to order some?" I'm distributed here in the states by Ebullition and No Idea, and Choke. And in Europe, some of my titles are distributed by Green Hell. There are some different things I'm working on now to increase getting Traffic Violation stuff out to people. Like I'm working on doing a sampler that's going to be mailed out to stores, with information on which distributors carry our releases and how to order the stuff. You know, trying to go direct to the stores. But it's something that I find interesting, but the real foundation of how I move records and getting Traffic Violation stuff out is through trades.

HaC: So if you're trying to expand your distribution, get your records out, and things like that, what differentiates TVR as a label from some of the bigger, less DIY punk labels? I mean, with the bigger labels, if both of you want more distribution and to get your records out there,

where's the difference come in?

Wells: I think the difference is, and I don't think there's a huge difference, in a lot of labels that you would perceive as not being DIY, and I don't want to set this up as like me versus anyone, but I think what distinguished DIY labels from like bullshit punk big business labels is a lot of the bigger labels are distributed by EMI, like Caroline which is EMI, or RED which is SONY. And I think at that point you are no longer operating outside of the system. You're then part of the system. I think the economics of labels that are distributed primarily through trades and through independently owned distributors, I consider that DIY. And I think that is part of the importance of keeping our network from becoming entangled with the corporate machine of moving units of records. I think there's two problems that arise out of Sony distributing punk and Sam Goody, etc. selling punk. One, local mom and pop punk stores find it more and more difficult to stay in business and a lot of cases are driven out of business. And then some of the independent distributors as a result can't compete with RED or Sony and you have the independent distributors and the independent stores going out of business, which then there's no real mechanism to distribute and buy the middle range bands, bands that aren't huge. And also, when punk is no longer profitable, and places like Sam Goody or Sony are no longer distributing it or carrying it, then there's not going to be a mechanism in place for punk to be available at all. And I think the second problem, that hinges off that, is the more entangled with corporations it becomes, the more watered down it becomes and the less choice you have in what to buy. It's like, "Do you like NOFX or do you like Propagandhi?" Like those are your choices. And I think that's what really sets apart DIY labels and bands from punk big business labels in bands. I mean, a lot of times the content and sound is very similar, if not the same. I think what really sets it apart is the economics of it and the manner in which bands go about distributing, getting their stuff out there.

HaC: So where do you draw the line, so to say, with TVR? I mean, if something like Mordam, which doesn't have major label ties, but is probably one of, if not the, biggest punk distributors and would get the records out into Sam Goody and stuff like that, offered you distribution, I mean...?

Wells: It's the kind of thing where you don't want to get tied down in dogma, you know? But I think you have to take it on an individual basis. Mordam is an interesting case. You have labels like Six Weeks...

HaC: Well, and MRR.

Wells: Yeah (*laughs*) and MRR. But I think you have a label like Six Weeks, where Six Weeks continues to participate in a DIY scene while they're store distribution end of it is taken care of by Mordam. You know, I mean Six Weeks' records are still available in distro boxes. I mean, it's a gray area, there's fuzz to it. I think it's a really interesting thing. Well, like me, I mean Choke in Chicago to my knowledge is

independently owned and everything, but I wouldn't consider them and I don't think they'd consider themselves as part of the DIY scene. But I don't have an objection to using them as a distributor, because while they might not be involved in it, they're not something that's hurtful towards the scene. And I mean, it's also like, where do you go to get your records manufactured? Is it part of the DIY scene? I don't think necessarily your distributor has to be a part of the DIY scene. I don't know, it's interesting.

HaC: You wrote in the LI punk/hardcore 7" compilation that "Punk comes from us, it's ours. It's made by kids, played in basements, traded with pen pals in far off places, and mailordered from tiny ads in ugly fanzines." You sort of spoke to this a little already, but could you elaborate on it?

Wells: I guess I mean, just hearing you say that out loud, I think that speaks less to the economic end of it, like we were just talking about, and more of just my love for the aesthetic of punk and just how it's done. I'm just amazed that we're able to do this, that we have this network available to us to express ourselves and just the idea that you can be in band and fucking do it. I think it's neat. Just put a record out. I am in awe of it. I really am. Just totally in awe of it. And the older I get too, the more amazed I am by it, I think. Like at the beginning, getting involved, I just kind of took it for granted. Now I'm starting to realize how mint it is.

HaC: What do you mean? Do you mean because you see more people getting away from punk stuff and going into like business or whatever or not that at all?

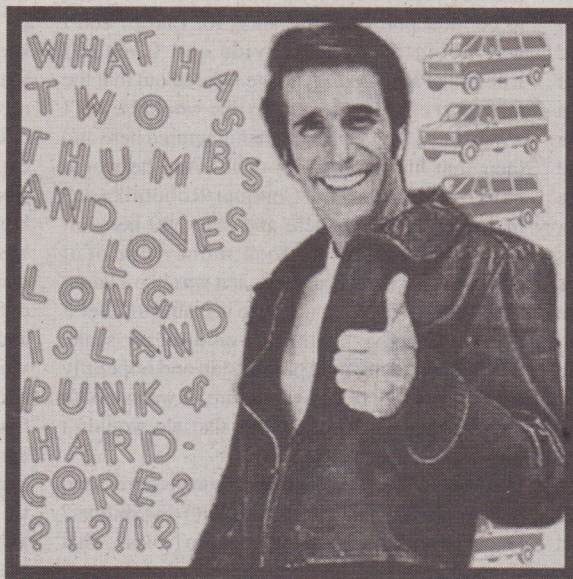
Wells: Not that at all, it's just, I don't know. Just amazed with, I mean, it makes me sound totally geeky, but just getting *Maximum Rock 'n' roll* and *HeartattaCk* in the mail every month and just fucking ogling over like the fucking ads. I mean, just getting records in the mail from Europe and just fucking pouring over the inside, the lyrics and the way it looks and listening to it on my headphones and just fucking amazed by it. Just really amazed by it; by punk and hardcore. I don't know dude. I'm just fucking pumped up by it.

HaC: Well, I mean, you start off that quote with, "Punk comes from us, it's ours." Is there this sort of notion, like an ideological notion of you and TVR sort of like an us versus them type of thing? Either "them" being mainstream society or "them" even being like bigger punk labels? You say "it's made by kids, played in basements," does that mean that bands who are playing the clubs or playing "punk" aren't so much punk? Is it an us and them type of thing in a way?

Wells: Well, I think first of all, I'm just really drawn to the idea of us and them. (Laughs) Which is probably bad in a lot of ways. But I'm not really sure who "us" is. And I don't think I really meant to imply a "them" when I say "us," but I guess you sort of have to cause there can't really be an "us" without a "them." I don't know. I don't know.

HaC: I want you to answer this (laughing).

Wells: I mean, I think that idea of us and them, and I think us and them is a really big part of punk in general, I think that's where a lot of arguments arise from. Because I think everyone's who's into punk considers themselves punk and their "them" a lot of times are people within the scene. So, I mean, and I think this is totally a neat part of punk, is that pluralistic idea of punk. I mean, we have a buddy Craig whose definition of punk, which is totally ridiculous, does not include the Casualties. You know, because his thing is that punk is revolutionary and very radical.



Radical politics is intricate to his definition of punk. Whereas the Casualties' definition of punk likely does not make room for Craig's hippie bullshit. And I think that fucking tension, and that's not the only two opposing sides, there's tons of opposing sides. I think everyone's definitions of punk, pulls and tears at the fabric of what is punk and I think everyone's ideas tugging at it, makes it take shape of what it really is. The truth lies somewhere in the tension between us and them. So like, while at that particular moment I'm thinking punk is people in basements, playing shows, at the same time I know that there is big punk bands out there that are still punk. But I think it's important for the truth of being a punk band playing in basements to be expressed to sort of pull the fabric of punk a little in that direction. And I don't think that discludes others' definitions of punk, I think what it does is it helps to shape what punk is. I think the universal truth of what punk lies in the tension between everyone else's definitions. And it's obvious; no one's definition is the truth. I think the truth of about what punk is comes from everyone's definition tugging at each other.

HaC: What releases haven't been successful? What is that closet full of (Pointing towards his bedroom closet which was filled with TVR releases)

Wells: The glaring release that sticks out in my mind of not having moved is the Striped Bastards discography CD. It just will not fucking leave.

It is still there. There are just tons of them.

HaC: What happened with that?

Wells: I guess cause we put it out a year after we broke up. So, it just wasn't happening for that record. I mean, you went to the last show, that show was hopping! If we had 'em at the last show, we probably would have moved like two hundred there. But, it didn't really move for whatever reason.

HaC: How many did you get rid of?

Wells: We pressed 1083 and I think I've moved about 400. Maybe a little more, 450 or 500.

HaC: What's been the most successful in terms of pressing or get rid of or whatever?

Wells: The Contra record, I pressed 1100 LPs and 1100 CD's. I have about 75 LP's left and maybe 200 CD's left. So, that was the most successful. Behind that, I'd say that Operation: Cliff Calvin double CD discography, which we pressed 1000 initially and then we pressed an additional thousand. And that was a split release with Plan-It-X. So, that wasn't entirely on Traffic Violation.

HaC: Do you accept demos?

Wells: (Laughs) I accept demos as long as the holes aren't punched out on them! And I prefer 90-minute tapes.

HaC: Isn't that like a flashing hypocrite sign?!?! (Both laughing) Isn't that totally cutting off communication and cutting off everything that you're trying to build with TVR?

Wells: I mean, if I get a letter in the mail that's like "yo, we're this band. We do this, blah blah blah." I mean, I get demos, like not infrequently. But, those demos really don't come in that often. Usually what I get is a form letter with either a demo or CDR or a CD or something and I don't... I mean, the ones that are personal letters and I don't care if they're typed or hand written or whatever. If it's to me, then I respond to it. But when I get a form letter in the mail, I mean, to be totally honest with you and I almost don't want to say this in print or whatever, but I've gotten stuff in the mail that I haven't even fucking listened to, that I threw them right in the garbage. Just from getting demos in the mail, it's just so obvious when they just picked your address out of some list of record labels and just sent you a package. And the wording. I mean, that's a big part of it too, the wording in the form letter. It's just really nauseating how they try to sell themselves to you. It's fucking weird. It's just weird. So, that's the deal on that.

HaC: What are some of the next projects that you're working on?

Wells: I have the sampler that we spoke about earlier, not exactly sure when that's coming out. The Robtnika/Divide & Conquer split LP is out. The vinyl version of the On The Might of Princess LP. The Latterman CD. I have a Sometimes Walking, Sometimes Running CD coming out, as well as their split 7" with The Insurgent.

HaC: Do you want to speak about any of those any more? Give more background on the Latterman full length, hype it up?

Wells: No. (Laughs). No, I don't. The Insurgent/

Sometimes Walking, Sometimes Running split 7" along with a CDEP from SWSR. And hopefully, a DVD of a documentary on the Long Island scene, which a few guys are doing, one of which is you!

HaC: Actually, I don't know why I didn't see that coming. But I totally did not at all. Anyway, through mutual friends and through your writings and things like that, I know that for at least, to my knowledge, the last bunch of years, you've been dealing with forms of mental illness. Do you want to speak to that? Your history with that?

Wells: Well, my history with that is sort of extensive. For as long as I remember I've dealt with anxiety and panic disorder. Over the years, it has accelerated and crescendoed into bouts of agoraphobia, which is where you are confined to where you feel safe. And the thought of leaving your perceived safety zone, be it your house, your town, your county, whatever, causes great anxiety and usually results in panic if you travel past where you feel comfortable. And that was a problem I was dealing with as far as back as I can remember, but when I was in the Striped Basstards, when we would play out of state shows or in the city and stuff, I would have to deal with that. That was like the big thing, whether or not I could make it to the show. You know, "where is the show?" And that was a really great experience for me in challenging myself to get places. Cause we had a lot of shows in the city and that's very anxiety provoking for me. Around two years ago, which now that I say that out loud it's like "oh my god, how have I been that fucked up for two years?" You know, I didn't think it would last that long. But, two years ago, something fucking snapped. It got to the point where I could not really leave my house. I existed for about six months within the radius of about a mile around my house. I had to quit my job. A lot my friends, I just didn't see at all. Since then, I've begun, in therapy and with this medication called Celexa. I've slowly been rebuilding my life and breaking down barriers of where I feel safe. I'm to the point now where I can travel about forty five minutes radius around my house. Which, doesn't seem like a lot and isn't a lot, in the grand scheme of what humans are able to do, but compared to a mile around my house, it's like a thousand to two thousand percent improvement. So, I'm back to work now and going to more shows than I used to be able to go to and stuff. So, that's the background on it.

HaC: A word that gets brought up a lot, especially when you're dealing with the DIY level within punk is this notion of community. And community implies that it's the members of the community helping each other out and coexisting and that's the point. How has the community responded to your mental illness and do you think it lives up to this notion of community when it comes to mental illness?

Wells: There's been a lot of positive stuff as far as my relationship to the community. And the community really is just another word for my friends, you know what I mean? There's people that are my friends that aren't part of our

community. But as far as my interaction with the community, it's really my interaction with my friends. The shit really started to get fucked up with me around the time of the release of the Contra LP, so that's kind of what I'm thinking back to. What happened with that was people had to go to the record pressing plant for me, pick the shit up for me. A great friend of mine and my girlfriend at the time, Emily, did a lot of driving for me, for the record label. Craig from Contra would bring the distro to shows for me so I would continue to have money coming in to put out new records. Rich from *Under the Volcano* 'zine did a lot of driving for me back and forth. Even still people help out or people will say to me "this show we have to book over by you, so you can go to it." Because I can't go to any of those shows at Ren's house [DIY space in the West end of Long Island]. I can go to shows at the Vargas house, but I'm not at the point where I can go to shows at Ren's house. So individual people have been really awesome about it. And that's my link to the community, my friends. So, in that regard the community has responded really well to it, really helpful.

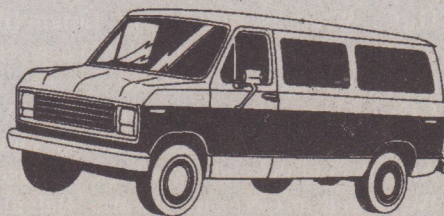
HaC: How do you feel about medication? How have things improved for you; has it been through medication? And how do you feel about whether there's a stigma to medication within the punk scene?

Wells: I think in our scene there is a huge stigma associated with medication for mental illness. And I can understand it because I do think that antidepressants and probably other medications for mental illness are over prescribed and I think there is definitely an element of people medication away their problems. But I think that is a really oversimplified view and I get fucking incensed about it. I can name examples up and down. I remember a long time ago seeing CR play in New Paltz. And Brian did this fucking whole schlep on how the doctor wanted to prescribe him medication and that's fucked up and medication is a weakness and all this other fucking bullshit. And I remember standing there in the crowd just feeling fucking pissed off because I remember thinking that I had a fucking serious mental illness which totally impacted my life in a negative way and prevented me from doing tons of things that I wanted to do. And I remember being too afraid to go on medication because of side effects and stuff like that and that was part of my illness, that fear. And I remember thinking what I have is a fucking sickness. I'm too much of a fucking coward to fucking take a positive step in my life and go on medication. And I remember just wanting to punch him in his mouth just being so

fucking pissed off about it. And more recently, in that CD that Countdown to Putsch put out on Mountain they had a whole book that came along with it and they touch on that. (He gets up and gets the book). The have this little section slamming anti-depressants. The quote is "is there some kind of key I can turn and make everything alright? I am left with the question 'would I even have a chance to try to unravel these mysteries if my depressive and introspective nature were medicated away?'" And I remember reading that and having the same feeling. Thinking like "fuck you!" If you're introspective, you shouldn't be on medication! Medications aren't prescribed for introspection disorders. That's not mental illness and you shouldn't be on medication. And he's saying that his friends are on it and all this stuff, I mean, if your friends are mentally ill and this is making a positive impact on their life, then, I mean..... I'm not sure where my anger with it comes from. But then there was this local zine around here, I think it's called Paxil. (Laughing). And he says a similar kind of thing where he's sitting on the train and he saw advertisement, which I do think is weird. I think the advertisements for medication is a totally weird thing. But yeah, he had a similar kind of take on it. And it's like "fuck you! Why are you so down on it?" Everyone is so down, like this dogmatic knee-jerk reaction to medication. I think a lot of people, well, I know that me personally and I would think maybe it was other people in the scene, who probably could benefit from medication if they really are that ill. And I think there's a real stigmatization to it. When I watched CR play, I really felt like, is it really a fucking weakness? Is going on medication a weakness? And I guess that's something everyone has to tackle with. But I think medication is overly demonized in our community. I don't know... I just can't wait till I get better and can go see my pen pals in France, Brazil, Germany. Fucking, everyone over in California, it'll be fucking great.

HaC: Any closing remarks?

Wells: Yeah, dude. Thanks for the interview. And everyone should watch out for your documentary that's coming out. That shit will be hot! I wanna say what's up to my pen-pals and record traders. Mozzine in Brazil, Xavier in France, Stefan, Oli, Ralf and everyone else in Germany, Charlie in UK, Yoichi in Japan, Jeff in California and fucking everyone who I am forgetting. Anyone with panic disorder/agoraphobia should get in touch so we can share ideas. I have a monthly column in MRR now focusing on a lot of the stuff that was covered in this interview... mental illness, trading records, etc. Fucking "The Crew" by 7 Seconds is the best ever.



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Unholy Grave are a hard-hitting 4-piece grindcore unit from Nagoya, Japan. They have been going strong for over 8 years with around 34 (!!!) releases and some touring behind them. They have become living legends in the grind/crust scene internationally and do perfectly what they do—play tight fierce grindcore with a strong social, personal, and political message. Thank you to Takaho and Unholy Grave for doing this interview. Read on fellow humyns... Interview done by Chuck Franco. An extra special thanks to Miwa for helping me out, you rock!

HaC: Hello! Please tell us what the current line up of Unholy Grave is.

UG: Hi!! OK, now we are Kazu (drums) Yasu (bass) Tee (guitar) and myself Takaho (vocals)

HaC: You have been playing very brutal grindcore for how many years? What keeps you playing your trademark style?

UG: We started early 1993. We just love this kind of music very much. Let's say "passion for grindcore." That's why we still play grindcore.

HaC: What bands influenced you to start playing your music? Do you feel a strong commitment to staying DIY?

UG: In early '93 it was Discharge, Terrorizer, Napalm Death, Massacre, Repulsion, Heresy, etc... Early brutal death metal and UK hardcore. "DIY attitude" really influenced me. Personally I have learned lots of things from so called "DIY scene." But I personally just try to keep going my way that I believe in! When I act I don't think

like... "Is this DIY?" I hope you understand what I mean, my English is not very good. [I think it's great, Takaho! -Chuck]

HaC: What sort of political climate do you live in? Is the majority of the public in favor of Japan dropping its pacifist policy to help the US in its military campaign in Afghanistan?

UG: Difficult question... "Prime minister Koizumi is dog of USA." I saw this placard/protest board on TV. I believe he is not. But I guess for some people's eyes, political power balance between Japan and the USA is something like slave/master.

HaC: How do feel about the situation in Afghanistan? What do you have to say to the punks and grinders in the US?

UG: I hate "terrorism." But US bombing kills a lot of innocent people... I wonder, "Is this justice??" For innocent civilians, the US

bombing is something like terrorism. I believe the war is not the answer. This war might cause more terrorism in the near future... vicious circle... I wanna say, "hate terrorism, not race."

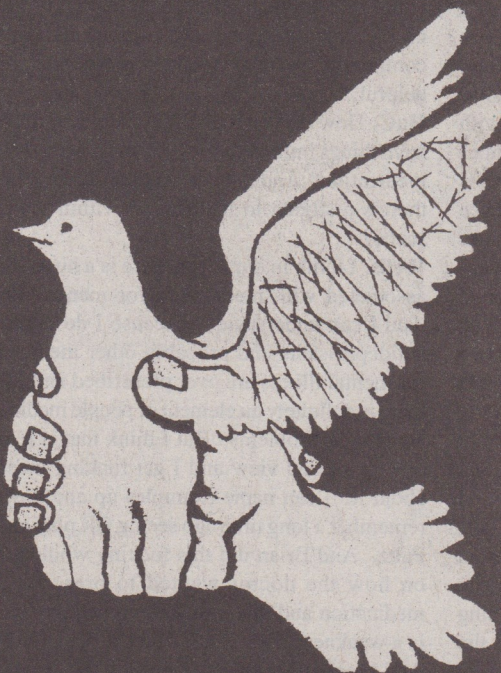
HaC: Are these the things that influence your lyrics? Poverty, war, depression are all related, do you agree?

UG: My lyrics are influenced by all fucked up topics all over the world. War, terrorism, racism, minefields, etc. Anyway, some are political some are not.

HaC: In your opinion what is the scene like currently, nationally and in your home city?

UG: Well, to be honest, recently I haven't gone to clubs to see bands so often. So if I say something big about the scene, it's not fair because I don't know much about the current scene. But I can say the scene is

UNHOLY GRAVE



getting a "renewal." I mean, younger people formed new bands! But veteran bands with true attitude for music are still going strong, of course! That's cool!

HaC: Do you try to play with bands of different styles of punk/HC? Is there a mixture of scenes? Which bands are your favorites to play with?

UG: Yes, there are "mixture" gigs, here and there. We wanna play with bands which have members who really love music! I mean "passion for music," so it doesn't matter if it's punk/metal/grind/crust...

HaC: What is playing in Japan like compared to playing abroad? Where else have you played in the world?

UG: In Japan it's more systematic. And usually we must sell gig tickets for clubs. After the gig the club pays back the bands. We played in Germany, Austria, Belgium,

France, Holland, Poland, Czech Republic, Malaysia and USA's east coast. Mostly, much more DIY gigs than Japanese gigs. It was fun.

HaC: What are some of your favorite experiences traveling? Any funny/interesting tales?

UG: I could meet/see people and bands who really love music. That's a great experience. All of 'em influenced me. In Germany, in a squat one night at midnight when I woke up, I saw a naked beautiful girl standing in front of my sight. It seemed she just fucked with somebody in the bunk beds, I was sleeping under them!!

HaC: What do you do outside of the band, like school, work, spare time.

UG: I'm working as a "mover" about 15 years. I use my spare time for watching films, writing lyrics, etc... for relaxation

HaC: Are any of you involved in any activist/political work, going to protests or anything else?

UG: None of us do it.

HaC: Any comments you have on your mind you would like to share with us.

UG: TERRORISM SUCKS!

HaC: You have many releases under your belts. Can you give us a discography?

UG: O.K here it is... CDs: Crucified, Inhumanity, Raw Rehearsals. Split CDs with: Mass Separation, Loggerhead, Rotten Sound. 7"eps: Morbid Reality, Terror, Nein, Kill 'Em All For One?, Zero Hour, The Unreleased, Ethnocide (soon to be released). Split 7"eps with: Chickenshit, Agathocles, Warsore, Entrails Massacre, Captain 3 Leg, Abstain,

Taste of Fear, Krush, Ingravescant Torture, My Minds Eye, Brob, Violent Headache, The Mad Thrashers, Idiamin, Sabaat, Capitalist Casualties, Malignant Tumor, Depressor (soon to be released). Split 12"eps with: Trauma Acoustico, Agaethocles. 10": Tortured Alive [This one proves their tightness and ability the most, get it if you can!! -Chuck]

HaC: Any new releases planed? How do you do it?!

UG: I have sent master tapes for the Harmonized 7" and the Fanaticism 7", both from the USA. We just finished recording for split CD with Agathocles. Now I'm preparing stuff for a Live in USA 7"ep. I have an 8-track recorder, so we always record our material by ourselves. And I do mixing. It's a tough job, but fun too. Thanx for this interview. Enjoy your own life! Sayonara.

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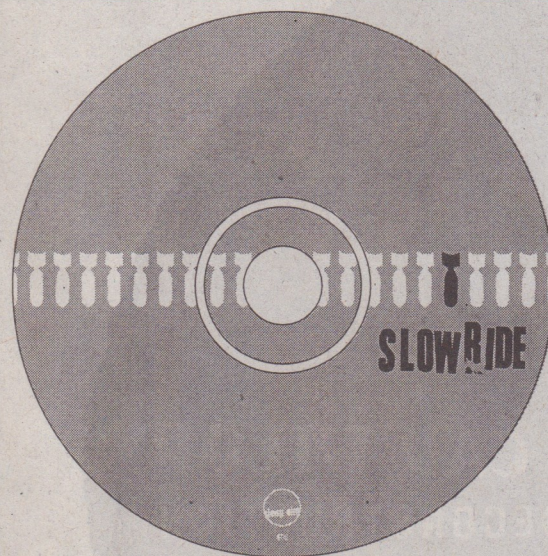
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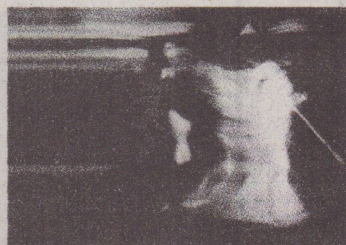


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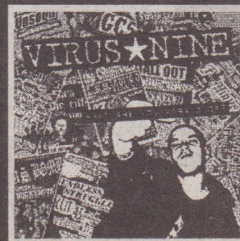
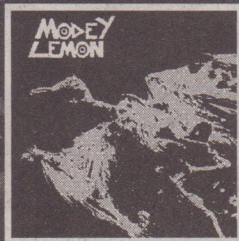
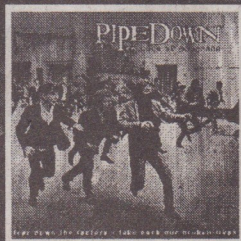
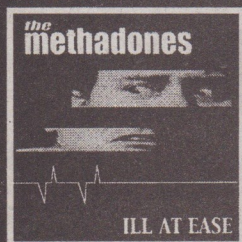
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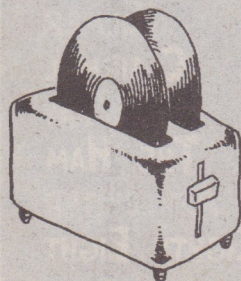


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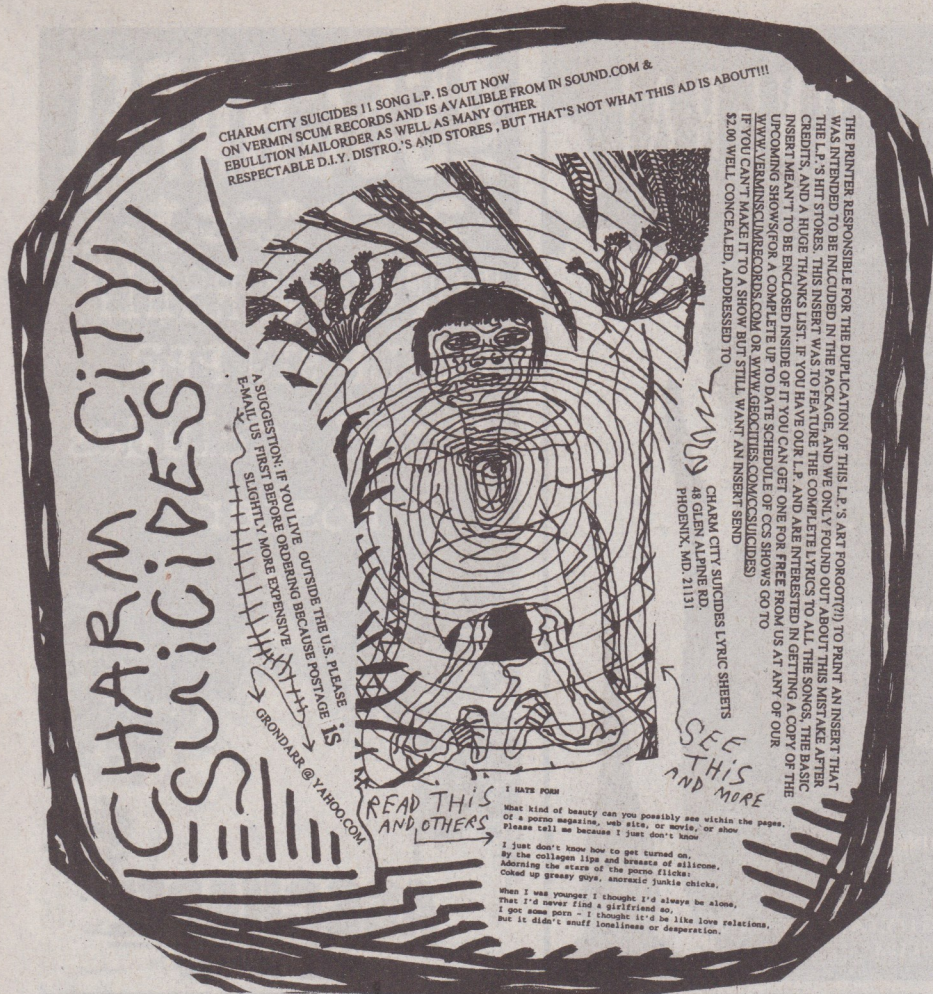
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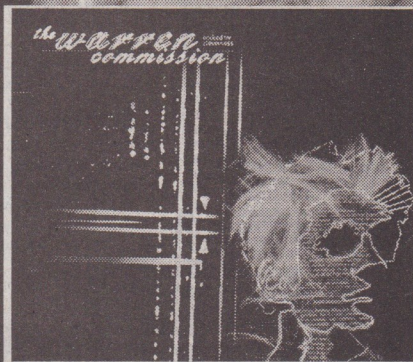
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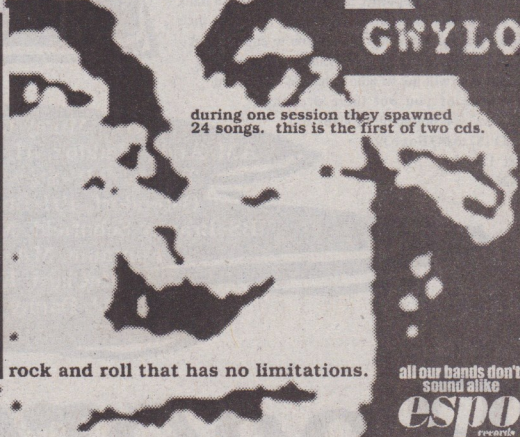
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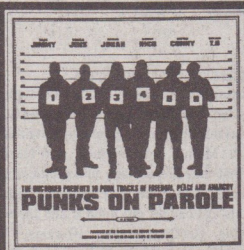


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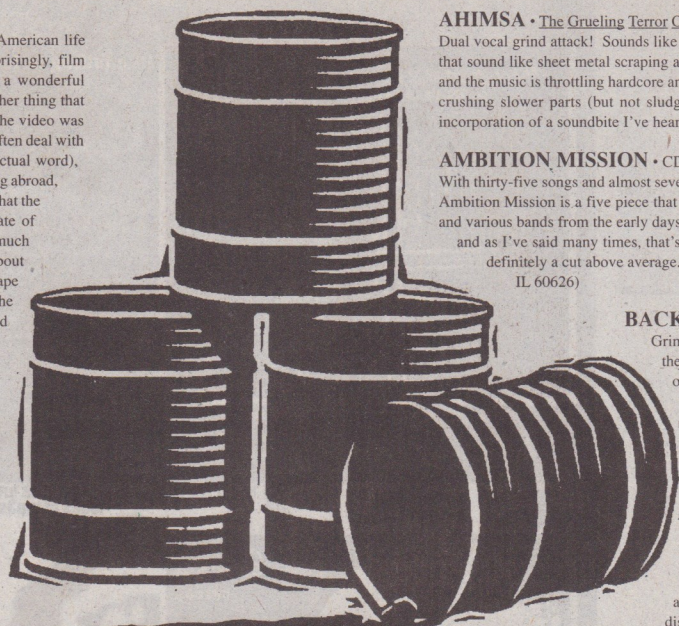


BIKINI BORDER BANDIT • video

This is an interesting 30 minute meditation on modern American life that was shot (I'm guessing) on super 8 film. Not surprisingly, film really does have a superior quality; the pictures have a wonderful graininess which gives them an instant retro feel. The other thing that was great about this was the fact that a large portion of the video was shot not in the US, but in Brazil. American bands/artists often deal with their own ethnocentricity (I'm really hoping this as an actual word), but they never venture out of their own backyards. By going abroad, Carolina Pfister is extending the canvas to such an extent that the spoken word parts and the sound collages about the state of modern America take on a much deeper, and in the end a much more satisfying, meaning. The only thing that sucked about this was that either there was something wrong with the tape or my VCR couldn't handle it. I was unable to watch the entire middle section of the video. Too bad. I quite enjoyed this. MH (carolinapfister@hotmail.com)

ABE FROMAN • LP

A sloppy, crazy record with lots of heart. This record is sort of all over the place, but the intent seems to come through regardless. Though the lo-fi punk sound and female/male vocals remind me heavily of Astrid Oto, their intensity and heart also captures the essence of a Soophie Nun Squad live set. The songs have plenty of questioning and dissatisfaction in them, but you can't help but think the kids in this band are really sweet. They lay their flawed (but catchy) songs out for you to enjoy. Punks who need brutal lyrics, polished sounds, and everything to be in tune will not be able to handle this record. But those of you out there drawing rainbows, you are going to love it. LO (\$7 to PO Box 6393/ East Lansing, MI 48826)



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Record Reviews

A LIFE ONCE LOST • The Fourth Plague: Flies CDep

This metalcore outfit shows some promise and originality. Even though they do their fair share of crazy hammer-on riffs and awkward transitions, I've still been enjoying this CD. They play around with some black metal parts and even have blast beats which bring me much joy. I think the CD highlights at the fourth song when they transition into a heavy rhythm part with an epic lead over it; makes me think that an evil army is trudging into battle ready to insure armageddon. Then they have to ruin my fantasy and go into some ridiculously technical part, which they deserve a big pat on the back for being able to play, but also deserve a swift kick in the nuts for ruining my battle scene. So, overall this CD is cool, I'll keep it and play it for some of my friends who come over and they'll be impressed by the fast metal leads these guys pull off and the heavy rhythms. ADI (RoboDog Records/12001 Aintree Ln./Reston, VA 20191)

ADAM DOVE • Aftershock CD

Some folksy, country-tinged solo work with very pleasant-sounding vocals. Very low-key with some jazzy Karate-esque guitarwork oftentimes and more along the lines of Chamberlain or Kill Creek at others. In any case, this is not for those who need distortion or heavy duty rock 'n roll. But for those of us in our less intense stages might find it to our liking. Adam decides to do a little rocking on "Further In" that is somewhere between XTC, Foo Fighters and A School of Fish's "Three Strange Days." Okay...so that is one fucked up comparison, but in its own way, it holds water. "This Evolution" is a swingy little joint that sounds like Elliott Smith sitting on a slow Monkees jam. Uh huh. "Better Than The Night" is ultra-folk and possibly the best song on here. On "White Paper Men," Adam brings in the ol' Mick Jagger vocal element. Give it a go, even though I'm lame at giving it a real strong basis. Glossy packaging and very solid production for another good indie-folkpop artist. 11 tracks, 40 minutes. DO (Doghouse/ PO Box 8946/Toledo, OH 43623)

AN ALBATROSS • 12"

Throw some growling dogs, keyboards, tape loops, guitars, drums, screaming vocals and plenty of chaos into a blender and hit the highest speed and walk away for a few minutes. When you come back you will find a swirling mess of frantic hardcore that is whirling and blurring. This An Albatross 12" has all the songs on both sides, and the average song is less than a minute in length. They thrash and tear and make a whole lot of noise. What else would you expect from a band that has seven people in it? Dance baby dance, or just get hit by a semi-truck as it crashes through your lawn and goes right on through your room leaving a disaster in the wake. KM (When Humans Attack! Records/356 Birdsong Way/ Doylestown, PA 18901)

AHIMSA • The Grueling Terror Of... 7"

Dual vocal grind attack! Sounds like Excruciating Terror meets Kungfu Rick. You've got the vocals that sound like sheet metal scraping across concrete, then there's the more hardcore sounding vocals, and the music is throttling hardcore and grind mixed perfectly. They go from white knuckled speed to crushing slower parts (but not sludge!). The horror movie sample that opens this up is the best incorporation of a soundbite I've heard in a long time. MA (PO Box 10811/Eugene, OR 97401)

AMBITION MISSION • CD

With thirty-five songs and almost seventy minutes of music, there's a whole lot of punk going on here. Ambition Mission is a five piece that plays fast-dance punk. Many bands come to mind like Rancid, and various bands from the early days of Lookout Records. There are mixed male and female vocals, and as I've said many times, that's pretty much automatic for me liking it. Nice energy here, and definitely a cut above average. DF (Community Shower Records/1719 West Albion/Chicago, IL 60626)

BACKSTABBERS INC. • Evolution 7"

Grimy, pissed off stuff that takes those fast crusty riffs and infuses them with its own brand of insane rage. I'm very impressed by all of this; the songs themselves manage to sound modern and old school at the same time and the lyrics have a very visceral quality. The overall attitude that I get from this is what I essentially associate with punk/hardcore; an eagerness to speak out against what pisses you off in society and our scene, no matter what the current trends tell you to do or think. Great effort. MH (Cadmium Sick records/350 Massachusetts Ave. #226/Arlington, MA 02474-6713)

BHOPAL STIFFS • 1985-1989 CD

Am I a loser if I don't already know this band? I guess they were a popular one from Chicago from '85 to '89. This CD has a discography of all the records they were on and a bunch of live tracks. After listening to this CD, it is no surprise what era this band is from. They play energetic punk with melody and a classic punk edge, complete with the gritty recording fitting to this era. Sometimes they reminded me of Gray Matter, but I am sure someone else would just laugh at that comparison. Reprinted flyers show they played with Naked Raygun, Social Distortion, Sham 69, and Zero Boys... Maybe you were there? LO (Harmless Records/1218 W Hood Ave. #2/Chicago, IL 60660)

BISCAYNE • You'd Build A Robot CD

This is all over the pop scale. It has straight up pop-punk mid-tempo stretches with some slower "emo" and faster

ANGSTZUSTAND • Ohne Dich Stirbt Wir Allein CD

Intense German hardcore. Very rocking with galloping guitars and tight drumming. Quality screamy vocals and, while my German is very rusty, the fact that they list a bunch of contact information for great humanitarian organizations (PETA, Amnesty Intl., Mumia organizations, Anti-Nazi League, etc.) leads me to believe that they are socially and politically motivated. Really good stuff. Although I have limited experience with German hardcore, bands like Age always caught my interest and these cats do too. Rocking, rocking, rocking. Get this shit now. 10 songs, 37 minutes. DO (Bewildered Youth c/o Daniel Kinkartz/Cellerstrasse 42/ 38114 Braunschweig/Germany)

ARROW POINTS NORTH • CD

Six songs of angry, modern hardcore fill this CD. It has a fast tempo and a heavy weight in each of its songs. Arrow Points North combines the crazy aspects of screamo with the thick sound of hardcore metal, creating a highly energetic and complete sound. The lyrics are either personal or highly political. They ask a lot of questions and try to find some answers with each song. The music and lyrics complement each other well, both being raw and urgent. This CD looks good, sounds good, and has some interesting things to say. What more do you really need? LO (3630 W 32nd Ave. #2/Denver, CO 80211)

AZURE RAY • November CD

An incredibly beautiful set of songs adorn this CD. The two ladies (and their back-up musicians) prance around your ears with harmonies and soft tunes. It can lull you in and keep you in a mellow state, so it is perfect for listening to as you are headed for bed. The intensities of the recording lie deep in the subtlety of each note, and they hit you like a waft of air. Impressive stuff. LO (Saddle Creek Records/PO Box 8554/Omaha, NE 68108)

BLOWN TO BITS • Devastation Across The Land... 7"

First of all, that is a great title. It's written out in the Crass font and style on the border of the cover (which makes it extra rad). When you look at this record, you know exactly what it will sound like. In this case of this 7", that is good. Blown To Bits blows you away with ear pounding crust punk. The whole record is heavy and full of venom. Part of it remind me of Discharge (not the butt rock era either) and other parts sound like His Hero Is Gone. Well, they don't sound exactly like either band, but they do capture a certain essence that both of those bands had. Heavy and catchy all around. There is plenty of crust punk (with Crass style artwork) being churned out at this point, and Blown To Bits stands out amongst the masses. (Or, they stand towards the front of the masses. Take your pick.) LO (Disintegration Records/PMB 410/1442A Walnut St./Berkeley, CA 94709)

melodic hardcore parts thrown in. And through it all there's some guy playing Van Halen riffs in the background. The songs are about alienation and love, which is a big surprise given the pop-punk factor. If you're into the poppy stuff then this is definitely worth checking out. BH (Quincy Shanks/PO Box 3035/St. Charles, IL 60174)

BOOKS LIE • I Felt Like Such A Loser Until I Realized... 7"

This 7" rules. Books Lie combine some totally different sounds on one 7" to create a refreshing and interesting hardcore record. There are five songs. The first and the last remind me very much of Swiz. Intensely rough and finely melodic at the same time. There are two freaky, dancy noise tracks as well. They break it up and shake your butt. The middle song keeps much of the same hardcore intensity but with a more modern screamo sound. The lyrics on this record are all pissed off and talking about life in terms of resistance and inspiration. Fucking awesome. LO (Level Plane/ PO Box 280/New York, NY 10276)

BOYLION • CD

Boylion play sweet indie rock with light keyboards and pleasant melodies. Every piece of this CD seems nice. Personal lyrics about life, light tunes, and an overall feeling of happiness in most of the track. Even at its most building parts and within its most crushing lyrical content, this CD does not weigh on you. All of the songs are played well and fans of happy indie rock would indeed be pleased. LO (MOC Records/4932 Linscott Ave./Downers Grove, IL 60515)

BRACE • Crisis and Compromise 7"

Standard youth crew, but they don't sing song after song on the joys of sobriety (fortunately). For the most part, the music is mid tempo and they throw in cool time changes and breakdowns in songs like "Answers" and "Borderline." The songs on the second side are definitely the strongest of the bunch. They turn the fire up, and the speed adds some urgency to the delivery. "No Future" is the best song here, with the rapid vocal delivery, and the stadium choruses actually work well. Worth picking up this record on that song alone. MA (Joyride Records/PO Box 25055/Washington, DC 20007)

BURST • Conquest: Write CD

Burst play really excellent heavy hardcore with a full sound. They have layered melody and lots of crunchy distortion. Since they are from Sweden, comparisons to other intense bands from that area could easily be made. I really like this CD; it fits well within the realm of solid hardcore bands from the states and abroad that Prank has released. Burst's crisp complexity makes it a pleasure to listen to, even if your ears are being assaulted. The last track is a remix of their song "Decomposed" by the noise outfit Merzbow. The LP version was released on Sweden's Putrid Filth Conspiracy label. LO (Prank/PO Box 419892/San Francisco, CA 94141)

BUMBKLAATT • 7"

Oh yeah, grindcore... wait, grindcore with melody? This is awesome! The six songs on this seven inch are heavy and original. They follow in the vein of Amexib but also mix in some crazy shit to keep it extra raw. It all comes together really well and Bumkllaatt end up creating a really powerful 7" here. LO (Slaves To Darkness/PO Box 34695/San Francisco, CA 92163)

BURIED INSIDE • Suspect Symmetry CD

Extremely chaotic metal with demon-scream vocals. Very much in the vein of One Eyed God Prophecy and Envy. The songs tend to be long, but there's so much going on it isn't really something that you notice. And the songs all hold together pretty well, awkward transitions were minimal. Bleak critiques of modern society fill out the lyric sheet, which fits with the sound well. It's harsh, but really good. BH (Cyclop Distribution/16 Du Charron/Levis, Quebec/G6V 7X5/Canada)

BURNPILE • What Are You CD

Burnpile's sound is fast and lo-fi with squawked vocals, although somewhere in the middle I think there was a change of recording session, 'cause it gets a lot cleaner. But it was the artwork and lyrics that persuaded me they cared about what they were doing. The lyrics are political with a high percentage of songs about drug and alcohol addictions. But not really from the classic straight-edge perspective, it that makes sense. DF (Six Weeks Records/225 Lincoln/Cotati, CA 94931)

BURY THE LIVING • 7"

Very urgent punk from Memphis. The ultra fast tracks remind me of Infest a lot, probably because the singer has quite a similar voice. This is a fucking excellent record, it's just so brutal and earthy sounding. No gimmicks, no special effects, just total killer hardcore. Absolutely raging. I'm so glad I got to review this after all the pretty people crap I've had to listen to all day. And my copy is on blue vinyl, too!!! I feel luckier than the mole on Russell Crowe's butt!!!! MH (Eminent Domain/PO Box 884/Popular Bluff, MO 63901)

CAUSE FOR EFFECT • PQ2 CD

This is quite strange: an excellent bassist plays jazzy rhythms and is accompanied by well played, but overly clean drumming. Then there's some guy doing grindcore vocals on top of that. The vocals are so throaty that they sound more like an ultra-extended burp and because there is no guitar the end product sounds strangely clinical and vapid. I don't know what to say. I wouldn't listen to anything like this in a million years. I mean I would if they threatened to rip out my fingernails or something, but only then. I wonder what kind of drugs I would have to take to "get" this sound. It must be something stronger than beer, because so far, that isn't working for me. Sorry. Good musicianship, though. MH (\$5 to Marko/Filip Jusutovic/Ostra Gunnesgarde 11d/41749 Göteborg/Sweden)

CHAMPAGNE KISS • Dancing in the Pockets of Thieves CD

The Champagne Kiss is one half of Camera Obscura. They play driving synth based noisecore, with heavy industrial leanings (I think that's what to call them). Although the songs are kinda repetitive, they don't overstay their welcome. I really like the 7 songs on this CD, but I don't think I would like them individually. This is one of those that doesn't sound right unless you play it all the way through. JL (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

THE CHASE THEORY • ...In Pursuit of Excellence CD

Extremely professional sounding alterna-pop in the vein of Gin Blossoms, Shades Apart and Samiam. What can I say, this is very well done, but punk or hardcore it is not (at least not musically). However, I do get a good, mensch-ey vibe from this as far as the lyrics and the packaging is concerned. Catchy and proficient. Check it out if this is your thing. MH (One Day Saviour Recordings/PO Box 372/Williston Park, NY 11596)

CIVIL DUTY • Shit N Piss 7"

Civil Duty offers up a classic angry punk record. Their songs are fast, structured, and punishing—perfect for circle pitting with your middle finger in the air. From the "Fight Club" sound bite that leads into the first song you cannot escape the dissatisfaction and anger of this band. Their songs are about hating republicans, wasting your life, being jaded, questioning the point of living, and commenting on the lackluster of American life. This record stays true to the old school nature of punk. I mean, come on the title talks about both shit and piss. LO (\$4 to Violent Reaction c/o Ron Ramirez/PO Box 902/Artesia, CA 90702)

CONATION • The Dichotomy Of Earth And The Human Race CD

I listened to this CD in the car on the way to a show. At first listen, I wasn't that impressed with the mix of melodic soft tones and really harsh hardcore distortion, and the CD seems just too long. It wasn't until later, when I was able to sit down and read through their booklet, that the full force of this CD hit me. It is a great hardcore CD. The songs are good, but the lyrics are really what make it special. They are all political, though sometimes expressed in personal terms. They talk about people's rights, the social ills of Australia, and the state of the world. I found them all to be right on. The booklet folds out to list lyrics for all twenty of the songs. It has an original layout and looks really nice. Conation's songs are built well, with lots of tempo changes and contrasting parts to make it interesting. They are able to play a thick, distorted, fast part and follow it with an indie rock-esque piece of melody artfully. This is a release to be proud of. LO (Deplorable Records/PO Box 191/Balmain NSW 2041/Australia)

CRASH • Young Boy I Can Help You Through Exams 10"

A finely designed and executed indie rock recording. It is slick and hits all the right highs and lows while rocking you out. Why does it seem like Scandinavians can play this music perfectly? It must be something with the lack of light. Crash has a pleasant melody and apt personal lyrics to grab you with. This record reminded me of a 10" I reviews last issue from The Milemarkers that had a similarly appealing sound that grew on you with each listen. LO (Sound Fiction/PO Box 386/5805 Bergen/Norway)

CREAM ABDUL BABAR • The Catalyst to Ruins CD

Despite the awful sampling/sound effects every now and then, this is still a very good CD. CAB play very dark, harsh hardcore that incidentally reminds me of No Escape a lot. They do have quite a modern sound, but this has some old school traces in it, too. I'm no expert at this stuff at all, but The Judas Factor and Threadbare came to mind. Sad lyrics tell stories of desperation and isolation. I agree with them on almost every part. MH (At A Loss Recordings/PO Box 3597/Annapolis, MD 21403)

CRISIS NEVER ENDS • Where Hate Found A Place To... CD

The songs on this CD sound just like the one from the split 7" with Closeline that I also reviewed in this issue. The five on this CD hit hard because each track is a wrenching epic tribute to the dark side. From the melancholy eulogy on the first track to the odes to confusion and anger throughout you experience all the weight Crisis Never Ends has to offer. Some of the lyrics are so dramatic they come across a little kitsch; here is an example of that: "My heart is bleeding but the fabric of my shirt won't turn red, 'cause it is already soaked with hate and denial." A testament to the shitty world we are in. LO (Platinum Records/PO Box 1812/74308 Bietigheim/Gernany)

CONFUSIONE • 7"

Nine tracks of frantic hardcore from Italy. It is well done with the tempo changes and screaming vocals. At their most volatile they are a rampage of speed and crazed chaotic energy, and at their most subtle they are a quick melodic burst of energy and passion. The lyrics are printed in both English and Italian, and it sounds as if they are singing in Italian, though honestly I can't really make out any of the words so very well might be in English. Pretty good. KM (Heroine Records/Giovani Bongera V. Mazzini 92/10091 Alpinano/TO/Italy)

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We will NOT review anything with pre-printed bar codes on the cover.
We will NOT review special "promo only" pressings.
We will NOT review anything that is defaced.
We do NOT send out promo copies of HaC to people or labels that submit 'zines, records, CDs, or tapes for review. We simply can't afford to send out 400 or so copies of HaC to everyone that sent in promos. Sorry.

CROSSFACE • Cross Days CD

As is the case with most H:G Fact releases, this is pretty wild stuff and comes across as over the top, although there isn't any real noise to speak of. Crossface is from Japan and the vocals and lyrics are all in Japanese. The guitar work, including gratuitous solos, give this CD a hard-edged, sometimes glam sound. The combination of that with Japanese vocals made this really fun for me to listen to. If you like other H:G Fact/Japanese hardcore, then you'll probably like this too. Only six songs at ten minutes. DF (H:G Fact)

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE • Smash It Up 7"

This came with a Damned 7", which was reviewed in this issue, and after listening to that 7" I was really excited to hear this one. Captain Sensible was of course one of the Damned, and I am a huge Damned fan. One of the greatest punk bands ever. However, this 7" was pretty much a disappointment. The tracks are all out takes with very little significance to me. There are alternate versions of "Smash It Up" and "Love Song" but they aren't remarkable different than the originals, and I doubt I would ever want to listen to this one again. Still, I am glad to add this to my Damned collection. KM (NDN Records/PO Box 131471/The Woodlands, TX 77393-1471)

DAMNED • Ignite 7"

Recorded in France in 1994, I was pretty damn sure this would be awful. I couldn't have been more wrong. "Ignite," "Gun Fury," "Neat Neat Neat," and "Love Song" are perfectly played and the sound quality is crystal clear. Amazing sounding. The Damned were one of the best punk bands, and these live songs prove that even in 1994 they were at top form. There is also a bonus track which has never been released; a cover of the theme song from "Hawaii 5-0." Great record. KM (NDN Records/PO Box 131471/The Woodlands, TX 77393-1471)

DOWNPOUR • Footsteps Over Our Heads CD

See, this is it. If all metal bands were so smart and had such an incredibly powerful sound then I wouldn't mind them so much. Fuck, really, I could get into this. It's soooo heavy!!! It's like getting whacked over the head, kicked in the chest, and then thrown off a cliff. And that's just the first song. Then they have most parts although there could be more), plenty of tempo changes and a few interludes cuter than a litter of kittens. The lyrics come with explanations/statements and deal with modern society, work, capitalism and mind control. Okay, you can all laugh now, but I will keep this. MH (Alveran Records/PO Box 100152/44701 Bochum/Germany)

DAMAGE • Final CD

Youth crew style hardcore, plain and simple. Featured songs are from a final recording session, the demo and some live stuff from CGBG's. The vocals have a real NY feel to them. Most of the songs are about being true to the scene. If you must have every youth crew record then by all means get this, otherwise I'd take a pass. BH (Deathwish/432 Morris Ave./Providence, RI 02906)

DOWN IN FLAMES • Three 7"s On One CD

This CD includes eighteen tracks from the last three Down In Flames records. In the same vein as Tear It Up or Life's Halt, Down In Flames make a vicious attack of old style hardcore. The music is sort of a trashy version of the old youth crew sound; going from "Screaming For A Change" to "Screaming In Your Face." They rip through these eighteen songs like a whirlwind looking to destroy a trailer park. Snotty, rebellious, and hard hitting gritty hardcore. Kind of a short CD, but otherwise pretty good stuff. KM (Gloom Records/PO box 14253/Albany, NY 12212)

DEAF PENALTY • Eleven Hours to Go CD

Basic mid-tempo melodic punk with roughly sang vocals. It's well played, but not something you haven't heard a thousand times before. BH (Heydisturbia Records/PO Box 70119/JKSKL, Jakarta, 12240A/Indonesia)

THE DEPARTURE • A Necessity For Ruins CDep

Whew! This is the kind of music that has me reaching for a hammer to smash the nefarious disc to tiny bits. Pop rock with some hardcore influences (mainly in the guitar sound). The sort of music you hear on the skate/surf show "Bluetorch." The TV show you watch with the mute button on. Swirly tempos and annoying off kilter back up vocals and a whiny front man singing about nothing in particular. Oh, when will it end? MA (PO Box 19561/Boulder, CO 80308-2561)

DIALOG CET • Ny Metall CD

Dialog Cet offer up ten songs of experimental sounds. Much of it comparable to when bands go off on the jam tangent live. There are parts of this CD which remind me of seeing Unwound and Fugazi when they wander off into new territory for a few minutes in the middle of a song. Odd song titles are accompanied by a lack of lyrics to keep the listener confused. Good to listen to when you aren't really paying attention; that way you can just enjoy without trying to dissect it. LO (Carcass Records/PO Box 39/46221 Vanersborg/Sweden)

DIATEMATA • CD

4 songs. Similar to the woman in the Cranberries, the singer here uses a vocal style that sounds as if she was constantly out of breath, breaking up or somehow shifting between different pitches. It sounds fine, but tends to irritate after a while. Despite the nervous guitar these songs have a soft dreamy quality with melodies floating around like pearly winged butterflies. Quite charming if that's what you're into. Me, I'm thinking about building some sort

of butterfly-destroying device when I'm listening to it. But that's just me. MH (We Love Records/t Pinehill Crescent/Bangor/Co.Down/BT19 6SF/Northern Ireland) or (Mud Memory Records/1654 Munroe St. NW/Washington, DC 20010)

DRAGNET • Better Off... Dead 7"

I love how you can just listen to some bands and guess the are from Massachusetts. Dragnet play pissed off hardcore thrash with a classic, almost straight edge up-tempo. Though there are no sing along parts, you just know kids are clamoring to get the mic at their shows. Fury and energy come off this record like stink comes off a monkey. (Yes, I think I do mean that.) It is in your face, true hardcore with no explanations just expression. Fans of anything else on Dead Alive will like this record, too. LO (Dead Alive/PO Box 97/Caldwell, NJ 07006)

THE DRIPPING LIPS • Such A Lot of Stars 7"

These guys boast Brian James (The Damned) on guitar, and Nico Mansy (Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds) on bass. Musically it's nothing really like their past. More rock like Johnny Thunders, Iggy Pop, and that ilk. Nicely played, but nothing dangerous. MA (NDN Records/PO Box 131471/The Woodlands, TX 77393-1471)

ENVY • All The Footprints... CD

Absolutely fantastic new school emo from Japan. If you haven't heard Envy yet, then you're definitely missing out. The songs are built on relatively melodic guitar work, but you get such a wall of sound here that the effect is never that of pretty-core. The vocals are screamed (not all the time - and I actually like them better when they're not so tortured) and together with the frantic noise in the background, you get something equivalent of a bulldozer. Thankfully there are plenty of quieter parts and things stay interesting throughout. I've been listening to this a lot. Great release. MH (Dim Mak Records/HG: Fact/PO Box 14041/Santa Barbara, CA 93107)

ENGINE DOWN • A Sign of Breath CD

This is a four song CD of material that might have been released in some form already, but I'm not sure. I was expecting the most from this and I wasn't let down. I enjoyed the last Engine Down LP tremendously and this is basically more of the same; sad, tightly wound songs that tell melancholic stories. This is quite beautiful in every respect and absolutely essential for anyone who's into emo at all. Another great effort by a band that just gets more amazing all the time. MH (Day After Records/PO Box 153/32101 AS/Czech Republic; www.dayafter.com)

ETERNA INOCENCIA • Backflip CD

I believe these are folks that Greg Chumprine met in his travels to Argentina, so it is probably a must for fans of that "zicre. Eterna Inocencia have what I would call a hard rock sound. By some miracle they pull it off in a way that is not at all derivative. A few songs are sung in English, but I found the Spanish songs to be the most interesting to listen to. Lyrics are included in the language they are sung in. DF (\$5 to Chumprine/PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680)

EXCLAIM • Critical Exploder LP

Exclaim is in the foreground of Japanese thrash as most North Americans see it. They have a 7" on *Deranged*, a split 7" with Jellyroll Rockheads on 625 Thrashcore, and now this LP on Sound Pollution. Plus they just did a west coast tour with Life's Halt, What Happens Next?, and Jellyroll Rockheads. When I saw them, they were totally crazy. They would start each song with an elaborate intro of sorts, and then it would all just degrade into this wall of noisy thrash the kids were moshing to. They certainly were intense and they just did not quit! This LP is a lot like that. You are just bombarded, so much so that you can't even focus on most of it. Try to check out the insert and you are met with photos, song titles, and a bunch of Japanese characters. The song titles are great though. We're talking ones like "Dedicated To All Records," "Corporate State Till Death," "Throw Into Disorder," and "DIY2." There is only so much thrash I can truly appreciate, so their live set was enough for me. Still, this LP is totally insane in a really appealing way. LO (Sound Pollution/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

EL CORAZON DEL SAPO • La Casa Magnetica CD

This CD has 16 tracks of hard hitting rock and roll. The tones are deep and the lyrics (about various life experiences and thoughts) are dark. The recording is good and the whole CD is done well. The booklet is thick with lyrics listen in Spanish, Castilian, and English (and pictures of wrestlers). I am not a fan of this almost alternative rock style harcore, but this project is well done all around so fans of this style would be impressed. LO (Mala Raza/A.P. 6037/50080 Zaragoza/Spain)

FIVE MINUTE MAYOR • When It Ends CD

The vocals and the fast parts remind me of Judge a little, but for the most part this is a little less refined, more Sheer Terror than Underdog, if you know what I mean. Still, if it's New York hardcore you like, this might be for you. Personally, I think they should concentrate on the fast parts and drop the endless moshing, but hey, who am I to tell them that? I mean, they look pretty scary and all that and I don't want to piss them off. The lyrics deal with what the NY scene has become, gossiping, friendship and memories of loved ones. There is one little gem on here, though, a song about playing hockey, believe it or not, which must have been the funniest thing I've read in quite a while. "Deep in the corner, no place for you to hide, deep in the corner, is where I'll win that puck." I'm not making this up. MH (Inner Rage Records/BP 425/75233 Paris Cedex 05/France)

FIN FANG FOOM • Texture, Structure and the... CD

I would say that this comes out of the Ben Davis, Engine Down and Monorchid corner. Some of the songs have a quiet, introspective feel, others are more nervous and a little irritating. The slow stuff is pretty good, but the ants in the pants stuff is not for me. Clearly, the more desirable thing to have in your pants would be Russell Crowe or some sort of vibrating implement. But hey, tastes differ, and that's all fine and well. If you get a kick out of intricate rhythms and the sound of some non-hardcore instruments, then this is for you. It is well played and recorded, but there just didn't seem to be any urgency in it. I know this goes with this kind of sound, but at the moment I'm yearning for something other than cleverly shifting song structures. MH (Lovitt Records/PO Box 248/Arlington, VA 2210-9998)

FLASH GORDON • LP

Thrash, thrash, and thrash some more. Thrash, thrash, break down the door. Thrash, thrash on your face. Thrash, thrash all over the place. Flash Gordon is from Tromaville and they do it well. Their crisp mix of grind and thrash will send you straight to hell. (Lyrics all in Japanese.) LO (Answer/Hase Bld No 2 B1, 5-49/Osu 3 Naka-Ku/Nagoya City, Aichi 460/Japan)

THE FALLING • 2 Through 10 7"

This band clearly emulates that Radiohead sound with the sad chords and the fragile, falsetto singing. Considering how much less money they must have spent on these songs than Radiohead would have, this sounds pretty good. One thing is certain, though—you have to be into this kind of thing, otherwise it will give you the pukies for sure. I was going to thrash this at first, but after a few listens it really grew on me. If you're into the Reflector and Waxwing, then you might like The Falling, too. MH (No Karma Recordings or thefalling@hotmail.com)

FREE VEGA SON • Live At Club Carrigans CD

Man, what a crappy recording. As the CD-R spun around in my player I could hear the ticking sound of it spinning. Add to that the fact that this poorly recorded thing has a really low volume (so in order to hear it you have to turn the volume up to the point where the speakers hiss) and it just sounds bad. Even if this was the most interesting stuff ever, it would sound bad like this. Unfortunately for Free Vega Son, the scratchy punk stuff on here wasn't all that good to begin with. Or, at least, this live recording doesn't have any of the good stuff on it. It sounds like they are playing off key and in a tunnel. The songs are just classically amateur punk stuff with a circle pit beat and a really sloppy style. Too bad. A word to the wise: You should only distribute this to people who have had the chance to see you play. Even if you are better than in this recording, the people who don't already know will still avoid your band at all costs. LO (\$4 to 708 E Miller St./Philadelphia, PA 19125)

THE FIRE • CD

This should probably be in the demo section as the production is extremely minimal to the point that the CD is home-burnt, and the sleeve is a paper CD envelope. Although minimal, though, there is an insert with the lyrics to the ten minutes of music contained on the disc. The sound didn't speak to me, as there was not much to distinguish it from yer standard fast, straight-ahead punk. DF (\$2 to Bill Page/348 N. Pleasant Pkwy/Buffalo, NY 14206)

FIRE DOWN BELOW • 2xCD

Two CDs here, one live and one studio. Not surprisingly, the live disc has more raw energy, while the studio CD is cleaner sounding. Fire Down Below has that sound with the strained hardcore vocals, and the metal influenced guitars. The lyrics are mostly dark with some political content. The best part of this offering, for me, was by far the mixed male and female vocals. DF (Gruntled Records/PO Box 554/LandsDowne, PA 19050)

THE FALLOUT PROJECT • self-titled CD

Harsh vocals and slow metallic guitars. A drawing of a church steeple below two large skyscrapers is on the tray card and is somewhat mysterious. These fellas seem to be upset about something. "Fallout Deathly Hush," "Bitter Is The Fight," "Basic of Substance [sic]," "False and Empty Representation of Existence," "Conceptualized the Extremes," and "Neverending Source of Truth" are the song titles and the lyrics are intriguing, if vague and enigmatic. The French-Canadians' broken English lyrics tend to revolve around agony and mistrust and, unfortunately, the song structure and monotonous vocals can't elevate them above the huddled masses churning out very similar styles of music. Nothing on here really sells me on it. Six songs, 48 minutes. DO (Cyclop Distribution/16 du Charron/Levis, PQ/G6V 7X5/Canada)

FAT ASS • Another Great Day In Shithole 7"

This sort of sound calls for lots of beer, motorcycles and sawdust on the floor which reminds me of the time I toured the states with this lesbian biker gang and I saw bands like this play every day. Okay, I lied. Not every day. Anyway, this is catchy enough, I guess. The question is whether you really want to own a record by a band called Fat Ass. Only you can answer that... MH (Diaphragm/PO Box 10388/Columbus, OH 43201)

GARRISON • Be A Criminal LP

By now, I expect most people are more or less familiar with Garrison's sound. The songs on here that were a bit more uptempo rocked in an almost Transmegerette kind of way, although they still aren't as energetic as they could be. The mellower tracks are, well, they are mellow. I've listened to this record over and over when I was packing my things, but unfortunately not much stuck. I think Garrison has a nice melodic sound, but they do lack that certain special something that might set them apart from the rest of the pack. MH (Revelation Records)

GET HUSTLE • 7"

This 7" starts off with a downright scary cover of "Who Do You Love?" That alone made me dread turning the record over to hear their original. Luckily, the other side is much better. Their freaky, art house style music meanders around your ears and tickles the senses. The players are a singer, drummer, organist, and pianist. They create a tip toeing melody with deeply boated vocals that gets freaky in parts. It is highly dramatic and perfect for Gravity. LO (Gravity/PO Box 81332/San Diego, CA 92138)

GG ALLIN • Violent Beatings CD

These are re-issues of The GG Allin recordings from 1991 and 1988. The sound is sloppy and gross and not something that I personally needed to be re-released. Some sample song titles may give the un-initiated a feel for this CD: Watch Me Kill the Boston Girl, Castration Crucifixion, Slaughterhouse Death Camp, Shit on My Prick, and I Live to be Hated. Altogether non-positive stuff here. Only recommended to those with historical interest. DF (ACME Records)

GOLD CIRCLES • Abuse the Magic CD

Oh man! Oh man! Where is the stop button!! Getting sleepy... Yeah, that about sums it up. I don't know how they did it but these guys have made the most droning slow music ever. Sure there are breakdowns but they are just variations of the verse riffs. And, my how many stops! The singer seems to think Falsetto is cool. I don't know I guess they are really talented at what they do, but it's not for me. JL (Copter Crash Records/PO Box 6095/Hudson, FL 34667)

THE GRIFFIN • Singles Collection CD

This a collection of 7"s released over the years from 1988 to 1997. The Griffin apparently had quite identity crisis over these years. Much of the time they played pretty straight-forward punk, nothing earth-shattering but still pretty decent. Then at some point they went for more of a clash dub/reggae direction only to slip into an Elvis Costello geek rock period and then reach the Irish folk song stage. 10 years is a long time and there were quite a few line-up changes and this appears to be a random sampling of their sound over this time period, but the style changes are still pretty bizarre. BH (Money Talks Records/no address)

THE GTC • 7"

Odd record. From the minimal packaging to the music. For all the chaos and screaming there is something subdued about it all. Almost serene. Reminds me of what was happening when the ever important topic of what is and what isn't hardcore and what is emo was raging like a wildfire in the mid 90s. There's the shredding vocal chord screaming backed up with crust grunting. Out of nowhere a trumpet will come in and quickly disappear. Hmmm... Like I said, this is an odd record. MA (White Denim/2247 Riverbend Rd./Allentown, PA 18103)

HAL AL SHEDAD • Singles and Unreleased: 1995-1999 CD

16 tracks at 72:05 minutes. The title tells much of the story of this CD. You get the contents of all their 7" singles, a few being remixed, plus a few unreleased songs. The last three tracks are unreleased and were recorded at their final show. Portions of the last two were then spliced together with demo versions of those songs to produce the versions included here. These tracks are longer with extended droning instrumental intros. The sound quality is that of a rough mixed live recording with much of the energy of the performance captured. The CD booklet includes many photos of the band in many locales, two excerpts from a European tour diary, and some explanation of the band's history and track recording information. SJS (The Buddy System/302 Bedford Ave. #284/Brooklyn, NY 11211)

HALIFAX PIER • Put Your Gloves On and Wave CD

Yet another great CD from Temporary Residence Limited Records. This time TRL bring Halifax Pier to grace my ears with some smooth folk-chamber music. The songs are mostly instrumentals. Even though there's singing on most of the songs, the songs are more revolved around the instrumental melodies. One of the people who does singing on this sounds so much like the guy from Karate that I had to cross reference an old Karate 12" I had lying around to make sure it wasn't the same person. Sounding like the Karate guy isn't bad because that dude's a good singer, so that means the singing on this is good too. Oh, did I mention that they use a violinist and a cellist, yes they do; now I've got violin melodies stuck in my head from listening to this all day at work. This CD is bliss. ADI (Temporary Residence/PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)

HARICOT VERT • Les Moyennes Des Folklore CD

Wow, this one really took a hold of me. I had expected some bland indie rock, but what I heard was way more intricate, interesting, and engaging than I was prepared for. Haricot Vert plays six sweet songs with precise guitar work and smooth tones that suck you right in. Change-ups and breakdowns keep you interested throughout all the songs, especially the instrumental ones. It is all just really absorbing and fresh sounding. Brian Paulson who also recorded stuff for Wilco, Slint, and Polvo recorded this six song EP. (Okay, so I read that part off the sticker on the front.) LO (Moodswing Records/3833 Roswell Rd. #104/Atlanta, GA 30342)

HATES • Punk Rock Xmas 7"

The first song on the first side is "Santa Patrol" a scathing commentary on the dark side of the holiday. Lots of comments about the economic cycle and how it affects us. The song itself is a classic punk rock song with a slow tempo and dark feel. Now, "Yuletide Riot" has a catchier tempo and (although the lyrics are not printed) you can tell is about raising hell on the holiday. I was hoping for a more humor based Crucial Yule-esque thing but this did entertain Fil and I for the time it was on. Not something I would listen to again though. LO (Faceless Records)

HEAD PRO • Torn By Two Nothings CD

9 tracks at 57:20 minutes. This is medium tempo metal stretched out with keyboard solos and lengthy instrumental intros and breaks. They keep the pace of the songs moving along through many tempo shifts sort of like "Master Of Puppets". It sounds like they have played these songs many times. No lyrics included. SJS (908 French St./New Orleans, LA 70124)

HER WAY • LP

For every town, there is a really good hearted indie rock band that can sing about feelings all off key and flawed but add enough melody and heart that you will like them anyway. In Goleta, that band is Stratego. In another town, the band is Her Way. Their emo love songs tug at your heart strings. They put old pictures of kids all over their records and don't need to print the lyrics, you know what they are already. Local kids will love it and others may not even know... but what does it matter for a band who hopes most to rock a little and talk a little. Enjoy the good times, there may be few. LO (Soul Is Cheap/PO Box 11552/Memphis, TN 38111)

HOT CROSS • A New Set of Lungs 10"

Hot Cross features an all star line-up of scremo veterans from such bands as Saetia, You and I, Off Minor, Neil Perry, The Now, and Joshua Fit For Battle. Their sound is melodic and catchy with a dose of passion, and while some of their previous bands had more angst driven vocal work and chaotic mood swings Hot Cross is a bit more controlled. Well done and enjoyable. (Robdog Records/12001 Aintree Lane/Retson, VA 20191)

HIGH HOPES • Some Things Last Forever 7"

You know I loved Lifetime as much as anybody, but when they died I wish that they could have done us all a favor and taken this offshoot genre of poppy, boy-band "hardcore" along with them. I listened to this over and over and over trying to find something positive to say about it and here's the thing: if you speed it up to 45 it's really not that bad. It takes less time, it's not as boring, it makes the drummer sound good and, at 45, some of the songs sound like Discount. Otherwise the vocals are painful and you'll be able to understand the lyrics. I don't want to ruin them for you but the girl got away and some dude turned his back on the scene. FIL (Platinum Records/PO Box 1812/74308 Bietigheim/Germany)

HOMO ERADICUS • Misanthropology 7"

Constipated rottweiler grunting and puffing over harsh, dark music. I am reminded of Man is the Bastard, but that might just be the abundance of apes and neanderthals on the artwork. Grim stuff, I say, and good enough to alienate your neighbours, that's for sure. Turn up loud, grab that stick and scrape your knuckles in the dust. For mankind is a primitive beast that needs to be whacked on the head with a pointy rock until fountains of blood spurt from the ears and grey matter splatters on filthy soil like excrement raining from heaven in a hail of unquenchable rage. MH (Rock & Roll Play Records)

IDIOT HUMANS • 7"

The layout of this 7" made me expect something godawful, so I was pleasantly surprised to find the songs on this 7" to be pretty good. They have an older UK punk sound with a lot of melody and catchy riffs. "Dressed In Green" criticizes the life of a soldier with all the urgency and originality of and 80s punk band singing about Regan. Their tempo ranges from upbeat to slow, but they never play too fast. This Idiot Humans 7" is very listenable and by far this best thing I have heard on Smog Veil. LO (Smog Veil Records/774 Mays #10-454/Incline Village, NV 89451)

IN DECADES DECLINE • Duncideann CD

Okay, this kind of sounds like GBH mixed with Throwdown mixed with Voorhees mixed with Unbroken mixed with Fear Of God. The lyrics are sad and desperate, but they're not just words as with a lot of other bands. Through every line real life experience, real life horror seeps like puss through a sieve. It's kind of dirty and it's kind of mean. They don't write like this in Florida. There's too much sun. "Bright lights, where the roads are paved with shite." That pretty much sums it up. Living on the edge, UK style. MH (Lawgiver Records/PO Box 17188/EH11 2WX/UK)

IN DYING DAYS • Life as a Balancing Act CD

Bury Me Standing quickly came to mind while listening to In Dying Days. More hardcore than metal, but definitely a mix with gatling gun kick drums and shrill guitars. The sound and booklet production are glossy in a good way, showing care for the recording. The songs are well put together. They lyrics are dark but, well thought out and genuine. Pretty good album. DF (One Day Savior Records/PO Box 372/Williston Park, NY 11596)

INTENSITY • The Ruins of Our Future LP or CD

While in Europe this summer I had the pleasure of seeing Intensity shred through one of their great live sets. They were personable, political and they played great hardcore as well; ugly and passionate. The Ruins of Our Future is filled with powerful and hard hitting thrashcore that totally lives up to their live performance. The lyrics are political and the music is fast and furious with plenty of style. Fifteen original tracks as well as a cover of Citizens Arrest's "In The Distance." Awesome hardcore. (Deranged Records/PO Box 543/Station P/Toronto, ON/M5S-2T1/Canada and Putrid Filth Conspiracy/Rodrigo Alfaro/Box 7092/S-200 42 Malmö/ Sweden)

INK CARTRIDGE FUNERAL • CD

For the most part, Ellington puts out heavy hardcore with a lot of metal influences and harsh tones. Ink Cartridge Funeral has many of those aspects, but they also infuse a lot of melody into each of their songs. The CD starts out quite rough and progresses into a more tuneful collection of alternative rock-esque sounds towards the end. It is as if you are being led to a very precise point, lulled into a particular mood along the way. The lyrics are all personal and gut wrenching as they scream and sing about the outside world that affects their inside world. LO (Ellington/PO Box 13445/Berkeley, CA 94712)

IN CONTROL • Another Year LP

Nardcore... though plenty of bands have come from Oxnard claiming to hold true to the Nardcore scene, the only one you've probably heard of is Ill Repute. But while everyone's heads have been turned, there has been plenty going on in the nard. In Control is one (of many) bands that started small in the nard. Now, with this record on Indecision and the CD on Six Weeks a lot more people will turn their eyes to the land of Fred Hammer. In Control play tough and crunchy hardcore that reminds me of Outspoken. Now, In Control isn't a straight edge band but they rival any of the popular ones of today with their strength and intensity on this record. The songs are structured well and there is plenty to bob your head to. Their thoughtful, almost PC, lyrics surprised me with their intelligence as well. A perfect release for Indecision. LO (Indecision Records/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

THE INTIMA • 7"

A fresh record of a punk band doing an old sound. Wait, say that again? 'Yes, that is what I mean. Essentially, this band is playing three songs that could easily made it into Sonic Youth's Daydream Nation album. Now, after waiting for the whole style-core craze has mellowed out and diversified sounds and scenes, this 7" comes out like something new. It is just a little updated and there is some extra violin that wouldn't have come into play back then. Not surprisingly, this band is from Olympia, the home of K Records and Kill Rock Stars whose success in the early nineties help fueled the rebirth of what The Intima is doing here. Hand-screened covers with super thick ink. LO (Postpresent Medium/PO Box 461360/Los Angeles, CA 90046)

JOHN BROWN BATTERY • Is Jinxed CD

Very melodic music with rough vocals, reminds me of Jawbreaker and Samiam. As with most bands of this variety the lyrics are of the personal sort. Every once in a while this caught my attention, but most of the time it didn't hold my interest. BH (He Who Corrupts Inc./196 Fairfield/Elmhurst, IL 60126)

JAMES LOVES JACKSON • CD

James Loves Jackson play invigorated melodic hardcore with influences of screamo. It is a sound heavily influenced by late nineties hardcore bands like Mohinder or John Henry West. Nowadays, there are plenty of bands looking to add that to a more melody driven style to create something heavy and entrancing. The first one that comes to mind is Books Lie. James Loves Jackson pounds at you the way Planes Mistaken For Stars does, just a bit more sweetly. I was really impressed with this CD. LO (Schuykill Records c/o www.phillyshreds.com)

JUGGLING JUGULARS • Propaganda Immunity LP

From what I hear JJ have been around for quite a while. This is the first I've heard of them, though, and it's great! Finnish style political punk with awesome thought out lyrical content. Great womyn vocals in a Post Regiment and older Submission Hold style with shouted male vocals teaming up. The musicianship is top notch, semi melodic and catchy with

plenty of cool sounding guitar riffs leading into and out of verses. My favorite song on the album is "Opposites." Its about how the capitalist society doesn't need states and borders, but neither does the ideal anarchist society, yet each vision is completely opposite. The lyrics are sung (very well) in English. The vocal arrangements are great, with trade offs between sing alongs and group choruses. Everything flows with great a Scandi/Polish type sound. Some of the songs even have a ska like feel to them. You can really appreciate the sincerity and emotion in the music and the vocals. The lyrics range from staying firm in your beliefs, globalization, religious domination of indigenous people, and just trying to be a real human. I'm sure you won't be disappointed by what you hear! CF (Twisted Chords/Postfach/76327 Pfingsttal/Germany)

JEDI FIVE • Relentless CD

You know with song titles like "Yeah I'm goin I'm going like a muthafucka" and "Emo makes me cry," I was expecting a laugh out loud funny CD. Instead I get a CD about girls, stars, and drinking. The Jedi Five are good at what they do, but it is really just poppy punk with tough guy backing vocals. JL (Hellbent Recordings/PO Box 1529/Pt. Pleasant Beach, NJ 08742)

JOHNNY X AND THE GROADIES • Illin' Technology 7"

Illin' Technology isn't the worst title they could have picked for this. Johnny sounds like he was born from a 30 foot killer-robot mother and a baby-devouring neanderthaloid dad. Now he and The Groadies roam a post-apocalyptic world driving their tractor, looking for prey in the form of giant man-eating rats. Cockroach armies follow them everywhere, humming tunes of destruction and chaos while they feast on Johnny's stool, like frenzied pre-schoolers sucking on ice cream cones. Total mayhem, played at great speed. Sludgy, mean, and darker than a walrus's asshole. MH (5742 NE Mallory/Portland, OR 97211)

JENIGER • Point of No Return LP

Dark and desperate with powerfully screamed female vocals, Jeniger offer up a heavy and hard hitting hardcore record that does not sacrifice melody for brutality. Musically, Jeniger shares many influences with Tragedy; both bands having melodic and catchy songs that are still hard and powerful at the same time. They storm along with several different tempo changes and their faster near thrash songs are just as good as their more slow and apocalyptic death marches. Quite good. KM (Skuld.Releases/Malmsheimerstr. 14/71272 Renhagen/Germany)

JULIA SETS • Domino 7"

Charming low-fi pop that reminds me of The Jesus and Mary Chain and The Pale Fountains. On the inlet they're compared to the Field Mice and Silver Scooter who I'm less familiar with. This isn't the kind of sound that I've been getting excited about in the last 10 years, but if you feel like travelling back in time and listening to some 80s pop, then you will want to check this out. I'm tired of saying this, but, "it's good for what it is." MH (The Bert Dax Cavalcade of Stars/PO Box 39012/St.Louis, MO 63139)

LIFES HALT

photo by Scott Forrester



KAOSPILOT • *For Your Safety* 7"

Kaospilot deliver six frenzied songs that are a mix of metal core and modern screamo. Each of their songs has a structure that stays constant as other aspects meander and crash around. It is a sound that reminds me much of Pg. 99 and their many member take on hardcore. Kaospilot also sound like Reversal Of Man because they use small melodies and breakdowns to drive the song home. Their lyrics about the state of society as well as personal issues fit well within this framework. A nice 7" all around. Look for their split 7" with Neil Perry that should be out about now on Level Plane. LO (Nova Recordings/Gladbacherstr. 44/50672 Köln/Germany)

KEITH WELSH • *American* CD

Singer-songwriter stuff that sounds like a less psychotic Bright Eyes, more vocally adept Palace Brothers, unplugged-Beatles or worst of all, a tremendously uninspired Ben Folds Five. The thing that usually bugs me about this kind of sound is that a lot of these bedroom musicians write whiny lyrics to crappy, hookless songs. What I don't like about Keith Sweat is that he sounds TOO good, TOO professional. Maybe that's a silly complaint, I don't know. It just seems like this should be reviewed in CMJ and *Rolling Stone* and not in *HearttattacK*. Or maybe it's just the artwork that doesn't tell me ANYTHING about this guy and the lack of lyrics. Okay, he isn't exactly screaming and if I was giving a fuck I could probably understand what he's saying, but the problem is, and I don't know how else to put it, that this simply doesn't make me care. MH (Box Car Records/PO Box 1141/Melbourne, FL 32902-1141)

THE LACK • CD

The Lack is an industrial band from Columbus. I saw them play a couple times and I don't think I've ever seen such a potential for a technical disaster. It was like a fortress of keyboards and cords and shit everywhere but somehow they pulled it off. At times they had two drummers and it was heavy as fuck. This CD has some of that heaviness and some of the songs that I remember along with some electronic noise tracks and some other songs that have more of a goth/new wave feel to them with creepier vocals. The one thing that weirds me out is that to get the complete lyrics you have to open them up on a computer. Some of them, however, are printed on the light blue transparencies in the jewel case. FIL (Troubleman/16 Willow St/Bayonne, NJ 07002)

LIMP WRIST • LP

Damn. Combine the awesome charisma and outspoken intelligence of Los Crudos' singer with the fury of old school youth crew, then mention that Limp Wrist is a gay straight edge band, and then sit back and watch the show! Great furious music, powerfully aggressive singing, crushing songs, and totally rebellious and unique lyrics guarantee that Limp Wrist are going to take the scene by the balls. Pissed, gay, straight edge, and proud! No mercy for the narrow minded. Giving a whole new meaning to brotherhood while salivating over all the sweaty, young, and shirtless boys moshing in the pit! The LP comes with a great booklet filled with lyrics and art and lots of pictures of those young hardcore boys. KM (Lengua Armada Records)

LAUREN HOSPITAL • 7"

"The Dark Times Are Coming" is a song of theirs expressed in three parts on this 7". The overall sound is melodic, though and occasional hardcore influence of screamo can be heard. This band has a modern sound that I think would be very interesting live. Something about this 7" just sort of lays around though. It seems like you have to turn it way up in order to get what you need. The record needs to have a recording that makes the stuff more present; that would make better use of the potential I can hear here. LO (lauren_hospital@hotmail.com)

LIMP WRIST • *What's Up With The Kids* 7"

Limp Wrist embodies both the rebellious spirit and the political enthusiasm of great hardcore. Their queer edge anthems discuss sexuality in frank and challenging ways (both in and out of the scene). Their sound is fast, with lots of elements of thrash and older hardcore. If you have heard of them before, it is no doubt due to their hardcore super-group status, touting member of Kill The Man Who Questions, Hail Mary, and the might Los Crudos. If you've seen them live, you know they totally shred. Regardless of all that, this 7" sounds really good and it is great to have it combined with an important message. Awesome. LO (Paralogy/PO Box 14253/Albany, NY 12212)

LAYMEN TERMS • *An Introduction* CD

7 tracks at 26:58 minutes. Melodic punk rock from this dual guitar quartet. They stretch their tunes out a bit with some decent instrumental segments and the songs have a variety of tempos. They employ multiple overlapping vocals in places which is always a nice touch and the vocals do not overwhelm the music. The lyrics are introspective and sad. We've heard most of this a hundred times over by now but Laymen Terms infuse just enough of themselves into their music to keep this recording from being instantly forgettable. SJS (Soda Jerk Records/PO Box 4056/Boulder, CO 80306)

LES BLACK'S AMAZING PINK HOLES • CD

This was a sloppy, crazy punk band from Cleveland in the 1980s. They have poppy songs and lots of stuff out of tune. They mock the world, they mock themselves, they mock you. Their booklet has a page of photos and salutations from each of the band members. Acting as a discography, this CD contains all of their releases from various releases of insanity. LO (Smog Veil Records/774 Mays #10-454/Incline Village, NV 89451)

LESSER OF TWO • *Transmutation* CD

This is a 30 track CD that combines songs from an upcoming EP on Catastrophic Sound, a bunch of unreleased and "different version" tracks, 2 earlier EP's and a live show from Slovenia. Apparently this Oakland band has been together for about 9 years. I think I'd heard them before but wasn't a big fan. The new tracks on here are extremely powerful, though, and not at all what I expected. Great thrashing hardcore with excellent drumming. I'm still not that much into the older stuff, which seems less focused. Still, I've had to change my mind about this band. They seem to be on the right track now. Cool. MH (PO Box 3603/Oakland, CA 94609)

THE LIARS • *They Threw Us All...* CD

I must admit that I cheated a little on this one... I really didn't know what to compare The Liars to. The label info says they sound a little like a mix between The Birthday Party and PIL. Very early punk then. These songs have quite an edge, but they're aggressive in different way than bands like Black Flag were. They're a bit less "blood and guts" and more "artsy." Music for grown ups. A little too much attitude for my taste and not enough catchiness, but to each their own. MH (Gern Blandsten/PO Box 356/River Edge, NJ 07661; www.gernblandsten.com)

THE LOW BUDGETS • *Go Bargain Hunting With...* 7"

I guess the average hardcore record is a lot easier to review because you can find the appropriate genre quite quickly. With The Low Budgets I don't really know what to compare them to. In a way this reminds me of 80s new wave/pop in the vein of Fischer Z and the Buzzcocks, but it's a lot noisier, rawer and more aggressive. There is some garage thing going on as well. Oh yeah, and KEYBOARD ALERT!!! No, it's not that bad, it all comes together quite well. I can't say I like the artwork too much. The idea was good, but the execution very sloppy. Now it just looks like the kind of record that will get stuck in the bin forever because the cover is so hard to categorize. It looks like crappy beer core which it's totally not. Oh well... White vinyl and hand numbered (300). I think I'll keep this. MH (Nancy Boy Records/3143 Olympia Place/Philadelphia, PA 19145)

MEGABRATS • 7"

This record came with a handwritten note from the label guy that says "These boys are basement rock 'n' roll. Nothing fancy. Just good times." And that pretty much sums it up. The lyrics are on the nose and a lot better than I expected them to be. Unfortunately the sound quality is closer to a demo than a good times, rocking record. Apart from that I can't find anything wrong with it. MH (Pool or Pond Records c/o John Tosch/PO Box 2084/Bellingham, WA 98227)

MUNITION • *The Black Wave* CD

These guys are from Chicago, and they sound it. *The Black Wave* reminds me of older Horace Pinker and the like. Mostly the lyrics have personal or political themes (with some comments about the scene). Some of the guitar solos don't fit at all with where they are, and for the most part are kinda sloppy. They also have weird wah pedal like effects thrown in at the wrong times. Other than the guitar work, these guys are something worthwhile. Oh yeah, some of the proceeds benefit an organization called PLAY so you can't go wrong. JL (Failed Experiment Records/5420 S. Bishop St./Chicago, IL 60609)



The Assistant

photo by Nick Shaw

THE MARATO • Dirty Stories CD

I think I can detect a slight *Braid* influence in this, but it isn't too overwhelming. These songs seem a little more relaxed, a little less keen on proving that they're weirder than your grandma's underpants. For the most part this is just very pleasant and sometimes they even rock a little bit. Pretty good, I say. MH (Blue Skies Turn Black/214 Thornhill/DDO, Quebec/H9G 1P7/Canada)

THE MIDNIGHT CREEPS • One Track Mind CD

Man, this stuff sucks. The singer really wants to be Patti Smith, but the music and lyrics are a whole other story. Weak bar rock, with cheesy sexual innuendoes throughout, and a call to be a "rock'n'roll sister." MA (Kate Hell Records/PO Box 4083/Attleboro, MA 02703)

MINIWATT • Assimilated CD

Funky rock. The start of "Assimilated" reminds me of the beginning of Car Vs. Driver songs, with the stop and start jangly guitars. A little too much free-jazz and too few cohesive grooves for me. Really nothing to grab onto and dance to. A few songs, like "Terrible Things" have potential, but they stick with the repetitive droning rather than expanding the rock. Falls well short of inspirational. 13 songs, 22 minutes. DO (Arbeid/616 Willett Ave./East Providence, RI 02915)

THE MIRACLE OF 86 • self-titled CD

This is a reissue of their CD on Fadeaway Records from way back in 2000 (now on Immigrant Sun). Immediately I'm taking back a few years to the days of local boys Three Letter Engagement, along with Giveuntilgone, Jimmy Eat World (certain elements) and Saves The Day. I don't know much about these boys, but I can't help but like this disc, even if it's not the most innovative thing ever. Rocking and sweet vocals with raspy, crackling, prepubescence. "A Less Importance Place" is a pretty good jumping-off point and "Surprise Me" is a fun, little song about the predictability and clichés of life. They're looking for "a painter that's not pretentious and a rock band that is inventive..." which is a rarity in this world of derivative rock music. Ironic, isn't it? Anyway, all in all, I am enjoying this poppy-punky pop as a sort of guilty pleasure. They've got spirit and idealism, so I guess that's good enough for me...bravo, boys. Sometimes overly sappy personal stuff from sensitive guys ("Summer's starting early, but I'm not over Spring yet..."). 10 songs, 39 minutes. DO (Immigrant Sun/PO Box 150711/Brooklyn, NY 11215)

MISERY • The Early Years CD

Twenty-three tracks of pure Misery. The early tracks are my favorite, as the *Born, Fed... Slaughtered 77* is still my favorite Misery release. At their best Misery plays powerful crusty style hardcore that is heavily flavored with some really moody and apocalyptic atmospheric enhancement. They are simply awesome when they are doing the eerie soundtrack for the post-nuclear holocaust. At their worst Misery plays straight forward crusty style hardcore. Overall this is an enjoyable listen for me, however, what the fuck is up with no lyric sheet? Seriously, what the fuck is up with that? Kind of shitty to have a Misery CD that lacks a lyric sheet. All of my Misery 77's have lyric sheets. Hmmm.... KM (Crimes Against Humanity/Havoc)

NAKED N' HAPPY AND FRIENDS • Live at L'X CD

Live recordings of a French ska/party/circus band, called Naked N' Happy, along with some friends (The Sainte Catherine's, Issue 16, The Delegates and Map) playing some really fun music. In addition to a lot of solid original tunes (including one called "Ian MacKaye Must Be Crying"), they do covers of Operation Ivy's "Bombshell" and Europe's "Final Countdown" (dope, complete with horns). At best, these guys are an even more energetic Op Ivy, at worst, tacky like The Aquabats. This is an epic disc at 72 minutes, but it has some fun stuff on it. If you enjoy fast-paced silly music with French bantering interjected, then give Naked N' Happy a chance to win your heart. 20 songs, 73 minutes. DO (daretoacarecords@hotmail.com)

NIENTARA • The Summers End CD

Heavy metal, sans the guitar solos. Lots of chugg-chugg guitar parts, but I hesitate to call it moshy since there's generally more going on than your basic mosh-metal band musters. Lots of tempo changes, at times they feel a bit forced but most are pulled off well. The vocalist is of the Rorschach demon out of hell school with most of his anger directed at personal relationships. The dreaded double bass drum makes a few appearances and there is a melodic bit with "pretty" singing as well. The metal aficionado would definitely want to give this a look-see but I got bored with it after a few songs. BH (Tribunal Records/PO Box 49322/Greensboro, NC 27419-1322)

NO DENIAL • Soundtrack Of Decline CD

Ah yeah, seriously raging hardcore with a classic straight edge style. (I don't know if this band is actually a straight edge band, but Crucial Response has release enough of it that I can't help but make the connection. Anyway, they sound like a really good straight edge band—and a compliment is a compliment.) No Denial hits hard with lots of crunchy guitar work and enthusiastic drumming. The lyrics oscillate between the ills of the world and how to make life better. Heavy imagery compliments the music well. Another good release from Crucial Response. LO (Crucial Response/Kaiserfelds 98/46047 Oberhausen/Germany)

9 SHOCKS TERROR • Zen And The Art of Beating Your Ass LP

Blistering, vicious, thrashing hardcore from 9 Shocks Terror. Messy and savage with lots of distortion and ugly raspy screaming, which some might call singing. Brutal and thrashing madness the way the thrash lovers love it. This is the US pressing of an LP that came out in Japan but was never widely available. KM (Havoc Records/PO Box 561/Brunswick, OH 44212)

NUMBSKULL • The Great Brain Bake-Off CD

Basic lo-fi garage rock/punk with weird noises at various strategic points. Each song is preceded by a question and answer, for example "Q: What music makes you physically ill? A: Aerosmith." As you can probably tell I'm stretching to find something to say about this. It's loud and distorted, the lyrics are generally kind of silly with lots of the "you suck" mentality. It's well done for what it is. BH (Smog Veil Records/774 Mays #10-454/Incline Village, NV 89451)

OCELOT • The Quiet Storm CD

This is all instrumental indie rock, complete even with jangly guitars. I really like it but as with all instrumental CDs of this ilk I wish they had a singer. The packaging is also really cool. I really think that with the right singer they could be really huge, but I also admire them for having the guts to not need one. Their songs are really grand and anthemic in scale, with plenty of hooks and breakdowns. I think I'm going to keep up with these guys and if you like instrumental stuff you should too. JL (Moodspring Records/3833 Roswell Rd. Suite 104/Atlanta, GA 30342)

ODDATEEE • Steely Darkglasses CD

Maybe I shouldn't have picked this for review... Sure, I'm quite the expert when it comes to hip hop (not), but additionally I have a really hard time understanding what this guy is saying. And words are rather important with this style, aren't they? Musically this is quite dark and dissonant, often reminding me of Tricky. Some tracks are so freaky and grim, they sound like one of Tom Waits' weirder sound collages. Another point of info; this was produced by Dalek who also has released stuff with Gern Blandstein. I think it's interesting and cool that Charles is putting this out. And while I've never really been into hip hop I appreciate this record for what it is. MH (Gern Blandstein/PO Box 356/River Edge, NJ 07661)

OVER MY DEAD BODY • Rusty Medals And Broken... LP

Over My Dead Body are not a cutting edge musical experience, but instead they are playing rock solid tried and true hardcore. They do it very well, and I definitely enjoy listening to this record. However, Over My Dead Body do have great lyrics and while the rest of the straight edge late '80s hardcore style bands are regurgitating songs about back stabbing friends and staying true to the crew, Over My Dead Body have great songs about capital punishment, pro-choice, and keeping hardcore in the hands of the kids that love it and live it. Sure, there are a few songs on here about staying true, but they fit and don't sound like mindless babble. Also, the reference to Amenity was not missed on me, and I thought that was really cool. Amenity was one of the greatest Southern Californian straight edge bands because they were not one-dimensional and they were concerned about all kinds of issues (similar to Over My Dead Body), and while they may not get much recognition today, they will never be forgotten. Very cool. KM (Indecision Records/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

OIL • Definition Delta CD

If, like me, you were a little disappointed by the new As Friends Rust LP, next up try to invest your money in this Dutch band's newest record and you won't be having any regrets this time. I wasn't expecting such a powerful and catchy record, but these guys really play their heart out here. And if that wasn't enough a damn fine recording adds the final, refining touches to 11 extremely rocking songs. Once I discovered that they present their lyrics in a clearly legible, non-pretentious manner I was close to tears. I think I just found my new favorite band. (sniffle) MH (Coalition Records/Hugo de Grootstraat 25/2518 ED Den Haag/Netherlands)

ORANGE SUNSHINE • Home Erectus LP

The cover has a picture of a hippie dude with a guitar, a dude in military garb with a guitar, and Jesus on a tank. So that pretty much tells you all you need to know about the record. (Well, not really but, hey, there is no insert.) Orange Sunshine brings down the rock and roll with a severe blues edge. In fact, most of the record sounds like The Doors or any other band like that from the late sixties and early seventies. There are six down and low rockers on this LP. LO (Motorwolf Records/Schouwburgstraat 2/2511 VA The Hague/The Netherlands)

THE OATH • " "

There are several different versions of this record. The version for this review has a full color cover with what appears to me to be the image of a woman sucking cock. The lyrics are an unreadable mess in this version, and the only reason I even know what they lyrics say are because I also have the 10" version that has much more readable lyrics. Though honestly, I am not sure what the lyrics are really about even after reading the more legible version of the lyric sheet. The full color booklet is filled with pages and pages of sexual images with all sorts of strange looking things super imposed over them. The music is a violent burst of thrash. Brutal and totally frantic. When I first got this record I really had no idea what the Oath was trying to convey either lyrically or visually. After having communications with Oath members it was all explained, but I still fail to see how this record conveys the messages that they were intending. If you get the record and are as clueless as I was then I suggest you contact them directly to get the 411. But maybe I was just dense and the average hardcore kid will totally get the point. And, yes, it is true, Ebullition decided to not carry this record because we felt that the record needed some sort of explanation of intent. We asked the Oath to include an insert that merely explained what they were trying to do, they declined saying that they wanted to be subtle and ambiguous and that an insert would be a compromise of their message, so Ebullition no longer carries the record. I guess that will make it even more sought after. In any event, the record is certainly interesting, and if you are looking for something that will send your parents into a panic attack then this is just the ticket!! Guaranteed to shock and offend the unsuspecting parent! Thrash, baby, thrash. KM (Coalition Records/Newtonstraat 21/2562 Den Haag/Netherlands)

OUT COLD • Will Attack If Provoked CD

For anyone who's grown up with Black Flag or maybe later with Visual Discrimination, this will seem somewhat redundant. Still, Out Cold is doing a very good job at reviving that era's sense of desperation and nihilism. Not exactly original material, but it is angry and it is heartfelt. I give it thumbs up for that, but I wonder if the next 20 years of hardcore is just gonna be revival after revival and then backlash after backlash. And so on, and so on... Wow, the future is certainly looking bright... MH (ACME Records/PO Box 441/Dracut, MA 01826)

OVERWHELM • CD

This is some intense, well-conceived hardcore, made double interesting by the fact that Overwhelm is from Brazil. The vocals and lyrics are in Portuguese, so I couldn't tell what the songs were about, but I could feel that they were of a serious nature. The booklet indicates you can obtain a translation from noisesuppressor@hotmail.com. Dark and somber, yet not slow, they have developed some engaging hardcore that I would recommend to many. DF (R. Piani 145 apt 201-A/86010-906 Londrina-PR/Brazil)

PAINTBOX • Cry of the Sheeps CD

Very rock-ish hardcore, reminds of later Poison Idea and "Kill, Kill, Kill" era Jerry's Kids. It's got a rough kind of energy to it with a lot of drive. The vocalist sounds like he's been gargling with broken glass in a way that's improved his voice. I have no idea what he's singing about though, since the majority of the lyrics are in Japanese and the English bits don't make a whole lot of sense. I'd recommend it, though some of the guitar solos are a bit much. BH (H.G. Fact/Nakano Shinbashi-M 105/Yoyoi-cho 2-7-15/Nakano, Tokyo/Japan 164-0013)

PANTYBOY • Allright! LP#7

The all the songs on the LP are high energy garage punk. They rock and roll and, when the singer sounds deep and the lyrics get catchy, they even kind of remind me of the Misfits. The songs on the 7" are way more lo-fi and slow. They sound like some kind of practice session. Perhaps that is the latter part of the recording session, after the band has already had a few. I can't really tell what the songs are about because there are no lyrics provided. Though most seem to be about good times, or bad times. LO (Motorwolf Records/Schouwburgstraat 2/2511 VA The Hague/The Netherlands)

PA RALITO! • El Poder Del Lamento CD

Pa Ralito plays an energetic mix of melody and discord on this CD. They keep their sound raw, and in doing so keep a strong punk edge to each of their songs. Many of their songs sound like old punk classics. The lyrics and booklet are all in Spanish, which I don't speak, so I can't figure out too much about this band. The booklet has lots of crazy live pictures of people having fun, fucking shit up, and both. LP (no address)

PANTHERS • Are You Down? CD

Featuring three members of Orchid, one member of Red Scare, and some other guy, Panthers come on pretty strong with a sound that is reminiscent of the slower more arty and rockin' Orchid songs. The vocal sound is identical to Orchid or course (the same singer), and while the Panthers do not play with the same speed and chaotic crazed edge as Orchid the Orchid sound still bleeds through (especially if you compare the slower Orchid songs to the Panther's sound). Okay, I won't say Orchid again in this review. In any event, *Are You Down?* is a great record with lots of energy and character. Very enjoyable. And I would be surprised if those that love the Orchid (oops, I lied, one more time) sound would find this distasteful. Okay, now I won't say Orchid again! I promise. Orchid. Oops, it just slipped out. KM (Troubleman Unlimited/16 Willow St./Bayonne, NJ 07002)

PENFOLD • Our First Taste of Escape CD

This is the post-hardcore emo whatever sound that kids seem to be wetting themselves over recently, complete with random samples of a sad guy talking. Only these guys like to play it very slowly. I don't know, I guess I'd label it as music to go to sleep to. I really need more than just sappy emotion to like a band. As for the shameless name dropping, I'd say the sound very much like Mineral. JL (Milligram Records/PO Box 174/Wickatunk, NJ 07765)

PEZZ • 7"

This is a lot different than other Pezz stuff that I've heard before. This is less pop-punk with more chords and sing a long parts. The three songs here are relatively slow, they all sound very different, but they each have parts that get stuck in my head. There's one song on here that I think sounds just like Social Distortion and I kind of like it even though I don't really like Social Distortion. I also like that the cover and insert are just photocopies. FIL (Soul Is Cheap c/o Zach Payne/PO Box 11552/Memphis, TN 38111)

PEZZ • With Everything We've Got LP

I remember Pezz as a pop punk band from long ago, though on this record they seem more like an older melodic hardcore band with some harsher pop influences. A band that has had the time to make their sound just they way they want it and personal to them. The songs on this LP are really well structured and the lyrics are all good. They attempt to inspire and question, and really just try to make it a little better. If this record were on some big label with lots of push, I could see it becoming a sensation. Something people would happily pay \$15 a CD for and \$10 live. But instead, Pezz release a record on a small local label and go at it from a more grassroots perspective. By some standards, that hurts them as a band, but it makes what they are talking about on this LP all the more poignant. LO (Soul Is Cheap c/o Zach Payne/PO Box 11552/Memphis, TN 38111)

PHOBIA • Serenity Through Pain 12"

So Phobia is back with yet another record. This magnificent gatefold contains 23 tracks of total grindcore. Some may say that they forgot how to rock, well maybe they should hear this album so they can be reminded how brutal they still are. It made me even more excited about them playing in my town in April with Uphill Battle. Accept no imitations, choose Phobia. BS (Deep Six Records/PO Box 691/Burbank, CA 91510-6911)

PIEDMONT CHARISMA • 7"

Maybe it's because I was around when new wave happened and the 80s weren't a particularly happy time in my life, but I really can't get excited about this whole revival thing at all. Piedmont Charisma does a good job, though. They've included an insert on "Asheville, North Carolina—The New Portland" which is quite funny. But for the most part, anybody channeling Sparks makes me want to drag out the old baseball bat and deliver some punk rock justice. MH (19 Osborne Road/Asheville, NC 28801)

POLICE BASTARD • 7"

These Brits play self-titled Death punk. Imagine a mix between Slayer and Doom. Hey! What do you know, they pull off an excellent cover of "Mandatory Suicide" by Slayer. Pretty pissed off sounding stuff if you ask me. Angry gruff shouted vocals over double bass heavy metal laden punk. The musicianship is really tight. Everything is a little too tough for me but not too much. If I were from England I'd say, "This is fucking tits mate!" CF (Twisted Chords/Postfach 76327 Pfingsttal/Germany)

POWER BALL • Opposing Furies CD

For the most part this is mid-tempo punk, though at times it falls into more of a rock-ish groove that kind of reminds me of Verbal Assault. The vocalist alternates between a clean singing voice and a gruff, drowning in phlegm style yell. Lyrics are mostly about dealing with living conditions in modern society. There were a few awkward points and some spots where the intensity suffered a bit plus the guitar gets a bit wanky at times. Other than that this is pretty decent. BH (Rat Town Records/PO Box 50803/Jax Beach, FL 32240)

PIGNATION • You Would Hate to Know... LP

Oh shit... There are few records that actually start a personal mosh fest (cheesy aerobic moves included) inside the small confines of the reviewer's room. These guys definitely are the power violence ninja commando team. Fuck! It's all just so heavy! Not as grindcore as their comp release on Barbaric Thrash Detonation because they leave out the high-pitched screamed vocals and stick with the shouted hardcore guy vocals. Fast, then faster, then watch out! Everybody break dance! This is one of the hardest hitting albums I have heard. The only proper comparison would be Acursed, only in their heaviness and intensity though. The bass tone and style on this is just ridiculous! There are only lyrics for one song, but you can tell they are really spiteful and angry towards life, and then there are also some social political songs too. Here are some of my selected favorites: "Fuck off life! Life fucking sucks" or "drug devour products sociopath crimes breath this air life is corporate heroin!" They also cover bunk existence by Despise You. These Polish guys know how to fucking shred. Get this now or hop on the emo wagon out of town. Go grind! CF (Putrid Filth Conspiracy c/o Rodrigo Alfaro/Box 7092/20042 Malmö/Sweden)

RACEBANNON • In The Grips of the Light CD

You know the mush-mouth, gyrating stylings of Nation of Ulysses, Rye Coalition, Blood Brothers, etc? Well add about a trillion times as much motion sickness-inducing pulsation and you'll get this horrendous CD. It throbs like a headache and literally makes me want to throw up. I press the stop button NOW. 8 songs, 56 excruciating minutes. DO (Secretly Canadian/1021 S. Walnut/Bloomington, IN 47401)

RADIO BERLIN • The Selection Drone CD

This Canadian band does the British kind of new wave thing that I find a lot less annoying than the American version. This sounds a lot like the bands I was into when I was in high school. A few names that come to mind are: Gang of Four, early Cure, The Mighty Lemon Drops and Echo and the Bunnymen. Really well done. MH (www.yourbestguess.com)

RADIO 4 • Dance to the Underground CD

Four songs, one of which is a re-mix of the title track. Radio 4 writes song like The Clash and The Jam used to do; upbeat mod numbers with plenty of melody and drive. I'm sure they make an excellent live band. MH (Gern Blandsten/PO Box 356/River Edge, NJ 07661)

RAISE KAIN • Airborne CD

A six song release from Raise Kain. They play melodic hardcore that has a very polished sound. Due to the success of sell out punk rock ala Blink 182, this very clean recording sounds like it could be on the radio. The songs are constructed and played well; just well enough to be able to pull it off on a more serious scale. I thought most of this CD was pretty good. The melodic parts flow into pop punk parts seamlessly, creating an even field to lay out the rock on. LO (Magnoliastraat 21A//3202 BV Spijkenisse/The Netherlands)

REMEMBERING NEVER • Suffocates My Words... CD

This Florida band reminds me of Keepsake a little, because like early Keepsake, Remembering Never goes from very dark and heavy to extremely melodic and quiet. They are actually a lot more extreme than Keepsake. Their songs cover so many different styles, it's quite unbelievable. Still, the whole thing holds together pretty well. Any song might combine a myriad of different genres and singing styles, anything from distorted screaming to ultra soft singing to melodic Texas is the Reason-ish harmonizing. Everything's held together by tight playing and an excellent production. I'll call it opera-core, because of the high drama factor. If you think you can live with that, then this record is for you. MH (One Day Savior/PO Box 372/Williston Park, NY 11596)

RORSCHACH • Live In Italy 6/18/92 CD

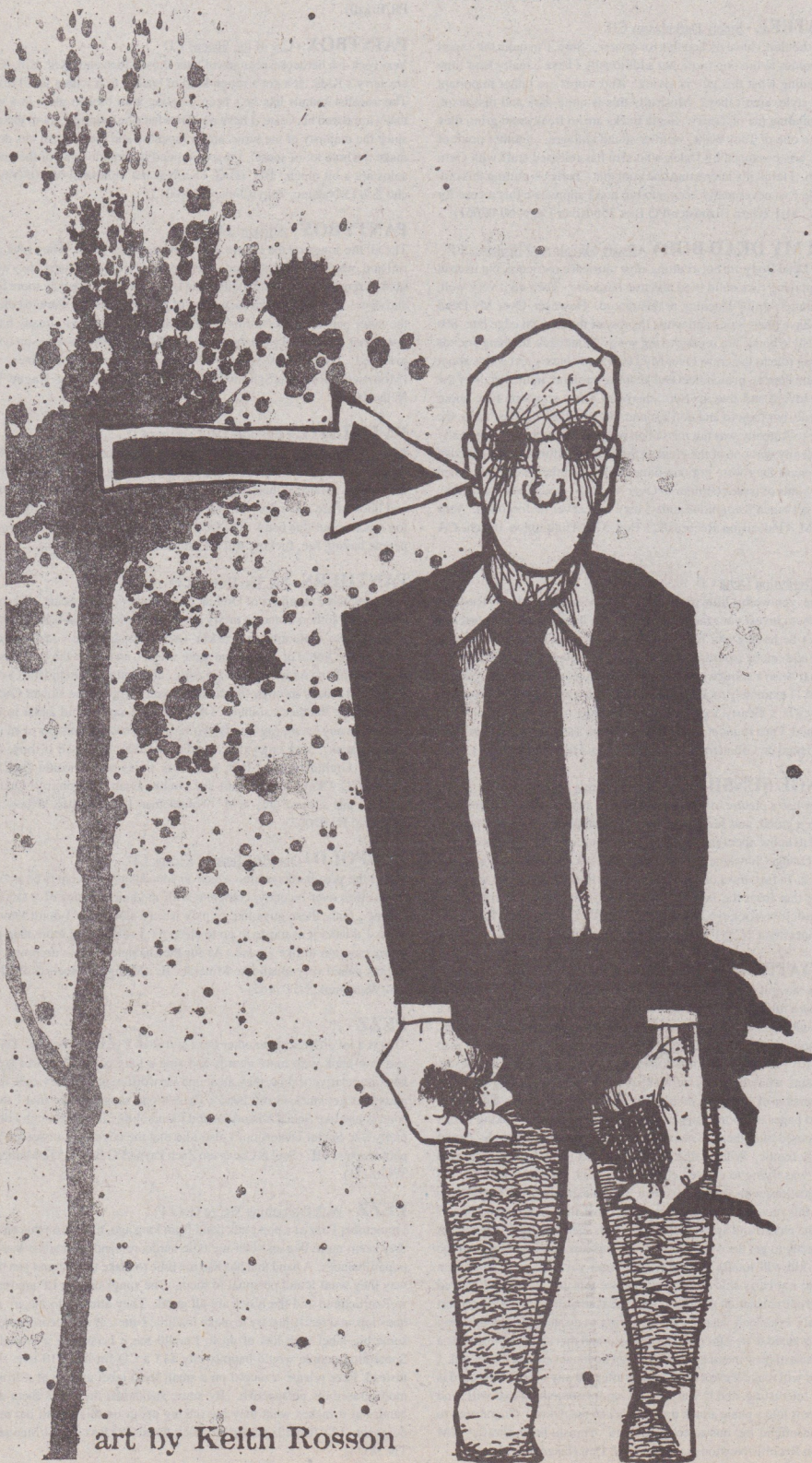
I went on tour in Europe with Downcast in October of 1992 and while on tour I constantly heard people talking about how fucking amazing Rorschach was while they were there. Everywhere we went people were talking about them and their tiny little van. This CD captures the amazing outfit that Rorschach was at their finest. Every time I saw them they were a wondrous live experience. Vicious, brutal, tight and awe inspiring. They put together live sets that most bands only dream of achieving. The CD comes with some pretty cool liner notes, and the sound quality is pretty damn good. The vocals and kick drum might be a tad too high, but otherwise this is a really awesome live recording that was obviously recorded off of the sound board. The live set includes sixteen Rorschach tracks as well as a cover of Black Flag's "My War." Rorschach was a fucking great band. Ask anyone that saw them and they will tell you the same. Really, they were awesome live. KM (Gern Blandsten/PO Box 356/River Edge, NJ 07661)

ROMPE LA INCOMUNICACION • Recopilatorio... CD

A compilation featuring numerous bands from the Americas, the catch being that all are Spanish speaking bands. The sounds range from basic punk to melodic hardcore to grindy metal and there's a reggae song to boot. Worth checking out. BH (Mala Raza/A.P. 6037/50080 Zaragoza/Spain)

RÖVSVETT • Kick Ass!! CD

Six Weeks, notorious for releasing all kinds of thrash mayhem and heavy hitting hardcore, unleash another bastard upon the world. This time a twenty-one track assault from the Swedish Thrash band Rösvett. Due to the clearly defined style of this band, the songs flow from one to the next easily. The lyrics are all in Swedish and so, aside from the "Too Drunk To Fuck" cover, most of it is just noise and crazy screaming. The thrash here is clean and crisp and short; only the CD is long. LO (Six Weeks/225 Lincoln Ave./Cotati, CA 94931)



art by Keith Rosson

SAN GERONIMO • CDep

It all fits very nicely. A little too nicely, if you know what I mean. It follows the melodic, so-called indie rock patter so smoothly that you hardly even notice that anything is even going on. Even when I tried to concentrate on it, it still slipped into the background of my thought. It's well played and all that, just not all that original. DF (San Geronimo/878 Dolores Ave./San Leonardo, CA 94577)

SCALLY • Que Fue de los Dos 7"

Here's some good Spanish punk. The songs are long, the music totally shreds and the breakdowns are rockin'. The lyrics are in Spanish and from what I could make out they are intelligent. I would recommend this to anyone who likes punk/crust/hardcore. DJ (Oliver Garcia/Dorfplatz 1/8750 Riedern/Switzerland)

SCARE TACTIC • 7"

Eleven songs of pissed off hardcore thrash. Scare Tactic attack politics, personality, and religion on this record. They have harsh lyrics and a sharp tongue that keeps their lyrics interesting. They remind me a lot of Tear It Up! and somewhat of Infest, so I think they are doing a good job their first time out with this 7". The recording is a little muddy but it sorts of adds to the charm of the style. LO (Soloman Method Records c/o Dave Last/516 Park Cres./Pickering, ON/L1W 2C9/Canada)

SCISSORFIGHT • Mantrapping For Sport And Profit CD

Okay, my previous knowledge of Scissorfight was fair enough because Kent really liked their last CD and I was forced to listen to it a few times. Actually, I should preface that with the fact that he thought it was a joke. This band does a really good job of playing exactly what they want the way it should be played. My critique is simply that I don't like it. In fact, in many cases it is downright laughable. Imagine if you will the meanest, baddest sounding cock rock that you can, and you only begin to scratch the surface of what Scissorfight can embody. Hell, even their crappy one sheet can only refer to them as "those great trappers from the New England coast who have the bloody pelt of rock'n'roll strewn across their beer soaked floor." Once you hear the record, you realize that is actually pretty accurate in its own vague way. Heavy rock with bad ass lyrics. So bad ass, they do seem funny in an ironic way. Mostly, they talk about fighting, about getting drunk, about being a bad man, etc. I wonder if these dudes have "TCB" tattoos? LO (Tortuga Records/PO Box 15608/Boston, MA 02215)

SCUM NOISE • 7"

The newest release from Crust Records is this band's debut 7". Scum Noise are from Brazil and play gritty punk with harsh thick tones. Their stuff is still pretty straight-forward, they just grind away and scream appropriately. Scum Noise has mostly political lyrics that are basic, but true. Ones like: "War no more. Why Not?" LO (Crust Records/31 Fawndale Rd./Boston, MA 02131)

THE SECONDS • Y CD

Garagey, proto-punk stuff that's somewhere in between new wave and The Make Up. I'm not a big fan of the genre, but I'll readily admit that this is very well done. They all seem to know how to play their instruments and how to write an interesting song. Soundwise this reminds me of Firehose. It has that same punchy bass and the nervous clean guitar. No lyrics, but with song titles like "Got Laid" and "Baby Make that Sound" I would assume that they're of an extremely political nature... Ah, what the hell, who cares. MH (SRC/PO Box 1190/Olympia, WA 98507)

SELFISH • Burning Sensation CD

Selfish grab you by the throat, kick you in the face, punch you to the ground, and then do it all over again. The ferocity of this recording is unrelenting. These Finnish brutalizers give you ten tracks of raging hardcore that reminded me quite a bit of Severed Head Of State (who are influenced by stuff from that region so that makes a nice little circle). Heavy, heavy, heavy, and then super fast, and then heavy again is how the guitar tracks go. Vocals that escape like vomit the singer can't keep down. It all comes together to create a really powerful recording. The cover art has a winged, longhaired guy screaming. The fire coming out of this crotch area and the *Burning Sensation* title seems to be hinting at a STD problem for this poor guy on the cover. But surely they just mean to be intense, like the rest of the record. Another crowd pleaser for fans of H:G Fact releases. LO (H:G Fact/105 Nakano Shinbashi M/2-7-15 Yayoi-Cho/Nakano/Tokyo)

SHARKS AND MINNOWS • Light as a Feather... CD

The disc starts off with a hollow-sounding song called "Home Movies" with very elementary drumming (heavy on the high hat) and off-key vocals. "Parlance" follows the false start with a fuzzed-out Calm-style jam. On the third track, "High A.M.," Sharks and Minnows slows it down with a mellow feel and vocals more suited to the style. They bring in some swings and grooves on "She Hangs on the Western Wall" and the disc improves as it goes on. An overall enjoyable listen somewhat similar to a band called Pilot V. Aeroplanes that I reviewed a couple of issues ago. The vocals sort of remind me of that Eddie Money song on the "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" soundtrack...which is usually a pretty good thing. Not at all bad. 16 songs, 56 minutes. DO (Two Sheds; www.2sheds.com)

SPRINZI • Something More Than the Last Time CD

Stereotypical emo-pop that just grated on my nerves. Every once in a while this gets moving and it's tolerable, but for the most part this is barely discernible from straight-up pop-rock. The singer's voice is a bit too much on the whiney side for me to take. There's also too much guitar jangling going on. It's tight and something that the emo-pop connoisseur would be into. BH (Alice/Via Campagna 7/10125 Torino/Italy)

SHARKS KEEP MOVING • Pause and Clause CD

3 songs/21:29. Nice dreamy mellow indie rock. The drummer of this band is incredible and really makes the band what it is; he sets a solid groove while maintaining a loose style with floating fills. Not to disrespect the other members, because they do create plenty of little hooks and jazzy licks, but the drummer really brings everything to life. Another cool thing is that there's not many vocals—there are some, but when there is singing it's called for. Good sleepy music. ADI (Status Records/PO Box 1300/Thousand Oaks, CA 93158)

SPEEDLOADER • CD

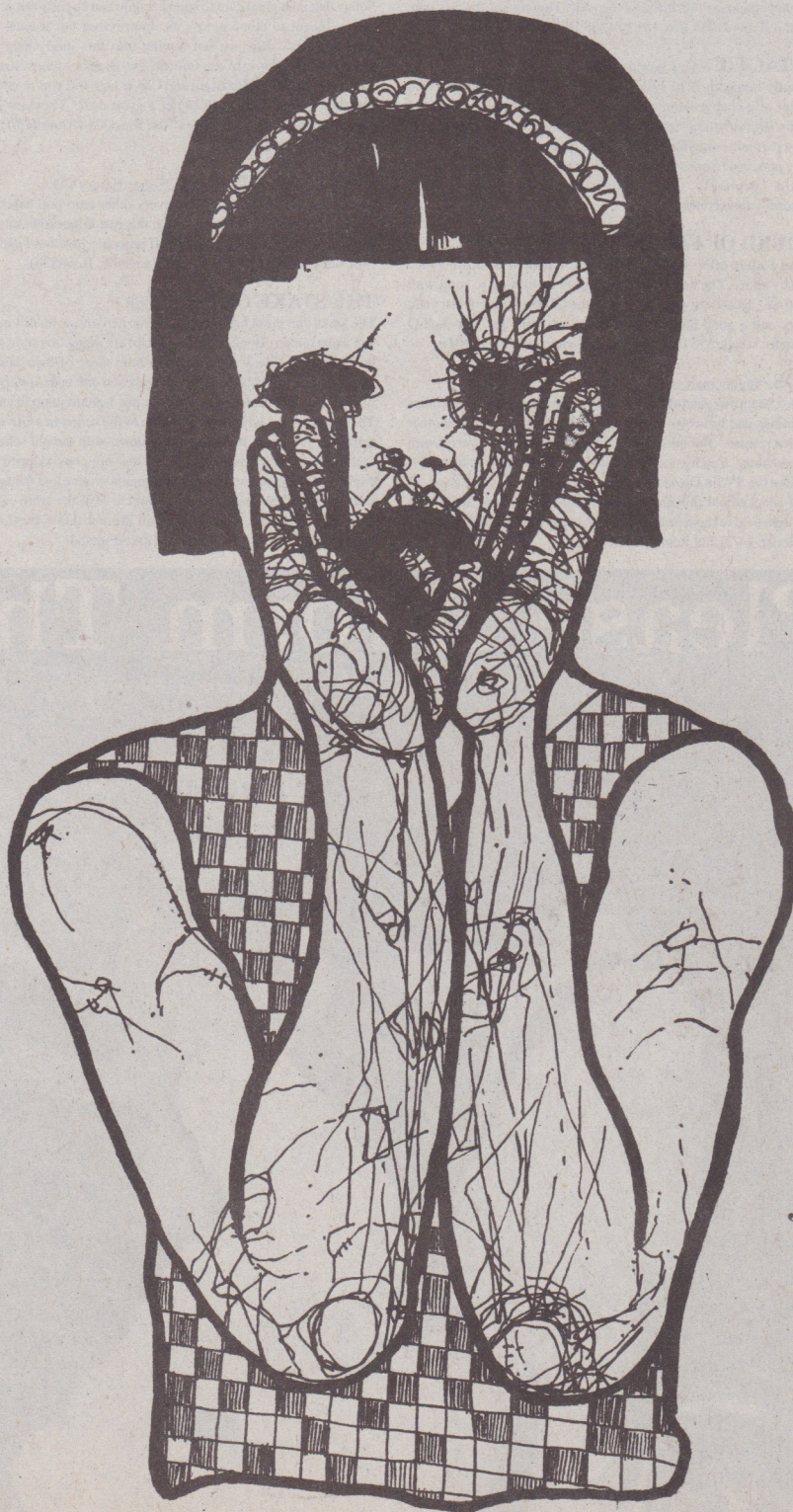
Six tracks of rock and roll hardcore with a "bad man" feel. Pictures of guns and cars grace this CD, along with a few images of the ladies. Speedloader plays their stuff well, but I just don't care for this bar rock/cock rock thing some they have going. Good for fans of punk who have a lot of classic rock in their collection and don't mind the dude feel. LO (Handi-Kraft Records c/o Jim Paradise/249 Columbia St. #1/Brooklyn, NY 11231)

SHARP KNIFE • cassette

A snotty punk sound with hardcore influences. Sharp Knife are fast, pissed, and a little unrefined. Each song has a catchy breakdown but most of it is just straight-forward stuff. I liked their lyrics about life's issues. Members of this band are also in The Jocks, Miso Militia, The Lab Rats, and The Sidekicks. LO (Risk/3649 Clement St./San Francisco, CA 94121)

SUBJECT TO CHANGE • What Tomorrow Brings CD

Subject To Change takes the classic youth crew straight edge sound and modernizes it with extra thick parts and a heavy vibe. It is a strong, catchy, and harsh recording with plenty of crowd pleasing breakdowns and sing-alongs. Plenty of straightedge music around today just seems like copycat filler, but Subject To Change are able to insert energy and passion to make their traditional sound more original. Those aspects hold true for the lyrics as well. They sing songs of resistance and inspiration; songs about living your life to the fullest, truest form you can. Thirteen originals and one Pushed Aside cover make up this CD. LO (Crucial Response/Kaiserfeld 98/46047 Oberhausen/Germany)



art by Keith Rosson

THE SHODS • Stop Crying CD

I can't believe this came out on the same label as the Out Cold CD. Pretty strange. This is entirely different in tone, music and content. Hmm, I did like The Shods mix of Elvis (Costello) and Elvis (the king). There are some surf and garage elements in here, too, which makes me think that this would make a good soundtrack for a Quentin Tarantino film. Furthermore, these 15 tracks are extremely well played and recorded. The level of professionalism is quite astounding. Certainly not the most hardcore sounding release of this issue, but I must admit that I enjoyed this CD even more than looking at pictures of hairy naked guys. Which has nothing to do with this CD, it's just something I do every now and then. MH (ACME Records/PO Box 441/Dracut, MA 01826)

SINCERITY • The Kids Of 2K1 7"

The songs on this 7" are strong, genuine, and provocative. Sincerity come out kicking with a harsh straight edge sound that seems like a mix of Youth Of Today and Man Lifting Banner. Their songs about being respectful to people who aren't straight edge and women getting respect within the scene are intelligent and full of fire. They even pull off an Alone In A Crowd cover. Overall, the raw sound and fury of this record help to create something much like a live set. Thumbs up for this one. LO (Platinum Records/PO Box 1812/74308 Bietenheim/Germany)

SKARETACTIC • This World... CD

Moshy, metally hardcore. The lyrics aren't really in the tough guy vein which is a bit of a change from most bands that sound like this. Other than that this isn't anything terribly new. Gravelly vocals yelled over some moshy part and some faster parts. The lyrics are partially political and partially personal. Something the mosh maniac will want but anyone else would probably get bored relatively fast. BH (xskaretactix@yahoo.com)

THE SOUND OF FAILURE • Distress Signal 7"

The Sound of Failure offers up four fast songs of modern hardcore with a clean, crunchy edge. The band moves furiously from song to song with little down time. This 7" is way better than the CD they put out last year. It has energy and a good hint of the intensity of a live set. Cool. LO (When Humans Attack/356 Birdsong Way/Doylestown, PA 18901)

SIN DIOS • Ingobernables LP

Packaged in a beautiful gatefold cover with a thick booklet that includes in-depth writings and lyrics (with translations), *Ingobernables* is another great Sin Dios release. The music is melodic, but fast and powerful with a heavy production. Catchy and smart at the same time. I think this is something like the 5th Sin Dios LP to date, and they are all quite good. If you haven't checked out this great anarcho-punk band from Spain then you really ought to give them a chance. Great band. KM (Skuld Releases/Malmsheimerstr. 14/71272 Rennigen/Germany)

SORRY ABOUT DRESDEN • The Convenience... LP

A very pleasing indie rock recording that hits all the right mellow tones on the soft songs and makes you tap your foot on the poppy ones. Often, the vocals reminded me of Elvis Costello and that had me sort of expanding that comparison out to the overall sound as well. Poetic lyrics tell stories of people's lives. Nice, very nice. LO (Moment Before Impact Records/PO Box 447/Chapel Hill, NC 27514)

SKIT SYSTEM • Enkel Resa Till Rannstenen LP

Twelve tracks of great sounding Swedish hardcore from Skit System. The sound quality is excellent, and anyone interested in Swedish hardcore will eat this up. The lyric sheet comes in English and Swedish, and in general the songs are thought provoking and political. But in the end this fucker just rocks as it should. Another great record from Havoc records; the only reason not to like this would be that you just don't like the musical style, otherwise this is a gem. KM (Havoc Records/PO Box 8585/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

SPENGLER • We Need A Miracle CD

Braid-like melodies that pop up and down like frozen ducks on a pond. Songs that take great care to sound fragile and slightly out of tune. I think this is meant to come across as improvised but it ends up sounding manufactured. I'm just not buying into this jingly-jangly oh-look-a-melody-just-flew-into-my-mouth aw-shucks songwriting anymore. However, if you're into Braid and Cap'n Jazz and you're not sick of them yet, then you will enjoy Spengler a great deal. They are good at what they're doing. MH (Blue Skies Turn Black/214 Thornhill/DDC, Quebec/H9G 1P7/Canada)

SPITAL FIELD • Faster Crashes Harder CD

More emo-pop that sounds like every other emo-pop band in existence. At least pop-punk has some energy, this just felt dead to me. Yet another record that the emo-pop people will probably love but I can't stand. BH (Sinister Label/PO Box 1178/La Grange Pk, IL 60526)

THE STAKE OUT • 6 Song EP 7"

The Stake Out plays hard-hitting classic hardcore with driving guitar parts and a fast tempo. Bands like Tear It Up! are doing this style of hardcore in the states, but this 7" reminds me a little more of their label mates The Wasted. The songs have structure and each one is definitely a tune, even with all the distortion and noise. You just want to jump in and sing along. The insert has the lyrics over a picture of the singer in a Government Issue shirt—so you know these dudes are down with the old school. My only real problem with this 7" is the fact that my copy skipped like mad. It could barley finish a song without jumping around and the last but of each side was just unplayable. Try as I might to wear the grooves in, the record was just messed up. I hope they all are not this way. LO (Burst Of Anger/Sukkulakuja 1 A 24/20100 Turku/Finland)

SAETIA • A Retrospective CD

The Saetia discography CD finally sees the light of day. It includes Their LP, their 7", demo tracks and a compilation track; seventeen tracks in total. Saetia played bombastic screamo core with lots of volume variances coupled with both screaming and singing. Passionate, messy, subtle, and chaotic all at the same time. The CD is well done and comes with a really detailed booklet that includes lyrics, photos, commentary from the various members; an appropriate closing chapter to the Saetia story. Very nice. So nice in fact that I would have to say that Saetia may have been one of the better screamo hardcore bands to date. KM (Level Plane/PO Box 280/New York City, NY 10276)

SQUAT TAG BANDA • cassette

Squat Tag Banda is a band from Russia that plays pop punk. All of the songs are in Russian, except for ones with English titles that appear to be covers. One of the covers stays true to their overall pop punk sound, but the other is a reggae track. (But the band names are in Russian, so I can't really tell either way.) Most of the songs have an upbeat, happy tempo and often a slight folk feel. They pour a lot of heart into each track. In this recording, that comes out as a raw and basic punk sound. So much of pop punk is based on the vocals. I feel a little awkward trying to review this without knowing what any of the song are about. LO (Old Skool Kids Records/PO Box 64/109147 Moscow/Russia)

THE STAR DEATH • Feministica 7"

Jumpy and punky music with a melodic edge. This all girl band has two songs that jive and move, all the time keeping an interesting rhythm and ferocious power. The label's description compares them to mid-'80s SST bands and that comparison is pretty fair. Other elements of their sound remind me of DC's Fire Party, especially the intense vocals that reach out and grab you even in the music's more quiet moments. A good record for those open to varying styles. LO (The Bert Dax Cavalcade Of Stars/PO Box 39012/St. Louis, MO 63139)

STAYGOLD • Quiet Please 7"

Well, this is better than their first EP. But still... the music is tight, and the musicians sound proficient. But this lacks any urgency or real desperation. Things just sound too clean for a hardcore band (I'm not saying that the recording has to be murky to be good). More on the rock side of things than punk. And the lyrics are of the broken hearted affair. Comes on orange vinyl. MA (Indecision Records/PO Box 5781/Huntington Beach, CA 92615)

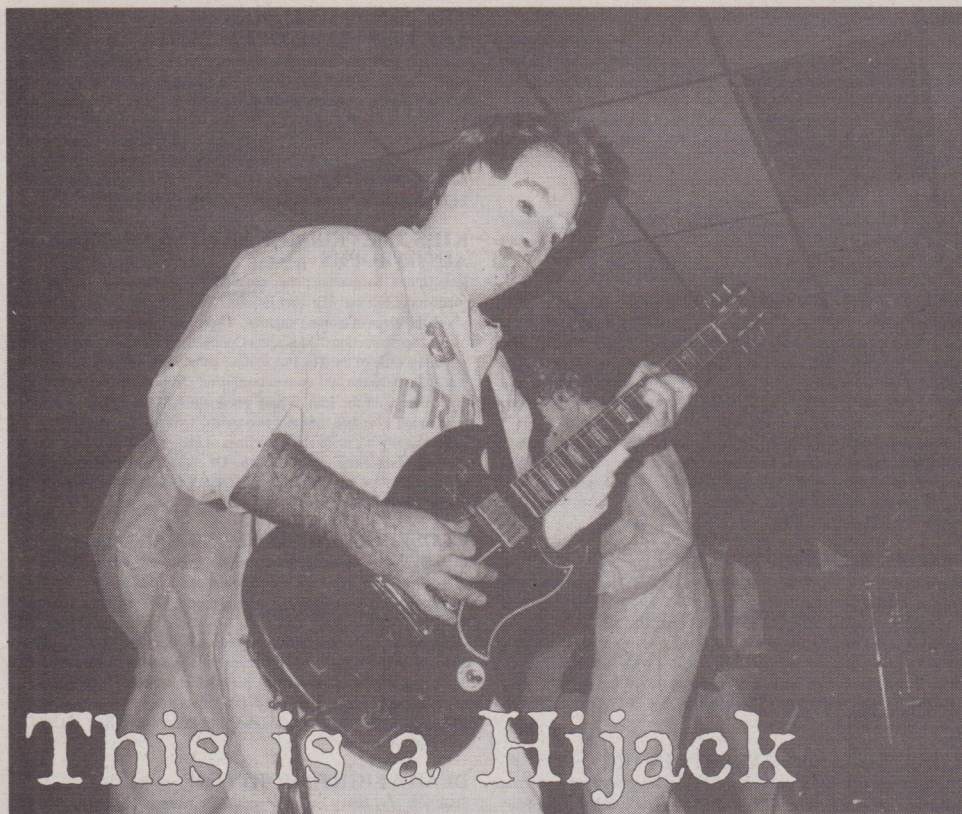
SYBARITE • Placement Issues CD

Mellow, soothing electronic music with lots of little beeps and pops. Sybarite is just one dude (who is probably playing around on his computer right now making more of this stuff while you read this). This CD is a collection of singles which is funny because if I had a 7" or even a CD

Please Inform The Captian,

photo by Fil





This is a Hijack

single of one of these songs I'd probably never listen to. So it's a good thing they put all the songs on one CD. This CD is more something that you put on as background noise and you wouldn't want to be flipping over some record every 5 minutes. It's cool that this CD is long because it gives you many different textures to explore and space out to. ADI (Temporary Residence/PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)

TABULARASA • CD

6 tracks at 18:22 minutes. This is a short release from a Pittsburgh band that sounds pretty good. This quartet features dual guitars weaving and winding around the rhythms then locking into a thick layer of sound. They play with considerable energy and technical bravado. Nothing less is expected of those folks who take a course similar to Shale, Hurl, Davenport, and Creta Bourzia. Their lyrics are introspective and the vocals are a bit to loud for me. The two voices fit the music well, with their longing cries. SJS (One Day Saviour Recordings/PO Box 372/Williston Park, NY 11596)

THE TIE THAT BINDS • Half Past Heroes CD

I guess this is their first CD in four years and they have been a band for 10 years. It shows. They really know how to structure their songs right, with instrumental interludes in the right places. Their songs are strongly melodic with fast (but not heavy parts) giving way to slower introspective segments. I wish the CD included lyrics because the singer gets really into what he is singing about. Overall, a great CD, and I would recommend it to anyone who likes melodic heartfelt punk rock. JL (Arms Reach Recordings/1624 W. Columbia St./Chicago, IL 60626)

TIMEBOMB • The Bear Is Here Fellas CD

My oh my, how things have changed. Gone are the days when these guys were cranking out heavily political metal-core. The lyrics are still political, and definitely better written than the earlier output. But the music is totally different. Mix some late '80s DC post hardcore, some International Noise Conspiracy, and indie rock, and you get the latest Timebomb sound. While I give 'em credit for doing something "new," I still find the new style to be pretty tame and altogether uninteresting. Why do bands consider it progress when they water their music down making it appealing to the masses? MA (Cane Records c/o Paolo Gaiarsa/via S Cristoforo 12/36061 Bassano Del Grappa/Vicenza/Italy)

TRABAHAR PARRA MORRER • CD

Kind of frantic girl punk that sounds like they're trying to ride their bikes through a traffic jam and the wind blows up their skirts every now and then. Musically this is pretty basic, but I guess it goes under riot girl stuff so it's kind of hard to say whether they simply can't do it any better or they just pretend to be dilettantes. It's the kind of stuff that everybody around tells me I should find empowering. I just know that I'll never listen to it again. Sorry. MH (Sopa Discos/Cx Postal 45326/CEP 04010.970/Sao Paulo/SP/Brasil: sopadiscos@hotmail.com)

TRAPPED IN LIFE • CD

On the periodic table of the elements, Trapped in Life is certainly a metal. Although not as imaginative as the rare earth elements, the artwork in the booklet merits them the honor of copper at least. The sound is brutal enough, as are the lyrics. Putting the vocals in the background was one thing they definitely did right. DF (www.finalbeatdown.com)

TRAITORS • Everything Went Shit CD

This is a discography of Traitors, a band from Chicago that I had always heard of but never heard until now. Included on this CD is all of their recorded material as well as a good amount of lost or previously unreleased tracks. Yes, Traitors fans, I said, "previously unreleased." Traitors play a harsh sounding punk with a pop punk backbone. Sort of like the bastard cousin of Dillinger Four. They are snotty and wild in every track with lots of rhythm and clear vocals. Since I don't really know this band, I would have liked a list of lyrics or something more than the small intro and song titles given to you in this comp. I have to wonder, was this band so well known that would be redundant or so small that no one would care? Anyway, this is a fine CD but I think I will just pick a couple songs I like and never listen to the others again. LO (Johanns Face/PO Box 479164/Chicago, IL 60647)

TUCKERTOWN MOB • Balance In A World of Chaos CD

Punky punk from Massachusetts. Covering popular topics such as religion ("Blasphemy"), anti-USA sentiment ("American Dream") and damaged youth ("Damaged Youth"). It's energetic and has its moments, like "Hail Mary, Mother of God! What a Hoax, what a fraud!" and "Hard Road to Nowhere" and has some pretty decent socio-political lyrics, but all in all, it's a little too typical of the punk genre. For fans of the wife beater-wearing, tattooed rough-and-tumble punky stuff, there has been a lot worse. For fans of strictly indie/emo/melody, you can skip this one. 7 songs, 18 minutes. DO (\$6 ppd. from Inborn Productions/24 Harpoon Ln./Yarmouthport, MA 02675)

UNCONFORM • Noucku Cyacmba CD

Unconform was one of the bands interviewed in HaC #27's international issue so I was pretty interested to hear what they might sound like. This CD has a really good recording of strong hardcore. Sometimes it is driving metal hardcore and sometimes it has really strong melody that grabs you in the middle of the song. It reminds me a lot of some of the modern hardcore coming out of Germany's right now. This CD has 14 songs and they are all well done and interesting. The lyrics are all in Russian, but the ideas behind them are explained in English so you have some idea of what this band is looking to express. LO (PO Box 64/109147 Moscow/Russia)

UNCURBED • Punks on Parole CD

Mid-tempo thrashy punk. Two singers who both scream, one is a bit lower than the other but the high/low pitch dichotomy of most grind/thrash bands is not at work here. The recording on this has a distorted quality to it that works with the music. The lyrics are of the drinkin', smokin' and fightin' the government variety. Nothing earth shattering or particularly new, but well done nonetheless. It does start to drag a bit in the middle, maybe some tempo-changes would help a bit. BH (Sound Pollution/PO Box 17742/Covington, KY 41017)

URBAN LEGENDS • Soak and Drown 7"

More low-fi pop with a sweet edge. I'll admit this is charming, but it just doesn't belong in here. None of the people I know who read *HeartattaCk* would be into this. I mean zero. Zilch. No-one. Not even Dylan Ostendorf. That doesn't mean I hate it or that it's bad, I just don't see the point of even reviewing it. Sorry. MH (No Karma/PO Box 71203/Milwaukee, WI 53211-7303)

URIKES' DREAM • If it Leads it Bleeds 7"

Crazy growling grind punks from Belgium with lyrics are about fighting fascism, working homelessness and consumerism. The recording quality was a bit odd, but these guys are going for it you can tell. Super fat booklet with song explanations and political rants. Crazy stuff... CF (Lodreef 36/3010 Kessel-Lo/Belgium)

US VERSUS THEM • CD

4 songs. Great rocking emo that reminds me of Five-O and Owlton Mia a little. Very unpretentious old school stuff. The music on here is really quite excellent. The vocals can't always keep up with that, which is my only complaint. But there aren't a lot of vocals on here, anyway, so it doesn't matter much. This was released by the same label that put out the Vitals-CD. I didn't even know emo existed in Australia... But, hey, you learn a little every day. I liked this CD a lot and I'll continue to listen to it. Check this out if you can. MH (Building Records/2872 Military Rd./Mosman/NSW/Australia 2088)

THE VICE DOLLS • Pathetic Strain Of Cowardice CD

A short CD with five fast songs. The Vice Dolls play upbeat punk driven along with intense, high-pitched vocals. Really, the incredibly girly voice of the singer stands out so much I am tempted to compare this band to Discount or Pretty Girls Make Graves. Though the energy and anger coming off this band changes their sound into a more raw punk assault. The lyrics are pissed, but generally taking about things that really matter in a non-generic way. Overall, I like this CD but I don't know how many times I could really listen to it. LO (Give Us Money Records/St. Rd. 63/Williamsport, IN 47993)

VIRGIN MEGA WHORE • The Door Knob Of San Diego 7"

Talking to Mikey Ott at a show, he told me this 7" was not only the best thing he has heard in a long time but that is also sound like The Germs with keyboards. It is good, but it doesn't really sound like that to me. Mostly, it is just crazy stuff with some noise and dance beats thrown in. The occasional dance beat it makes it good, and pushes it from just noise to something more listenable, in a way. Virgin Mega Whore consists of Mark and Jeff; the singer of Charles Bronson and the guitarist of MK-Ultra respectively. So the harsh craziness doesn't come as much of a surprise. It has a real postmodern mix of all the sounds, and then there is some sex art all over the thing. Black and white images on hot pink paper; a throw back to an earlier time in punk's (now) long life. The lyrics are a bunch of jumbled ideas about sex thick with allusions and metaphor. They are similar to some of the new The Oath lyrics, which make sense since Mark sings for both bands. LO (vmwsuckoff@hotmail.com)

THE VITALS • Golden Hardcore Hits CD

3 songs. 9:20 minutes. I'm not sure, but I think The Vitals are from Australia. I have a feeling that otherwise we would have heard of them before. You wouldn't guess it judging from the 50s style cover, but these songs have the same sort of harsh vocals and rocking guitar work sported by the likes of Torches To Rome, Swiz and Hacksaw. Tight and well played. This CD rocks! I will keep my eyes peeled for more Vitals stuff in the future. MH (Building Records/2872 Military Road/Mosman/NSW/2088 Australia)

VOICE OF DISSENT • That Was Then CD

I'm not much a fan of the NYHC sound, but these guys are pretty good at it. Funny enough, they're not even from NYC, but from Australia. And it seems all the good NYHC sounding bands come from everywhere but New York these days. The music is tight, tuneful, and quick paced. The vocals are pretty damn good. Which is important for the genre they play. Really strong and from the gut. I like the rapid fire pace they delivered in on songs like "Your Time Is Ours." My two suggestions are: lose the back-up vocals in "Let It Go." They sound totally out of place, and it tends to weaken the impact of the music, and definitely nix the guitar solo on "Rock City Anthem." Other than that, if you're a fan of this style... MA (Resist Records/PO Box 372/Newtown NSW, 2042/Australia)

THE VIDABLU • The Comprehensive List... LP

The Vidablue are at it again with a collection of melodic and emotive songs. The vocals are strained and passionate, and the music is well structured and catchy with a screamo influence that adds an important element of abrasion; at times almost verging on noisy. I really was not expecting to like this record. I was figuring that The Vidablue would simply be too wimpy for me, but in the end they won me over. KM (Level Plane/PO Box 280/New York City, NY 10276)

VOIGHT/465 • One Faint Deluded Smile CD

Australian new wave from '78 to '79 that displays a sound very fitting to the times. Juxtaposing operatic vocals and sonic keyboards mix with backbeat drumming and all sorts of other random sounds to create this postmodern vibe. Brian Eno, Pere Ubu, and Can are easy to see as influences on this sound. Fans of new wave that is on the cutting edge will be impressed and engaged. LO (Radio One/1729/Collingwood, Victoria 3066/Australia)

WORMWOOD • Requescat CD

Slow and tortured, Wormwood plays dark metal with a gothic edge. When I was listening to this I often felt like I was caught in some dark age fantasy movie. You can almost hear the black riders and their horses and the monks praying for you in the church. Not really my thing, but I did like the atmosphere of it all, plus the songs are pretty varied, so it doesn't get boring too quickly. Not bad. MH (Arm Records/PO Box 85361/Seattle, WA 98145)

WILL HAVEN • Carpe Diem 12"

Shit Sandwich. ADI (Revelation)

THE WIFEBEATERS • Child Molestation 7"

I don't know why I even bother reviewing this 7", since it's sort of a promo. They sent in their test pressing and photos copies of all the stuff for the record. The regular version will come with a sticker and temporary tattoo, and it will be pressed on black and blue vinyl (as part of their schtick). This record is meant to be a joke, with lots of comical lyrics. The song titles are "Make Me A Sandwich," "Redneck Militia," "Road Rage," and "Rent-A-Cops"—so that gives you a good enough idea of what they joke about. Parts of this record might not be that offensive and maybe even slightly humorous were it not for the fact that this is such a downright terrible record. The songs on here are just crappy. They are poorly constructed and poorly played. Seriously, dudes, when you heard this test pressing didn't it make you think the record might need some fine-tuning? Even if you find this funny, there is no way you are going to say the songs are good. They just aren't. LO (PO Box 5192/Redwood City, CA 94063)

WALKEN • r02[the new manerism] CD

Violent, angry, fast, furious, aggressive, heavy, hard, frantic, droning, and chaotic hardcore that churns with a slightly metallic powercore assault. No mercy. No rest. No survivors. Screaming vocals. Totally impatient and raging; and then they will let it all fall away so they can offer up a brief moment of emotive calm before they start attacking again. Where the hell did these guys come from? (Deep Six Records/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510)

WIMPY DICKS • So What CD

The Wimpy Dicks have influences ranging everywhere from Rudimentary Peni to Operation Ivy. I wasn't expecting anything great, but I was pleasantly surprised. Not that this CD is particularly good, but in the recording you can hear that these guys are having loads of fun. All in all, I liked it; but with a name like the Wimpy Dicks, I'm not about to recommend them. JL (Bopp N' Skin Records/PO Box 14016/San Luis Obispo, CA 93406)

WINEPRESS • Complete Recordings CD

Eleven tracks at thirty-two minutes and eight seconds. This is speedy, confident punk rock from a Chicago area band. Winepress released two 7" singles of their own, a split 7" with The Fighters, and had a track on a Harmless Records compilation all released between March of 1993 and December of 1995. They broke up in the winter of 1994. This CD collects all those songs. Their music is simple punk rock with catchy choruses, big guitar riffs, and an upbeat even humorous attitude. It sounds like they had a lot of fun making this music. SJS (Harmless Records/1218 W Hood Ave. #2/Chicago, IL 60660)

WRECKER • Gladiator School 7"

This Wrecker 7" is loaded with heavy rock tunes with a somewhat discordant feel. Three ladies from Milwaukee, like the insert says, that play raw and loud with a very unique jam style. The music doesn't really fall into any of the common generic categories. It is definitely heavy with a Black Sabbath feel with all the rolling style guitar riffs. Some of the vocals are sung in droning sort of style while the others are more an angry shout. From what I can tell the lyrics are mostly personal, and they could tell you better what they are about than I could. CF (Red Swan Records/2650 N Pierce St./Milwaukee, WI 53212)

XBXR • 3 Numbers 7"

I'm sorry, but this is a rip-off. The only track on here that is really any good is over in about 30 seconds. At least that what it feels like. The two tracks on side 2 are basically just noise, some beeping, some other irritating nonsense and then it's over. Side one has a great chaotic, noisy quality. I'd call it new wave scream, but the rest is just filler. Not even filler, just crap. If I'd paid for this I'd be pretty pissed off. MH (Arkam Records/3000 County Rd.10/Florence, AL 35633)

XPLICIT NOIZE • Regression CD

Moshy/Grindy metal. The usual mix of faster and slower songs. Political lyrics. Nothing new here. BH (Production XPLICIT Noize/PO Box 323 Station Rosemont/Montreal, Quebec/H1X 3B8/Canada)

THE YOUNG & THE USELESS • Flash Gits In The... CD

Another chapter in Six Week's ode to Bay Area bands that no one really knew but seemed really great to Athena and Jeff (of Six Weeks). The sound is loud and harsh punk that is played as fast the band could. The songs on this discography were compiled from live sets and there is a really funny insert from the singer. He talks about what a loser band they really were, how they never practiced, and how he will be surprised if anyone cares about this CD. Aside from a list of lyrics, because he can't actually remember the lyrics, he just describes what the songs were about and why they were written. Since he claims they lyrics weren't that great anyway, this seems like a much better alternative. LO (Six Weeks/225 Lincoln Ave./Cotati, CA 94931)

FLESHIES/THE JOCKS • split 7"

You have to know just by the band names that this is going to be a sweet punk rock split. Both bands are pretty raw and dirty, the kind you would expect to see playing parties to a bunch of drunk punx. The Jocks play fast and slightly melodic, more traditional punk while Fleshies are a little heavier with a sound that reminds me of Karp but with way more of a rock and roll attitude. One of the best things about this record is that it's also available on tape, that's punk as fuck. FIL (Risk/3649 Clement St./San Francisco, CA 94121)

THE ASSISTANT/SCARLET LETTER • split 7"

The Assistant are back for more mayhem. Featuring ex-members of You and I and guaranteed to please the hordes of chaotic emo kids. The Scarlet Letter play more traditional straight forward aggressive hardcore. Both bands do a good job, and this 7" is pretty good. (Alone Records/PO Box 3019/Oswego, CA 13126)

TURN AROUND NORMAN/CHOKE THEIR RIVERS WITH OUR DEAD • split 7"

Turn Around Norman remind me of heavier Submission Hold parts with their dual boy/girl shouting and screaming vocals. They have explanations printed with their lyrics about shallow people with pretend interests in social problems and about alienation within the punk community. Choke Their Rivers With Our Dead is a heavier and a little more chaotic hardcore band with more emphasis on the brutal female vocals, kind of like a crustier To Dream of Autumn. Both bands complement each other well and seem to have a lot of energy and passion. This is worth checking out and it's a pretty record with screen printed covers and white vinyl. FIL (nicetrans99@hotmail.com)

THE CANDY DARLINGS/ THE J.J. PARADISE PLAYERS CLUB • split 7"

A split 7" from two bands that play hard rock and roll with a tough guy edge. The Candy Darlings play sort of a garage rock style song you would here in a bar (and not actually in a garage) called "Twist And Burn" while The J.J. Paradise Players Club does more of a cock rock tune with a lot of grit called "Cup And Saucer." To me, this is what harder edge punks play when they start to get old and just a little shady. It seems to be born out of the Social Distortion style. LO (Handi-Kraft Records c/o Jim Paradise/249 Columbia St. #1/Brooklyn, NY 11231)

KIDS UNITED/MCCARTHY COMMISSION/ AUTOTROPHS • split CD

Kids United, despite the name, are not a youth crew band. Instead, they sound more like early Brother Inferior. Speedy hardcore that sounds like it's on the verge of coming unglued. There's an urgency in the music that makes them infectious. McCarthy Commission are along the same lines, just add a little of the The Pist in their style. The singer has a blistering voice that belts out anti system sentiment. "When All Else Fails" is my favorite song of the split. Pretty good stuff! The Autotrophs are more tame sound wise than the other two bands. Lyrically, they're pretty good. But musically it's more along the lines of early to mid 90s hardcore with the long bridges and melodic touch. Of course, this is just my opinion, you may like this sort of music. MA (Nancy Boy Records/3143 Olympia Pl./Philadelphia, PA 19145)

CLOSELINE/CRISIS NEVER ENDS • split 7"

Closeline come out swinging two tough straight edge songs. One of them is about resisting the norm and the other about friendship; each of them very good for circle pitting and general moshing. The sound is clean and the sing alongs are very effective. No wussy-guitar sound here. The Crisis Never Ends song is an epic mix of metal and hardcore about a disappointing relationship. There are strong crunchy guitars, blast beat drumming, and even some melodic parts (which reminded Fil of a particular Morning Again song). Both bands put forth a lot of effort to produce this all around well-done 7". LO (Platinum Records/PO Box 1812/74308 Bietigheim/Germany)

DEADWEIGHT/SHORTTIME • split LP

Shorttime play heavy hardcore with a fast tempo. Their songs are long and they like to find a real harsh groove to lie in. The vocals are pissed; they come screaming over the music with much intensity as they decry the world's ills. There is no light side of Shorttime, even when they talk about finding the good times and infuse some posi-core aspects to their songs their harsher overtones win out and the dark edge overpowers. Deadweight come at you will a wall of sound. Each aspect of the bands sound is set to annihilate, and annihilate they do. Their layered and thick sound reminds me a lot of From Ashes Rise and other bands from the south who have perfected the complex hardcore sound. The more rock-influenced parts of pure melody switch it up, and that helps to keep the whole sound fresh. Deadweight's lyrics are equally dark as they describe a number of unpleasanties. Both bands are from The Netherlands. A rough and tumble record all around. LO (Motorwolf Records/Schouwburgstraat 2/2511 VA The Hague/The Netherlands)

16/TODAY IS THE DAY • Zodiac Dreaming split CD

I can't figure out if this is a split with 16 and Today is the Day called Zodiac Dreaming or a three-way split or what the fuck. But any way you dice it, this is some heavy duty rock. The first three tracks rock hard with deeper vocals. The fourth track is somewhat metal with vocals not totally unlike AC/DC...a little nasally and raw. The fifth track is slightly less high-pitched. Just who the tracks belong to are beyond me...The liner notes would lead me to believe that the first three are the 16 songs and the last two are by Today is the Day. Without having heard either band, I had very different expectations...16 rocks harder than I figured and Today is the Day is less rocking than I imagined. Advantage: 16. The packaging gets a big fat middle finger for making me feel stupid and being misleading. DO (Tarsh Art/no address)

THE FANTASY FOUR/JULIA SETS • split CD

The Fantasy Four do three pop songs with bubble gum female vocals. Their influences sound like they range from the Beatles to Leader-of-the-pack-type stuff. Julia Sets shows some range from a lite-FM number with substance, to a thoughtful droner ala Codeine, to a snappier lo-fi song. Fine explorations in familiar territory, but I think these bands have not yet come to their true sound. DF (\$5 to Matt Harnish/PO Box 39012/St. Louis, MO 63139)

KISS ME DEADLY/SPENGLER • split 7"

Spengler sounds so much like Braid that I find it very, very hard to swallow that their label describes them as "a highly creative" band. Come on, guys, really... Even the lyrics have that same kind of nonsense swagger. They are doing a good job at being the world's greatest Braid cover band and I give them credit for that, but you can't blame me for being a little sarcastic about their level of creativity. Kiss Me Deadly seems to have a similar sound, but is a little more aggro and in your face and less playful. Still, I prefer their songs to the Spengler ones, because they seem to have more personality. Very nice cover artwork. If you can live with the whole Braid thing, then this is a good record. MH (214 Thornhill/D.D.O., Quebec/H9G 1P7/Canada or blueskiesturnblack@hotmail.com)

UNHOLY GRAVE/IDI AMIN • Stupidities split 7"

Everyone must bow before the dark presence of Unholy Grave. Extremely brutal fuck yourself grind to turn your brains to mush and you ear drums to dust. I am not worthy. Idi Amin is good too. Not quite as brutal, but still rockin with good intelligent lyrics and cool music. DJ (Wicked Witch Records/PO Box 3935/101 AD Amsterdam/The Netherlands)



photo by F.I.
Kontraattaque

GOREHOG/VENEREAL DISEASE • split CD

Gorehog play wicked black metal with vocals that sound as if they are sung by a werewolf. (Or perhaps a gore hog.) The songs are relentless as they beat at your brain and whiz past your head like bullets. Their lyrics are all very sick or about things that sickened them. Venerale Disease is even sicker. Going on to describe all kinds of necrophilia and gruesome acts. Their song are just as fast and stay true to the black metal sound Gore Hog lays down on the first half of this CD. Again, we have thick vocals and guitars that do not quit. There is no contact info for Gore Hog, but Venerale Disease is from Spain. LO (Tobacco Shit Records c/o Simon Paré/827 Goldbourn/Greenfield Park, QC/J4V 3H4/Canada)

IRANACH/STRUCTURE OF LIES • split CD

Iranach and Structure Of Lies have come to devastate your life. They will play unrelenting metal until your ears bleed and your guts give out. Lucky for you, the bands only play 3 songs each. Otherwise, who knows... Structure Of Lies are from Arizona and contain at least one member of Unruh (and perhaps Wellington). Their stuff is real fast and very similar to Circle Of Dead Children. They play a Deviated Instinct cover and two originals. Iranach are from New Hampshire and keep up the insane tempo and brutalizing grind. For those who love the hell that Deep Six unleashes and for those looking to rock something fierce, this CD is what you need. It is well done. The only problem with this release is the booklet. There are 8 pages, but only two given to listing the lyrics. At the end of the last page, the Iranach lyrics get cut off in a way that does not seem planned. LO (Deep Six/PO Box 6911/Burbank, CA 91510)

BRUCE BANNER/SAYYIDINA • split 7"

Bruce Banner, just like they say on the lyric sheets, are Nordic thrash power. They are similar to Charles Bronson—super fast with screechy vocals and catchy breakdowns. They add their own effect with some odd chords and even odder samples thrown into the fray of the chaos and thrash. Also some crazy off-time type beats that you would expect to hear from a band like Orchid. Quite a blur of sonic destruction that seems like it's over just as soon as it got started. Songs about the abuse of authority, working to death, scene politics, and plain out youthful anger. Sayyidina, whoa buddy, calm down. Is that a real drummer! When I say fast I mean fucking fast. How is it possible? Blistering fast dark punk/HC with some D-beat (without the Discharge jacket and charged hair) and then into heavy His Hero is Gone dark, depressing sounding breakdowns. Dual vocals, one taking the high and one taking the low, but not the typical growl/scream of grind or crust. Very original sounding and innovative. The lyrics are slightly metaphorical but still pretty obvious. Topics are taken on like the forms of deception and lies. Awesome split! Bruce Banner lets the chaos flow all over the place while Sayyidina craft it into structured noise. CF (Sounds Of Betrayal c/o Rodrigo Alfaro/Box 7092/20042 Malmö/Sweden)

SAWN OFF/UNKIND • split 7"

Sawn off sounds exactly like Monument minus the mosh parts. I know nobody knows Monument and I can't really describe their sound, except that it's fast and harsh. I know the guys in Monument used to listen to Amebix, Winter and Siege a lot before they sold all their records and bought rubber underwear instead. So maybe this is what Sawn Off sounds like, too. Okay, I guess the closer comparison would be Severed Head of State and Tragedy. Oh looky, these guys are from Leeds! Neat! Unkind are from Finland. They're recording isn't as heavy as that of Sawn Off, but their songwriting is a little more diverse. Both bands epitomized pissed off punk. Fine, angry lyrics and b/w artwork round off this above average release. Well done. MH (Flat Earth/145-149 Cardigan Road/Leeds, LS6 1LJ/England)

PROSPEKT/KALYPSO LIPSTICK • split 7"

Prospekt reminds me of Karate, at least musically, but the vocals are a lot dreamier and drawn out. I'm sorry, I find this boring. The song isn't going anywhere and I have better things to do. KL offers an instrumental number that would make a good soundtrack for an early eighties horror movie. They are made up of two members of Prospekt. This is uninteresting to me in every way possible. MH (Moment Before Impact Records/PO Box 447/Chapel Hill, NC 27514; www.momentbeforeimpact.com)

MAN IN SHACKLES/SEWN SHUT • split 7"

Ahhhh... the new face of crust core as beaten out by M.I.S. Fierce and aggressive D-beats and blasting are enough to keep this young man healthy for days. Start and stop with cool bass or guitar lead-ins and kept up at a very fast pace. Dual vocals, one low growl and one high scream, about the usual topics—consumerism, work, and the abuse of authority. This shit really rips hard! I would love to see these guys play with Kontrovers. Sewn Shut plays the wall of noise route a la Enslavement to Obliteration-era Napalm Death with a new modern Nasum twist. Doubled up low and high vocals (you know the standard). The cover art looks more like a gore album, but the lyrics are very social and political. Very dark sounding stuff with some heavy breakdowns thrown in every here and there. Two different Swedish bands within the same genre playing different styles. Grind for life! CF (Sounds of Betrayal c/o Rodrigo Alfaro/Box 7092/20042 Malmö/Sweden)

MALAKHAI/SHANARA • split CD

A split CD from two metal hardcore bands: Malakhai, from the US, and Shanara, from Germany. Malakhai set the rock to evil as their guitars grind and the double bass of their drum beats away. It is a familiar and engaging sound. Shanara have a sound with less layers but just as much distortion and commotion. Their sound is comparable to Acme, or most other Germans metal core bands. The CD has six songs, three from each band, which is a nice amount as to enjoy the music without overplaying it. LO (Incendiary Records/Stockumerstr. 20/47139 Duisburg/Germany)

WRENCH IN THE WORKS/MY FIRST STEP TOWARDS FAILURE • split 7"

Wrench In The Works plays dark sludgy hardcore, with a small trace of metal in it. They're also keen on using electronic sound effects. The vocals are growled low and the effect you get is that of some big fat smelly ogre repeatedly stamping on your chest. MFSTF's sound is a little more emo. They start off with a pretty, acoustic intro but then the action starts quite swiftly and there's a lot of screaming and crazed drumming, somewhere in between Staircase and Funeral Diner. I like this side of the split better, but that's purely a matter of taste. Good effort. MH (www.mfstf.com or www.societyofthewrench.com)

FREE RANGE TIME BOMB/SAPERE AYDE • LP

Wow, I really miss punk bands like FRTB, or maybe it's just that I never have the opportunity of hearing them. Semi-melodic hardcore with great vocal arrangements. Even though I don't know German I can totally sense the passion in the vocals. Some parts remind me of old SNUFF (pre-Fat-wreck) and 80s Brit punk. They even have a rock feel. This isn't youth crew, crust, or thrash just really great punk that would be looked over by the generic masses here in the states. I could list a couple of great Polish bands to compare as references but I recommend you check this out and for yourself I have totally fallen for the gruffness and sincerity of the vocals. The excellent musicianship makes this all one great package. CF (Twisted Chords/Postfach/76327 Pfingsttal/Germany)

MIND COLLAGE/SEWN SHUT • split 7"

MC from Japan are the more classic style grind like early Napalm or Sore Throat (that's the best, ain't it!). Blasting drumming and gut wrenching raw-throated dual vocals. This is some intense stuff, rough and raw recording quality to boot! Oh, a definite yes with the social, political lyrics you would expect. SS from Sweden are great. Same style as the Man in Shackles split 7" reviewed in this issue, not much different. If you are the type of person to read this review you might as well read the other one, if you are to lazy... Crazy Scandinavian grind with dual vocals low and high, or better the bear and the opossum. This stuff is good for letting out the stress that you might have accumulated at work or just by watching the news lately. CF (Sounds of Betrayal c/o Rodrigo Alfaro/Box 7092/20042 Malmö/Sweden)

RACEBANNON/ZANN/ANGER IS BEAUTIFUL • split 7"

I guess you can call this a tribute to the Racebannon, Zann, Anger is Beautiful European Tour in September. This is a very good split with great bands. Zann and Anger is Beautiful remind me of how good German hardcore can be. Racebannon's song starts out with a close similarity to In/Humanity. It has the shifty vocals and the ringing guitars. It then blends into a more chaotic sound with screams, finally fading into the finishing touch with a bit of noise. Anger is Beautiful sometimes reminds me of the One Eyed God Prophecy. They have a break in between the charging 'core in which they fill up with prettier guitars (but not too pretty, of course). Zann ends this 7" nicely with awesome hardcore that makes me wish I lived in Germany. To make this 7" even cooler, the cover shows a program that can shut down Windows by Microsoft. (Only part of the program... sorry) EM (Adagio 830/Scheffelstr. 38/04277 Leipzig/Germany)

BOTHWICK HOLLAND FILLIERS • Helene CD

This is one thirty-nine minute track of lightly strummed and picked guitar with a girl's voice reading poetry over the top of it. They both fade in and out and it is extremely repetitive like an extended period of about six minutes worth of material. In the middle there are long periods of silence interrupted by short broken samples of noise and pieces of her words, and then she starts reading again and the guitar slowly fades back in. It makes me think that there should be some art film accompanying this. I think this is good for when you're lying in the middle of your bedroom floor completely lethargic. FIL (Temporary Residence Limited/PO Box 22910/Baltimore, MD 21203)

BENEATH THE REMAINS/UNDERGROUND SOCIETY/FACE DOWN/KNOCKOUTZ • split CD

Let's just start with saying that this compilation features a different Face Down than you think. All four bands (two of which are French, the other two American) play moshy metal with plenty of growling and cowering in caves. At least they sound like they were cowering in a cave. This is so not what I like musically. Still, the standard here is pretty high, at least from what I can tell. All bands give their best and most of them have a good recording, too. Good effort if this is your thing. MH (Inner Rage Records/BP 425/75233 Paris Cedex 05/France)

SELF CONQUEST/xMAROONx • The Key split CD

Maroon come out swinging with four tracks of metal influenced hardcore. Their songs beat at your brain as they wail and crunch. Their dark and dismal lyrics fit well with this sound. Self Conquest also have harsh lyrics, but since theirs are in German and highly descriptive they come off much more evil. Many of them are philosophical and thick with religious imagery. Their metal hardcore drips with pageantry and exaggeration, especially when they throw in the slow piano and cello piece as the last song. Self Conquest play excellent songs on this record, songs filled with passion and intelligence. I really liked their stuff. LO (Beniihana Records/Cyriakstr. 57/38118 Braunschweig/Germany)

FLEAS AND LICE/BOYCOT • split 7"

Fleas and Lice kick ass, there's no two ways about it. This 7" contains a couple new songs from this totally radical crust band from the Netherlands. The Boycot side also kicks ass. Fast, thrashy crust with intelligent political lyrics. If you like hardcore, get this 7". DJ (Deadlock Records/PO Box 324/7900 AH Hoozevee/Holland)

GOOD RIDDANCE/KILL YOUR IDOLS • split CD

I've never been into either of these bands. Never really hated them either, just never listened to them. Good Riddance busts out with four really good songs that kind of surprised me. I thought the lyrics were pretty good and the song-writing top notch. Maybe I should borrow some of their other CDs and check out their back catalog. I've talked to a few people who are into Good Riddance and they say this is some of their best stuff. Kill Your Idols are more drawn out and have less melody in their vocals but still play poppy hardcore that can be thrown into the same subgenre as Good Riddance, just not quite as rocking. I also think they're a younger band so in that case they are off to a good start. ADI (Jade Tree)

END ON END/THIS ENGINE BURNS • split CD

What the fuck is it about Rites of Spring that causes everybody and their mothers to name their band after their songs? I think that they kicked ass, too, but leave the name-swiping to tribute bands and Rage Against the Machine. Anyway...back to the music. End on End plays a style of rock that involves somewhat raspy vocals, straining but restrained, and fast-paced late 80's/early 90's guitarwork that reminds me of Monsula or Still Life or something (with subtle hints of Grade). Pretty decent. They've got five songs on the disc and it is a pleasant 18 minutes. This Engine Burns is straight-up Hot Water Music. They've got the raw, dual vocal tactics employed by HWM, without quite the same quality of rock. It sounds a little hollow, but it's already growing on me. On "Red Eye to Cleveland," they add a funky rolling bassline and on "50 Lb. Hammer," they add the old "Guy from Fugazi" vocal element. Pretty cool after all, aside from another one of them lame-o-hidden tracks that takes 8 minutes to scan through to get to a minute and a half long lackluster cover of "It's How We Are" (by Lifetime, maybe?) 11 songs, 36 minutes of music. DO (This Guy/PO Box 25725/Los Angeles, CA 90025)

DEATH BEFORE DISCO/SEVERANCE • split CD

Death Before Disco has a very harsh metal sound. Every now and then they break into these super-catchy melodic parts, though, which is a little weird. I hate metal, so these are the only parts I liked, which doesn't mean these songs are bad; they're well written and played with style. The recording is crisp and crunchy (kind of like a potato chip). Severance has a more rocking sound. The recording isn't bad, but you can really hear the difference between the 2 bands. DBD's sound has a much more crushing quality. Back to Severance. At times they reminded me of bands like Hacksaw and Oil, then—every now and then—they display a hint of old school-ism. Not bad, but not as refined as DBD. Both bands are from Belgium, I think. Not bad at all. MH (Eyespy Records/Kleine Blekkhaard 14/8310 Assebroek-Brugge/Belgium)

MASS SEPARATION/ATROCIOUS MADNESS • split CD

Mass Separation come out with both guns blazing on this one! The material on their split with Unholy Grave was cool, but on this they're awesome. Totally harsh grind-core that's abrasive, choppy, all that you look for in this music. And it's full-on in your face political. "Vision Of Democracy" is a great assessment of the system we live under. Atrocious Madness, as always, crank out a winner. The majority of their material on this has appeared on other releases, but it's nice to have on disc. And they do a rousing cover of "Daily Life" from Disorder (perhaps better than the original band!). MA (Voice Pro Asia c/o Yeap, 15 USJ5/1H, 47610 Subang Jaya, Selangor Darul Ehsan, Malaysia; voiceproductionasia@rednecks.com)

AUTHORITY ABUSE/KAKISTOCRACY • split 7"

Kakistocracy play Partners in Crime sounding punk/HC (i.e. His Hero is Gone, Talk is Poison style). Great intricate guitar work and really tight drumming and bass rhythms. The lyrics are dim and bleak and question how we can have freedom when we don't really know what it is? They do only 2 songs, and one of them is a Resist cover. They do the cover really good, and with their own style, but I kind of wish they did 2 of their own so I could tell you more about them. AA plays more of a SxE sounding style that reminds me of Fields of Fire, or a mellower Trial. Songs about feeling useless in this society and the (or, the lack of) afterlife. Both bands play different styles but are brought together by their political/social lyrics. CF (Anthem for Doomed Youth Records)

V/A • Four Walls Vibrating CD

"This compilation wraps up some of the best songs recorded by a variety of bands from smaller towns and cities over the course of a decade." So opens the liner notes from Greg Chumppire, who apparently recorded these songs. The bands are from towns the likes of Zanesville, Ohio and other towns in the vicinity of his Conneaut Lake base. Many DIY recordings come across to me a self gratification, or simply going through the motions. This on the other hand lies solidly in the realm of documentation, which is something I appreciate very much. There's enough variety here that I suspect there is something here for everyone. DF (\$5 to Chumppire/PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316-0680)

V/A • The Best Of Heel Erg Punk CD

This CD is a collection of 20 of the 49 bands that played the three Heel Erg Punk Festivals in 1996, 1998, and 1999. Each of the tracks are from recording sessions and releases outside of the festival though. The sounds on here vary, and just about every punk style is represented here: crust, pop, emo, garage, hardcore, and others not so easily labeled. I haven't heard of most of these bands, though some of them were familiar from working on HaC reviews. The bands are Totaal Verlept, The Riplets, Oil, Raise Kain, Die Nakse Bananen, Bluefish, Cenobites, Attrition, Springrain, Beyond Lickin', Disturbance, Puz, No-Men, Nice Guy Eddie, Dutchbad, Ragin' Harmones, Fuzzbrats, Apers, Curfew, and Face Tomorrow. LO (Tocado Records/PO Box 3092/3003 AB Rotterdam/The Netherlands)

V/A • Go Down Fighting. Come Up Smiling CD

This CD is a benefit for The Big Idea, which is an info shop that operates out of the Mr. Robot Project, a cooperatively operated show space and community center in Pittsburgh. The booklet for this CD gives some information and contact info about similarly minded resources in Pittsburgh. As for the CD comp, it has twenty-seven punk bands with varying sounds. Most of them are locals that haven't moved too far out of the local scene; in fact, the only one I had heard of was Crucial Unit. The other ones are: Behind Enemy Lines, Choke City, Last Day On The Force, Whatever It Takes, The Blissful Idiots, (The) Control Group, McCarthy Commission, Gunspiking, Creta Bourzia, Grand Buffet, Tabula Rasa, Fortiori, Into To Pterodactyl, Caustic Christ, The Modey Lemon, Jumbo, Pikadori, Jo, The Hip Criticals, Teddy Duchamp's Army, Microwaves, TBA, Free Barabbas, World B, Silver Tongued Devil, and Arco Flute Foundation. The bands play anything from hip hop, to screamo, to indie, to thrash—and most of them are pretty good. The booklet is really nice because, beyond the info I already mentioned and all of the bands inserts, there are contributions from locals about what the project means to them. This is a really nice DIY comp. LO (Hard Travelin'/PO Box 8131/Pittsburgh, PA 15217)

V/A • One Voice Compilation cassette

This comp features nine bands from Singapore that are a part of the One Voice Crew movement. Each of the bands plays very strong stuff, though they cover a few different styles. Some play straightedge, some play thrash, some play metal, and some play grind. Each of them has really hard lyrics and plenty to complain about. The bands on this come are Socail Integration, Download, Over3dge, Obscure, Dignity, Wrath, Insult By Action, Pyro, and Sang Froid. LO (Old Skool Kids Records/PO Box 64/109147 Moscow/Russia)

V/A • Gern Blandsten, The First Nine Years CD

This is an excellent introduction to an interesting label that puts out a lot of great stuff. As far as I can tell, the songs on here aren't exclusives. I think they were all taken off the records that GB released. There is a lot of classic stuff on here, like Native Nod, Merel, Rorschach and Stricks and Stones. More interesting to me (since I don't already own them) were the newer releases with Radio 4, Ted Leo, All Natural Lemon & Lime Flavors and Computer Cougar. Well worth checking out if you're not already familiar with the label's output. MH (Gern Blandsten/PO Box 356/River Edge, NJ 07661; www.gernblandsten.com)

V/A • With Literacy And Justice For All... CD

Featuring tracks from Rouge, Marion Delgado, Virginia Black Lung, Homage to Catalonia, Respira, Hietsukan, Flashbulb Memory, Andrea Lisa, Malabaster, The Assistant, Crispus Attucks, Death Is Your Language, Zegota, Beauty Pill, and Thursday. The compilation is a benefit for the DC area Books to Prisons Project. The booklet comes with band info (art and lyrics and what not) as well as a lot of writings about literacy and why the Books to Prisons Project is important. The music is good, with a nice variety of bands, and the booklet is an interesting read. This is exactly what compilation should be like; more than music and way more than just an advertisement for new music. KM (Exotic Fever Records/PO Box 297/College Park, MD 20771-0297)

V/A • Early Summer Campfire Songs CD

23 acoustic songs like the title describes it. Nothing overly annoying here, it's all quite enjoyable. The only 2 names that meant something to me were Ann Beretta (a non-exclusive song) and Dashboard Confessional. Other artists include The Ataris, Subb, The Chinkies, The Kingpins, Erik Core and Vic Ruggiero. I think this is meant to give some exposure to these artists, but there is hardly any info about them included. Oh well... MH (couldn't find a label/address or name)

V/A • Twilight Zone CD

A CD comp with a bunch of German bands I have never heard of before. Each band has a couple songs, giving you plenty of time to get acquainted with their sound. Most of the bands play music that is either melodic poppy stuff, indie rock, or something in between. The bands are Stand Against, That Very Time, Born As A Joke, I.O.U. Nothing, Evergreen Terrace, Clint, Sonic Bastards, Infront, Räuberstecher, and Gotta Spinoza. LO (Twisted Chords/Postfach/76327 Pfingztal/Germany)

V/A • Cheese Borger's Pies And Ears #2 CD

This CD is a collection of Cleveland bands from the past and present. Most of them are of the garage rock or a more classic punk nature. Some are crazy, but all of them are crazed. The bands are Kneecappers, Disciples Of Death, Idiot Humans, Stepsister, Syrenes, Chargers Street Gang, Reason Seven, Bernie & The Invisibles, 2 Robs, New Salem Witch Hunters, Breathing Blankets, Terrible Parade, Clocks, St. Jayne, Floydband, Impalers, Monitors, Pink Holes, AK-47's, Phestur, Generics, Bronces, and Offbeats. LO (Smog Veil Records/774 Mays #10-454/Incline Village, NV 89451)

V/A • Absence of Sanity Comp 11 CD

This comp was put together in response to "this day of watered down underground music" and for those "who support the true underground lifestyle." What exactly the "true" underground lifestyle is I don't know and the compilation creator who wrote those words isn't particularly forthcoming on the subject. He also doesn't really give much in the way of a reason for why these bands are on the same comp, other than he likes them. There isn't a whole lot of stylistic or thematic cohesiveness to this. The sounds are all over the place, some are more melodic, some have more of a rock edge, some are metal, some aren't. As with most comps there's a few gems surrounded by mediocre songs. BH (Rat Town Records/PO Box 508803/Jax Beach, FL 32240)

V/A • Saving Suburbia Vol.1 CD

This is a 3 way split CDR from West Virginia's Cow Tipped, Poindexter, and Skapegoat (apparently now defunct). Each band has four songs. This is punk as fuck in that scribbled-band-names on your 3-ring binder kind of way. This reminds me of how great local punk rock was before we could get into the city to have our standards spoiled by touring bands. It's all about simple songs and lyrics; combo amps and bad recordings; and just having fun and not giving a fuck about much else. Don't get me wrong, this is crappy punk rock, but I like crappy punk rock. FIL (Have A Nice Day Records c/o Matt/PO Box 184/Halltown, WV 25423)

V/A • Wild in the Streets, Vol. 2 7"

Crispus Attucks, Killed in Action, Fury for Another, The Third Degree, Holier Than Thou, Tear it Up. Need I say more? The existence of this 7" will further the demise of bank ledges, curbs and handrails worldwide. You can't listen to this without feeling the need to put some wheels under your feet and fuck shit up. Skate hard, thrash harder, never give up. DJ (Element Records/23144 Cleveland/Dearborn, MI 48124)

V/A • Emotional Outburst Assisted By Technical Supply CD

A twenty-two band compilation that samples harsh and sweet sounds from hardcore bands of many countries. There is a good amount of German style metal core ala Acme, some quieter melodic stuff, some straight edge sounds, and a couple crazy tracks of noise and freakiness. Most of this comp is good and there are few slow parts. Some of the bands I recognized were Costa's Cake House, Nyari, Jane, Trust No One, and Inane—though plenty of the bands I didn't recognize rocked as well. I feel like this comp updated me plenty on what's going on in Germany, though a handful of

Lisa and Kent

photo by Josh French



the bands are from Sweden and Canada. A few of the bands on this CD have other releases on this label. LO (Incendiary Records/Stockumerstr. 20/47139 Duisburg/Germany)

V/A • Farewell To Arms 3: International Anti-Military Benefit Compilation CD

The Union Of Conscientious Objectors in Finland works to combat their conscription system and create ways to avoid arms. The selection of bands for this comp is quite good, and most of the songs are actually about arms resistance. There are 27 bands on this comp, some of them are Agathocles, Beyond Description, Demon System 13, Drop Dead, Forca Macabra, Huasipungo, Kontrovers, Oi Polloi, Seein Red, Selfish, and Unkind. All of the bands on this comp play harsh punk with a good recording. There are addresses in the booklet for you to use in order to get in touch with the UCO and other resistance groups. This is a cool comp. LO (Storms Mini Mart/PO Box 403/00121 Helsinki/Finland)

DEMOS

MICHAEL LANDON'S COMMANDOS • Three Hits From Heaven demo

Yes, Michael Landon has commandos and apparently they are more than a little pissed. This demo has three pissed off tracks of thrash at its most furious. I pretty much put in the tape, sat down, grabbed my laptop to type in the name, and the demo was over. Now, it isn't that I feel thrash bands such as this should put a large amount of songs on a demo tape. It is just that you might expect those motivated enough to make a demo would have at least five songs, or five minutes of music. Ah well, I'm not going to harsh on the commandos for fear they might run some kind of covert op on me. LO (no address)

NOT A CHANCE • demo

Six crisp tracks of Connecticut straight edge. Not A Chance plays melodic stuff in the vein of Instead with the straightforward and tough sound of Ten Yard Fight. All the songs sound good. They cover the usual topics of not selling out, staying straight, and being who you are. Even though the band is called Not A Chance, it is a pretty positive message. LO (Dan/29 Lake St./Ledyard, CT 06339)

FORTIORI • demo CDR

Metallic modern day hardcore. At moments it reminds me of bands like Devola, with the harsh vocals, and then they bring to mind other mid-'90s bands on the Mountain label with the jerky rhythms, and dense guitar sound. When they keep it straight forward it's not bad. But they tend to lose me when they drift off into the metal wanking, as on "When Will We Realize." But this is a demo, so there's room for improvement. MA (Jordan Villella/136 Turkmar Dr./Aliquippa, PA 15001)

AFFIRMATIVE ACTION JACKSON • CDR demo

Recorded mostly live in one take, this still has a good punchy sound. From the info they gave me they're soon to appear on a comp with WHN? and Total Fury, and a comp on 625. Plus they're going to be touring with Knives Out. That should give you a good idea of the sound. I'm reminded of Black Flag when they were sounding really dirty and mean plus the usual crust/skate suspects. Well done and nicely packaged, though unfortunately no lyric sheet. I got a good idea what to expect from reading their song titles, though: "Never Underestimate The Power Of Sideburns" or "One Third True 'Til Death." I suspect these guys rock when they play live. MH (\$2 to Andy AAJ/2163 Chestnut Ave./Ardmore, PA 19003-3003; andy@crajee.com)

WORMS • demo

A guy, some words, and his acoustic guitar. Personal lyrics fit so well in songs of simple guitar and vocals that lay themselves at your feet. Acoustic stuff always sounds so vulnerable, and this Worms demo is no exception. The only exception here is the dance track at the end with lots of synthesized, booty-shakin' beats. LO (Ben/2026 Green St./San Francisco, CA 94123)

...AND I CAN'T WAIT • CDR demo

I was going to compare this to Resist and Harum Scarum because it has kind of a crusty touch and there are 2 women in the band. But now that I've read the lyrics I would also compare them to very old school SXE bands like Wishful Thinking and Flexx Your Head-era Dischord bands. There is a really cool "Straight Edge Sisterhood" song on here ("I'm breaking into your boy's club (...) It's like high school here with your exclusion and fear"). The sound is more on the shitty side and the band is far from being tight. Still, I don't have too many complaints, because there is a lot of rage here and that's what it's all about, right? MH (Joan/4 Highland St. rear #2/Gloucester, MA 01930)

MANDOWN • five song demo CD

Tough guy hardcore with critical lyrics and a rough edge. The faster parts reminded me of 97a, though most of the recording falls closer to the New York hardcore side of things. Their songs about getting older, staying true to who you are, working, and living your life all comment on and question what's going on. Mandown have a very classic sound and so the classic lyrical style is quite fitting. LO (mandownhc@hotmail.com)

IO • demo

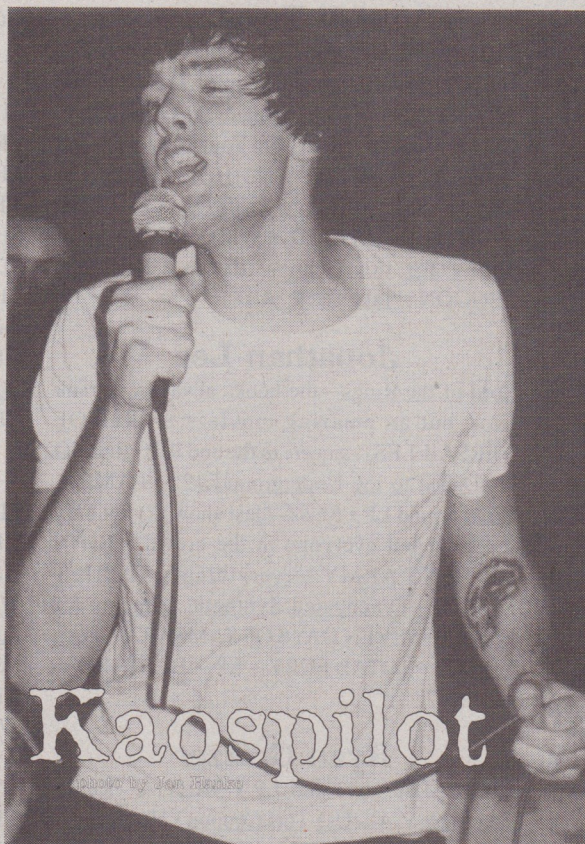
These guys have an interesting sound. Raging hardcore that suddenly goes into these strange guitar interludes (though short and brief). The music is quick, choppy, and chaotic at times. The third song, "Reigned," tends to drag on a little longer than necessary, but on the whole this is pretty good. MA (3509 Blvd. of the Allies/Pittsburgh, PA 15213)

BILLY DIRT CULT • Outside The Circle CD

This demo gives you a nice long look at a band from Alaska who wants to crush you with noise. They do that, but it certainly isn't the most precise thing I've heard lately. For a demo, it is all right though. Six songs they give you the titles to and one long noisy thing at the end make up this CD. It is all in hardcore with layers and deep tones that just needs a little polishing. The basic stuff isn't bad or generic, just basic. LO (\$5 to Andrew D./926 W 26th #205/Anchorage, AK 99503)

THE DOPPLER EFFECT • CDR demo

5 songs. Harsh and dark material, that seems to be rooted in metal. "Do you love or do you use or do you love to use?" I do like the lyrics and the overall attitude of this, but it's a little bit too metal and grimy for me. Still, a proficient effort by a tight band that we might hear more of in the future. They would certainly deserve it. Nice artwork, too. MH (Andy Crawshaw/PO Box 312/Newburyport, MA 01950)



THE ABANDONED HEARTS CLUB • CD

This is very aggravating. I mean the music on here—a concoction of choppy Converge-isms, bad metal and over-ambitious sampling—is enough to irritate me in a major way. But add to that virtually unreadable lyrics (tiny white letters on pink—retch!) and pretentious song titles like "Consensus Emptiness And The Never Encore Obsession" or "The Failure A Posteriori" and you end up with something that is harder to swallow than a bucket of snot. Interestingly, though, the one thing about this band that I can't get over is the fact that one of the members refers to himself as "Terry Tifuck." Maybe it's the alliteration, maybe it's the sheer stupidity of the name itself but I have been unable to get it out of my head for the last 10 days. I find myself walking down the street thinking "I wonder what Terry Tifuck is up to today!" Or "My car doesn't start. What would Terry Tifuck do?" If you're going to be crude why be such a wimp about it and not go all the way and call yourself something like "Teabag Terry" (as in "Teabagging": the act of repeatedly dipping the scrotum into a partner's mouth) or maybe "Terry Spacedock" (as in "Spacedocking": the act of freezing a stool, inserting it in a condom and anally penetrating your partner with it). Terry Tifuck. What a complete and utter tosser. Oh yeah, I forgot, this band features ex-members of Spread The Disease and New Day Rising. MH (148 Barton Ave./Toronto, ON/M6G 1R2/Canada)

GODS AMONG MEN • demo

Three songs of experimental sounds to beat at your ears. Gods Among Men consist of a bunch of people playing different instruments and different parts at the same time. They create a wall of noise, but one made mostly of chaotic discord. I know this band is trying to make music outside of the norm, but some parts are definitely going to need more structure for me. LO (\$1 to Chad flamingvomil@hotmail.com)

INURE • demo

Inure brings aspects of thick grindcore and screamo into the songs on this demo. Long metal parts that drone come together with frenzied hardcore to create a sound that drives through different tempos. It's both chaotic and evil, with lyrics about emotional and social desolation. The recording is good. Based on the material from this demo, I think these folks would play a tight set live. LO (Jason/2812 Summit Ave./Baltimore, MD 21234)

YOUTH EMPOWERMENT PROJECT • When the Nights... CD demo

It is hard to believe this is only a demo. Could easily be an EP it's that good. Hell, it is great! Powerful hardcore with a driving rhythm and quick pace. Sort of mid 80s sounding, but not youth crew. Fast without being thrash. Good lyrics as well. Political minded, but fun at the same time (on the surface songs like "Word Up! The Robot vs The Aztec Mummy" and "Minya Only Blew Smoke Rings" appear to be a songs about a campy monster movies, but there is a social message). Hopefully these guys will get some vinyl out soon. MA (3378 Morrison Ave./Cincinnati, OH 45220)

CARATHER • demo

This is by far one of the most excellent demos of this issue. Carather play heavy and brutal hardcore with intensely urgent lyrics. Their songs talk about third world hardcore, the political and social situations in their country, and what they hope for the future. Their songs get under your skin and beat you in the head with a thick and intricate blend of hardcore and metal influences. The recording is really well done and everything sounds really crisp. An excellent project all around, this is a band to watch out for in the future. LO (Grilo/R. Sao Joao Evangelista, 63-701/Santo Antonio 30330-140/Belo-Horizonte MG/Brazil)

COLAPSO • demo

Aside from the gritty 4 track recording that is sometimes too muffled, this is an excellent demo. Colapso play intense melodic hardcore with a very hard edge. Their songs are fast and furious, and the deep grindcore style vocals make them even more tough. Parts of their songs remind me of Kontraataque, though Kontraataque sound more metal. Colapso just sound like a rough hardcore band with lots of grindcore influences. The demo comes with a 20 page booklet which rivals most zines. There is a complete list of lyrics, as well as lengthy linear notes that totally inspire. Everything in the booklet is in both Spanish and English. The note that came with this demo said they just threw this together... Wow. I hope to see this band play in LA soon. LO (PO Box 17546/Los Angeles, CA 90017)

GLORY FADES • demo tape

There are some excellent old school style songs on here that have a lot of forward drive and at times are a little more melodic than other revivalist bands. Think Dag Nasty meets The Gate Crashers (if you can think that far). The guitar and the vocals remind me of Swiz every now and then which is a big compliment. Pro-community and pro-human rights lyrics makes this a very well rounded first introduction to a band that we'll hopefully hear more of in the future. MH (Eric Yu/72 Gardner St. C6/Alston, MA 02134)

HELD UNDER WATER • CDR demo

I would have compared this sound to the new school screamo thing, but the keyboard is quite dominant on these songs, more dominant than in bands like Cobra Kai or I Am The Resurrection. Not bad at all, though. They're really trying to create their own sound here and they do succeed at that. I especially liked the lyrics that are about something (vegetarianism for one) and don't just randomly throw together a bunch of cool sounding words. It certainly doesn't hurt that the recording is very good, either. Now that I think about it, this bands doesn't sound all that different from The Abandoned Hearts Club. The main difference is in presentation and lyrical content I suppose. And they also didn't make the mistake of naming anyone Terry Tifuck. Oh Terry Tifuck, I wonder what shenanigans you're up to right now... MH (Love.Lies.Bleeding./2501 N. Bishop Apt. 1004/San Marcos, TX 78666)

COLDBRINGER • Auto Rock CD

Coldbringer let loose the passion and energy of each of their five members. Each section seems to wail and crash in an uncontrollable way. They are letting it all go, and their heavy hardcore does not relent for a second. They use layered guitar tracks, growing vocals, and intense drums that remind me of From Ashes Rise—though Coldbringer is much rougher around the edges. This CD-R is a demo, and it certainly shows a lot of promise, though they aren't quite there yet. With more practice and a finer recording... Who knows? LO (1458 Salt Point Turnpike/Pleasant Valley, NY 12569)

BLACK BRICK KISS • When the Fire in Your Eyes Turns... demo

CD Pretty upbeat punky stuff that is sort of old school (late 80's/early 90's) and the songs are somewhere between Orange County and New York... which puts them somewhere around Minnesota, I guess... They do a cover of Dag Nasty's "When I Move" fairly well. Part of me likes this and part of me finds it a little stale and elementary. Check out their website and perhaps it will help you decide for yourself. 8 songs, 19 minutes. DO (Serenity/803 Thomas Ave./St. Paul, MN 55104; www.blackbrickkiss.com)

DEAD BY DAWN • demo

Dead By Dawn play harsh hardcore with metal guitar parts and melodic change-ups. They keep all of this within the punk space and end up with something quite familiar. You can't understand a word the singer wails, but they do include a lyric sheet full of pissed political lyrics about the US's role in world events and how our society of pretty much fucking up the world. Although this is said to be recorded on and 8 track, his has some of the muddy demo sound to it. This demo shows a lot of potential through the mud. LO (\$3 to Dead By Dawn/4914 NE 17th St./Portland, OR 97211)

Steve Aoki

LIARS—They Threw Us In A Trench and Stuck a Monument On Top LP • PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAGES—tour to Las Vegas, live, and all their new songs • ERASE ERRATA—Other Animals LP • the woman who does the spoken word piece on the Yaphet Kotto LP • MONOCHROME—Angelfire 7" • PANTHERS—Are You Down CD • ENVY—All The Footprints You've Ever Left and The Fear Expecting Ahead CD • INTERNATIONAL NOISE CONSPIRACY—live and A New Morning Changing Weather CD • HOT CROSS—A New Set of Lungs 10" • THE BOBCATS—You've Got the Touch 7"... The Bobcats are simply untouchable!

Steve Snyder

Democracy Now! War and Peace Report w/ Amy Goodman—the only news show that matters • *Reason To Believe DIY Hardcore Punk 'Zine* • ROSELLA WASHINGTON & TYRONE BROWN—Rosella... A Good Place to Start CD • KAMPEC DOLORES—Tu Fokan/Eye of The Needle CD • LONDON IMPROVISERS ORCHESTRA—The Hearing Continues 2xCD • *Durga* 'zine • FUGAZI—The Argument LP • BADAR ALI KHAN—Lost In Qawwali III CD • ANTHONY BRAXTON 5—Eight Compositions (Quintet) 2001 CD • CHRIS JONAS' THE SUN SPITS CHERRIES W/ MYRAMELFORD—The Vermilion CD • V/A—Strata-2-East 2xLP

Chris Crass

Empire by Michael Hardt and Antonio Negri • Boom: the sound of eviction—Whispered Media's new documentary on gentrification and community resistance in San Francisco • Ali • Onward Vol 2 Num 3 • Colorlines special edition on war and racism • PINK—Missundaztood • Women's Voices Rise Up—benefit concert for the Revolutionary Association of the Women of Afghanistan at the Women's Building in SF. With performances by all women singing groups Copper Wimin, Samsara and Rene y su Grupo close to \$4000 was raised. • The New Intifada: Resisting Israel's Apartheid ed. by Roane Carey • *Entertainment Weekly's* special issue devoted entirely to Friends • LA Lakers on the path to their third NBA Championship

Dylan Ostendorf

ADAM DOVE—Aftershock CD • ANGSTZUSTAND—Ohne Dich Sind Wir Allein CD • HEY MERCEDES—Everynight Fire Works CD • THE MIRACLE OF 86—self-titled CD • RADIOHEAD—I Might Be Wrong CD • RIVAL SCHOOLS—United by Fate CD • THE STROKES—Is This It CD • SUPERCHUNK—Here's To Shutting Up CD • Amelie • Lord of the Rings (Fellowship of the Ring)

Adi Tejada

THE CROWN—Death Race King CD • PULP—His N' Hers and Common People CDs • HOLIER THAN THOU?—The Hating of the Guts 12" and CD • HALIFAX PIER—Put Your Gloves On and Wave CD • THE CROWN—Hell Is Here CD • GORGASM—Bleeding Profusely CD • THE HAUNTED—first CD • WITCHERY—Symphony for the Dead + live • CREEPER LEGOON—Take Back... CD

Jonathan Lee

Lord of the Rings—the books always will rank first, but an amazing movie • SPIRIT OF VERSAILLES—sincere to the end RIP • RADIO 4—Dance to the Underground 12" • LAMB—What Sound LP • PEZZ—last show (?) not only the band but everyone in the crowd • JOHN BROWNS ARMY—everything • YAPHET KOTTO—Syncopated Synthetic Laments for Love LP • SEVEN DAYS OF SAMSARA—Fuck Work 7" • TOTAL FURY—LP • BASTARD—bootleg 7"

Ryan Gratzer

RUHAEDA—live and LP • SAETIA—Retro-spective • V/A—Use This Coupon • V/A—False Object Sensor • AN ALBATROSS—LP • SYSTEM OF A DOWN—Toxicity • Ryan's nintendo techno remix CD • RAMBO—live • SUTEK CONSPIRACY—live • MOHINDER, as usual

Marianne Hofstetter

KILLED BY MALAISE—advance tape • TIDAL—new songs • GLORY FADES—demo • BURY THE LIVING—7" • CONTRA—LP • ENVY—CD • Charlie's Garden Army (BBC) • Six Feet Under (HBO) • The Shipping News—Annie Proulx • spacedocking

Chuck Franco

JUGGLING JUGULARS—Propaganda Immunity LP • PIGNATION—You Would Hate to Know LP • SILNA WOLA—discography CD • FROM ASHES RISE—Silence LP • TOTALITAR/DISCLOSE—split LP • UNHOLY GRAVE! • SEWNSHUT/MAN IN SHACKLES—split 7" • MODERAT LIKVIDATION—Kuknacke CD • SEVERED HEAD OF STATE—CD (again!) • At the very lowest estimate 3,500 dead civilians in the terrorist war against terror. GOD BLESS AMERICA!!!

Vincent Chung

FUGAZI—The Argument LP • NIPS 'N NIPPLE ERECTORS—Bops, Babes, Booze, and Bovver LP • AMERICAN STEEL—Rouge's March LP • THE REPLACEMENTS—Tim LP • THE SHINS—Oh, Inverted World LP • THE NEW PORNOGRAPHERS—Mass Romantic CD • THE (ORIGINAL) MODERN LOVERS—original demos LP • PRETTY GIRLS MAKE GRAVES—LP • ALEJANDRO ESCOVEDO—Bourbonitis Blues CD • CALVARY - demo 3" CD and live

Lisa Oglesby

PLEASE INFORM THE CAPTAIN THIS IS A HIJACK—live • FUGAZI—The Instrument LP • AGAINST ME!—Jordan's... 7" • LIMP WRIST—LP and live • BOOKS LIE—I Felt Like Such A Loser... 7" • *America?* #9 • *Regulate* #5 • Vegan peanut butter cups and the \$2.50 theater with Fil • "Blind Date" with Leslie • Virgin Mega Whore 7" with Brandy

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Kent McClard

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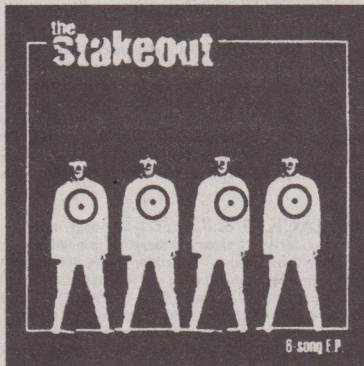
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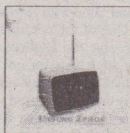
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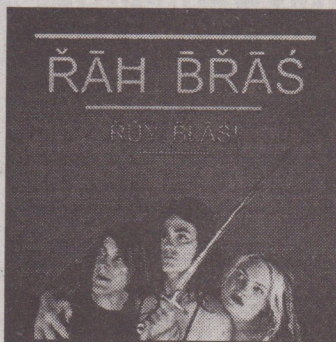
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PI 'ZINE #3 5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.

Though this is the third issue, you can tell these folks are new at doing a 'zine. They show a lot of excitement and idealism and they don't really know what to leave out just yet. This was sent to us (partly) in hopes to get ads and some exposure. I'm not sure if these folks know HaC exists, but this is the only exposure I can really offer them. This issue is comprised of vegan recipes, band write-ups and interviews, and reprint and article by Ralph Nader. They interview Small Brown Bike, Student*Rick, and Lobster Records as well as telling you about Grey AM and Fugazi, interesting movies they have seen, and music they have seen or heard. If you have ideas for other features for this 'zine, contributions are gladly accepted. LO (Christopher George/PO Box 21055 LPMPO/84 Lynden Park Rd./Brantford, ON/N3R 7W9/Canada)

3.05 METRES: A TEN FOOT RULE PRIMER 5.5x8.5 \$2.75 32pgs.

Yet another comic book 'zine. I can't get enough of them. This is a collection of the artists favorites from old issues and some other harder to find pieces. Maybe it's just because it's his better work but I loved it. Lots of funny, quirky fictional and non fictional stories with great artwork. I really dig when cartoonists draw people and you have a complete image of what they look like without being too incredibly alike. Also, the guy takes a trip to Newark, DE. Maybe I have too much hometown pride but, I was into that. BS (TFR Industries/3719 SE Hawthorne #243/Portland, OR 97214)

19 CENT 'ZINE #014 5.5x8.5 free 28pgs.

This 'zine starts off with some writings about the exploits of a band called Earwig as they tour the US. There is praise for mp3 technology and essays on the Smoking Popes, a band called Jump, and Andre the Giant. There are short writings about some of the editor's favorite music and this issue closes with a walking tour of downtown Charleston, South Carolina. SJS (343A King St./Charleston, SC 29401)

AD HOMINIM #10 8.5x11 \$3 72pgs.

This is a cut and paste 'zine that contains interviews with musicians, essays and articles on a variety of topics, a selection of comics, and some record reviews. This issue opens with 17 short question and answer sessions with folks from Grade, Buried Alive, Backfire, Gameface, Q and Not U, the Turbo A.C.'s, Lungfish, Astropop, and a many more. Some were conducted via e-mail, others in person. The questions are somewhat obvious and sometimes goofy so the responses vary quite a bit. Next up are the articles and essays. Some topics include: Canada's abundance of drinkable water, coffee enemies, the crooks and dorks involved in US politics, holocaust revisionism, and thoughts on and photos from a Scattergun Reflex show. The comics examine the Lincoln/Kennedy synchronicity, the story of Greaseball, and the tales of To Much Coffee Man. *Ad Hominim* is a nice read with a good sense of humor. SJS (1401 Portland Ave. S #C303/Minneapolis, MN 55404)

ALARM PRESS #11 8.5x11 \$3 84pgs.

The eleventh issue of *Alarm* is packed with your average music magazine content; the exception here is that they actually have a good layout. They have ads, interviews, reviews, letters, and columns (most of which ended up being about September 11th, due to the deadline for this issue). Interviews for this issue are with media professor Robert McChesney and the bands Arab On Radar, Kool Keith, Thursday, Le Tigre, Murder City Devils, Living Legends, and Tim Kinsella of the Owls. The articles on becoming the media and Chinese pop culture and artistic expression were fascinating reads. There is also a fiction story for your reading pleasure and reviews of music (which were lengthy and informative), 'zines (which were too short), and movies (which were few). LO (PO Box 200069/Boston, MA 02120)

ALMOST KISSING #2 5.5x8.5 \$2 36pgs.

Almost Kissing is thirty-six pages of honest personal stories about the highs and lows. Right now in the author's life, there are arguably more lows than highs being mentioned—but what are personal 'zines without a little misery. Tim writes about alcohol, friends, bikes, and traveling in this issue. Each section is off set with that incredibly nice black and white 'zine art that is mostly big type and old pictures. I am a sucker for this kind of stuff, partly because it is so brave to give it away to stranger and partially because the inner revelation can be most profound one of all. LO (Tim Rakunze/6031 Idaho St./Oakland, CA 94608)

ALTRUZINE #2 8.5x11 free 40pgs.

Standard music 'zine out of Western Canada: columns, interviews, reviews... you know the drill. The interviews with Fugazi and Fairweather were interesting; the ones with Mico and Bane were not. Also there is an informative interview with, Ceylon of the band Pezz about the humanitarian work he's done in Iraq. OB (Hose Clam Press/PO Box 35078/Edmonton, AB/T5K 2R8/Canada)

AMERICA? #9 4.25x5.5 \$1 32pgs.

Ah yes, an inspirational and engaging read in the sea of crap for review. Finally! I absolutely LOVE this 'zine (back issues included but the new one especially). Travis aptly expresses his thoughts and dreams through anecdotes of punk rock tours and life as it passes. The pieces are short, but they find a way to hit home each time. This is exactly what I want to read... well written, reflective, and urgent. I can't think of a better thing I have read for this issue. This review is just gushing and not really telling you much about the content—but I don't care, you should read it for yourself! I love *America?* and I think you will, too! Woo hoo! LO (Travis/PO Box 13077/Gainesville, FL 32604)

ARISE! Aug. 2001 8.5x11 free 40pgs.

This is a news resource 'zine coming out of the Arise! Resource Center and Bookstore in Minneapolis. They have very good articles on current (as of August) situations worldwide. There are features on DIY silk screening and home gardening that you might find useful for many projects. There are a lot of different columns on feminism, tourism, the Pacifica radio station and a reprinted interview with the radical cheerleaders and plenty of other news, events, and columns. Another great source for independent non-corporate news and living. CF (2441 Lyndale Ave. S/Minneapolis, MN 55405)

BEATING HEARTS OF THE WORLD UNITE 5.5x8.5 trade 72pgs.

What I really like about this 'zine is that it is written and edited by sincere people. The two editors are committed to the Beating Hearts project and give the contributors a chance to show their creativity. Like most 'zines with multiple contributors, the majority of the contributions are well done and thought out but there are a few that could have used some more time and effort. This first issue is broken down into three sections titled "Love," "Inspiration," and "Revolution." I found the section on love had some very interesting perspectives. The topics covered include monogamy as an institution; a poignant discussion on bondage, capitalism and patriarchy; and making love and sexual liberation. The "Inspiration" section included reviews of various books and support of various projects that are inspirational to them. The last section, "Revolution," covers topics such as neo-liberal globalization, the World Trade Organization protests in Seattle, the World Economic Forum protests in Melbourne, and education program for prisoners. This 'zine covers a lot of topics and the editors seem like they will be doing a lot more in the future. I would suggest writing them to find out about future *Beating Hearts Press* projects and get this 'zine in the mean time. KF (Luke/PO Box 444/Wollongong/NSW 2520/Australia)

BLACK STAR NORTH #3 5.5x8.5 \$3 64pgs.

This is a highly intellectual 'zine with revolutionary, anti-state, and anti-capitalist perspectives. One of the contributors even writes about how many anarchists call the 'zine too intellectually elite. His retort to the accusation blames many anarchists for not coming up with new ideas because they lack self-initiation, creativity, and strong intellectual facilities. His point, more or less, is that people need to educate themselves rather than get all of their ideas from someone else. The 'zine also includes thoughts on the World Trade Center attack and how the media has played into the hysteria, defining terrorism, a Situationist perspective on the Gulf War and how it applies to the situation we are in today, a critique of a lecture by Murray Bookchin about class struggle in the 21st century, and thoughts on violence and pacifism. The 'zine also covers many other topics, which can only benefit the reader. There is a lot to learn from the editors in this 'zine and I would suggest picking a copy up. KF (Mutual Aid Portland/PO Box 7328/Portland, ME 04112)

BURNT #4 8.5x11 \$1/trade 20pgs.

This is cut and paste 'zine from Parsippany, NJ. Within it's pages you will find short articles and essays on a variety of subjects from a variety of contributors. Some of the subjects include lively discussions in Sociology class; high tech surveillance in the US, street violence, racism, a short conversation with Jordan of pastepunk.com, and endangered rhinoceroses. There is a large 'zine review section and then some music reviews as well. SJS (400 Park Rd./Parsippany, NJ 07054)

CHICKENHED 'ZINE AND ROLL #3

7x8.5 \$2/trade 44pgs.

A handwritten 'zine with stories mostly comprised of various little things going on in life. Such as, roommates and living situations, quitting smoking, going to the doctor, his father coming out as bisexual, etc. I liked how there are pictures drawn on the pages and a lot of them correspond to the story being told. Overall I really liked this 'zine, the stories are amusing and he seems to keep a pretty positive view on life. And I enjoyed the layout, all done by hand and sort of cartoonish. RG (Josher/PO Box 330/Richmond, VA 23218)

SJS=STEVE SNYDER,
EM=ERIKA MONTOYA,
JM=JEN MUNDY,
CF=CHUCK FRANCO,
JL=JEFF LARSON,
OB=MIKE O'BRIAN,
BS=BRANDY
SCHOFIELD, MA=MATT
AVERAGE, KF=KRISTI
FULTS, RG=RYAN
GRATZER, & LO=LISA
OGLESBY

COUNTER THEORY #4 w/CD sampler 5.5x8.5 \$1 64pgs.

This is a music 'zine from Florida. This issue opens with some short columns; some are personal others cover social issues. There are short interviews with the folks who run Law Of Inertia and Ohev Records, Le Shok, and The Haggard. There are longer interviews with Milemarker, Geoff Farina, and Engine Down. The interviews focus on basic music making questions. The Milemarker interview is actually with Al Burian and a good chunk of it focuses on *Burn Collector*. The remainder of the pages is filled with 'zine and music reviews, live show photos, and a bit of fiction. This issue of *Counter Theory* comes with a CD compilation. It features one track each from 15 bands culled mostly from their recent recordings. It is a collection of punk and hardcore tunes from a mix of widely recognized names and some not quite so well known. The center of this issue contains track listings and descriptions for the compilation. SJS (8606 NW 59th Ct./Tamarac, FL 33321)

CHUMPIRE #145 8.5x11 34¢ 2pgs.

You know, every issue of HaC has at least one *Chumpire* review. It amazes me that Greg can pump these out like clockwork. In a way, it doesn't really seem like that much work because he really only has to fill up one sheet of paper. However, the devotion it must take to consistently have in mind something to tell people about in your newsletter is extreme. Especially so when you have long since passed the hundredth issue. At this point, *Chumpire* is an institution more than anything else. This is the watermark against which all flyer/newsletter 'zine will be judged by me. LO (PO Box 680/Conneaut Lake, PA 16316)

COLDBRINGER #2 7x8.5 free 40pgs.

The thing about collective 'zines (that is awesome) is that you get to read different people's words. Along with the different words there are different opinions, ideas, and styles. I love that about this 'zine. You have everything here. From fictional stories (that are pretty intense) to comments about the plane crashes in NYC. There's also an interesting column about this guy's experience in Belize. There are also some reviews. I think this was mentioned in the review for the first issue, but I will bring it up again—the parchment dividers are very nice! EM (PO Box 931174/Los Angeles, CA 90093)

CUNT ATTACK #1 & #2 8.5x11 \$2 16pgs. each

Hey, great title! *Cunt Attack* came into the world inspired by disgust and enthused to bring about change. The editor simply got fed up with the sexism bombarding her at every turn, and so *Cunt Attack* was born to delineate the issues she has. Though there is one year's time between them, both issue #1 and #2 have the same fierce energy of a woman pissed. She reprints poems and written pieces that speak to her (and the issues she is addressing in her 'zine) and she has a number of rants and quick pieces of commentary. The feminist, vegan, anti-authoritarian, and queer rights platforms are all addressed here. Overall, the content does seem a little basic for someone in their mid-twenties, but this 'zine is certainly a work in progress. Hopefully the layout will get cleaned up in the process as well. LO (Jennifer/405-580 Queen Mary St./Ottawa, ON/K1K 1W1/Canada)

DAYBREAK! #1 news \$1 8pgs.

Unless you live in the Twin Cities area, this 'zine is probably not for you. The editors state that their goal is to provide anti-authoritarian news to people in the Twin Cities area. Not to say that this is not informative to people outside of the area, but this newspaper is mostly centered on local news. This first issue of *Daybreak!* mostly covers the war. The articles are enlightening, especially because it is refreshing to read different perspectives for once. The articles range from the Arab-Americans that were illegally interned in the US, the School of the Americas, corporations and patriotism, how to resist the draft, and racism in the US. Next issue they promise to cover topics other than the war. KF (PO Box 14007/Minneapolis, MN 55414)

DOWNSIDED #5 5.5x7 \$3 44pgs.

Subtitled "hardcore thrash fanzine" *Downsided* looks at punk and hardcore. In this issue you will find interviews with Mel of *Direct Hit* fanzine, Swedish band Assel, Helsinki band Hero Dishonest, Andy B. of No Comment and Man Is The Bastard, Voorhees, and Germany's Crude B.E. The interviews are generally informative with some discussion beyond the basic bio and discography subjects. The first pages are given to columns on a variety of subjects, elsewhere in this issue are many reviews of thrash, hardcore, and punk recordings from around the world. There are short reviews of some varied 'zines from Europe and North America. SJS (Toni E./Siltapellonkuja 2 K 98/00740 Helsinki/Finland)

DUNK & PISS #6 4.25x5.5 \$1 72pgs.

Dunk & Piss is a cut and paste personal 'zine by a guy named Alex from Rochester, NY. He relates a variety of stories from his life. Most are small incidents that strike him as odd or funny. Alex has a way with relating tales of ordinary experiences that makes them an enjoyable read. In this issue he describes his experience with damaging and repairing drywall, drinking way to much Mountain Dew, a disastrous first date, and community service at a Christian youth center. A friend contributes a diary he kept while staying awake watching TV for 24 hours straight. Alex ends this issue with lists describing some things that make him happy, some 'zines he enjoys, and reasons why his dad is crazy. SJS (11 Alger St./Rochester, NY 14624)

DURGA #4 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

Durga is a political and personal 'zine from a resident of Eugene, OR. Much of the writing in this issue deals with women and their interactions and relationship with the anarchist community. One specific area focused on is the privilege that middle class men as well as women bring with them even though they choose not to acknowledge it. There are essays on the distinctions between truly inclusive diversity and superficial tokenism, the nurturing of young radicals by a welcoming activist collective, and the editor's attempts to fulfill her New Mexico green chili cravings in Oregon. SJS (PO Box 5841/Eugene, OR 97405)

EXTRA #44 7x8.5 free 76pgs.

The latest issue of this free monthly has all kinds of band information. This one features interviews with Reach, Up Hold, Selby Tigers, Rx Bandits, and many more. There are all kinds of reviews and write ups in this 'zine. If you can read Japanese and want to find out more about underground bands such as these and what is going on in the music scene, this is a great resource. LO (Disc Union/2-3-Kanda Awajicho/Chiyoda-Ku/Tokyo, 101-0063/Japan)

FISH PISS Vol. 2 #3 7x8.5 \$3 100pgs.

Fish Piss is a 'zine that many of you might have already heard of. It travels more in the larger 'zine community than the punk community, though ties to underground culture are more than obvious in this issue. Most of the space is given to a report on the Summit Of The Americas in Quebec City this past summer. Their report on what happened is the most complete I have seen to date. Sections explain the basic story as well as go into detail about the injuries that were incurred, the types of protest that went on, and what many protesters thought of the gathering. This 'zine is worth reading for that alone. Other contributions include thoughts on work (as well as interviews with various people about what they do), reviews and commentary on music, 'zine reviews, and many comics. This is a thick read with plenty to keep you busy for days reading. LO (Spontaneous Productions Rgd./Box 1232 Place d'Armes/Montreal, QC/H2Y 3K2/Canada)

ZINE REVIEWS

FIRE IN THE BELLY, SPACE IN THE THROAT

5.5x8.5 \$? 28pgs.
I assume this is the first issue of this 'zine. It is on the somewhat juvenile level as this point, but it seems like it could have potential. There is a lot of pirate pride in this here 'zine. Pirate vocabulary, the Articles of Piracy, and modern day pirates are all included in here. There are some more thoughtful pieces as well. The editor also writes about the World Trade Organization protests in Seattle, Japanese Anarchists, gives suggestions on what to do before participating in a protest, and thoughts on living in an anarchist society. I think the editor should probably have done some more reading on anarchist theory and practice before critiquing it. KF (no address)

FOOD GEEK #4

4.25x5.5 \$1 32pgs.
Food Geek is recipes and reminiscing about food from Carrie McNinch and some of her pals. You get stories about eating (some pleasant and some not), a couple comics with food as their theme, and a variety of writings about favorite recipes, restaurants, and food products. SJS (Carrie McNinch/PO Box 481051/Los Angeles, CA 90048)

FOR THE NERDS #1

8.5x11 68¢ 14pgs
Not bad for a first issue. Pretty much standard fare with interviews, reviews, and opinions. Some of the writing rambles, like the piece that talks about using computers in the library, then goes on to skating and tangling with some redneck kids, and then it ends with how he thinks his dog may like hardcore. Huh? But then there's a piece on his family's alcoholism and his struggle not to fall in into that trap that is really interesting. The interviews with Yann Kerevel (a show promoter in Grand Rapids) and Shoot the Hostage are decent. Definitely shows promise. But man, you gotta spell check and proof read your work before sending it out! MA (Joe Pahmag/1335 Sigsbee St. SE/Grand Rapids, MI 49506)

FRACTURE #18

8.5x11 \$3 104pgs.
This is similar to a British version of MRR: columns, interviews, and lots of reviews. The columns mostly deal with the events of September 11th, though there are a few sex-related pieces (one silly and one erotic). Interviews are with The Freeze, Boilermaker, Joe Kidd (way old school Malaysian punk), Dead End, Reflections Magazine and Records, Soon the Darkness, and Ebola. It's free in the UK so I can't imagine not picking this one up if you happen to live there. OB (PO Box 623/Cardiff/CF3 4ZA/Wales/UK)

FREAK TENSION #5

5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.
Nothing but reviews and the second installment of a horror punk trilogy. These guys actually went to see Destiny's Child and wrote about it! Oh the horror.... The horror... MA (Matt Johnson/PO Box 22163/Green Bay, WI 54305)

FUTURISTA! MODERN INDUSTRY VOL. 1

5.5x8.5 \$5 60pgs.
A collection of comics that are set in the future. Don't be fooled though, they don't all take place centuries from now. I didn't find the humor, or better still, wasn't entertained by every one. Nonetheless, there's some top notch art work going on here. I also liked how at the end of the 'zine they list a little something about each of the contributors, most of which do their own 'zines independent of this one. My biggest complaint is the price. BS (TFR Industries/3719 SE Hawthorne #243/Portland, OR 97214)

FUTURISTA! MODERN INDUSTRY VOL. 2

5.5x8.5 \$5 60pgs.
Pretty much the same thing going on here as in Volume One. There are different cartoonists working on this one, maybe that's why I was a little more into this volume. Maybe I'm a little biased though, since one of the artists grew up in Delaware (as did I) and one of them lives in Santa Barbara (as do I). But geez, again with the \$5 price tag. BS (see above)

GHOST PINE #6

4.25x5.5 \$2 100pgs.
This is a long, discontinuous story about life in Ottawa (and various other places in Canada). It describes a post-industrial world that seems to be slowly disintegrating around him. In other words, it provides a fairly poignant depiction of modern times in much of the first world, while at the same time allowing much room for him to tell his different stories and reflect on some things in his life. It's all handwritten (and legible), and contains a good amount of interesting reading. RG (Jeff/114 Canter Bl./Nepean, On/K2G-2M7/Canada)

GIRLS GUIDE TO TOURING

5.5x8.5 stamps 48pgs.
Just like the title suggests this informative little 'zine is supposed to help women who are planning on touring. It has interviews, or personal accounts, from various women who've toured. And as if that's not enough, there is also a tour diary. There's all kinds of insightful tidbits on how to book a tour, where to eat, and even helpful websites. The coolest part is that even though it's directed to girls in bands, everyone can get something out of it. BS (Erin/PO Box 7012/Olympia, WA 98507)

HIT IT OR QUIT IT #16

8.5x11 \$2.50 88pgs.
Interesting. On the cover there is a picture of one of the guys from At The Drive-In, but inside all I could find was an essay about how At The Drive-In sold out in the eyes of the jaded scenester author. Also, they have an interview with The Locust (who rock by the way, but you knew that), but end up saying their 12" with Monkeys Uncle is a "a total waste of vinyl." Now, I understand that reviewers don't necessarily hold the opinions of the magazine, but the At The Drive-In picture and The Locust interview just seem like away to sell more copies (and that my friends is the opinion of this reviewer and not necessarily of this 'zine). This issue has interviews with Cave In, Botch, Kranky Records, Blechdom from Blechdom, The New Pronographers, The Locust, and Bright Eyes. Oh yeah, they also review Destiny's Child. JL (PO Box 14624/Chicago IL 60614)

HELLO, MY NAME IS RACHEL: Calendar

8.5x14 \$2 12pgs.
This project of *Hello, My Name Is Rachel* is both a calendar and a story. Each month has a page in the story of losing her grandfather. Rachel can write well and she has a good grasp of things important in the world. That makes her story good. The only problem with it is that I can't wait a month to finish each piece: I just skip and read right on through. A very cool idea though. I love things that perform two functions. LO (3269 25th St./San Francisco, CA 94110)

HELP MY SNOWMAN IS BURNING #6

5.5x8.5 \$3 32pgs.
Interesting read that combines odd things like an article on Heavy Metal design, Marcel Marceau to cultural pieces on the history of the Chinese in New Zealand, and what it's like to grow up there. Among the many articles there's some comics (great artwork!) and music coverage with the Audio Vandals, and School Of Meat. This one's a keeper. MA (Red Letter 'Zine Distro/PO Box 14562/Kilbirnie, Wellington/New Zealand)

HER SIDE OF THE SIDEWALK

4.25x5.5 \$3 68pgs.
Her Side Of The Sidewalk is written by a person named Angela from Portland, OR. This issue contains stories about her time living in a small college town in Ohio. As a theme throughout these writings Angela explores the notion of home and how people make a place their home. There are stories about Angela's job at a coffee shop, filmmaking, natural disasters, relationships with fellow humans, and general reminiscing about life during college. This 'zine is handbound and features some nice lineoleum cuts. SJS (Angela/PO Box 3444/Portland, OR 97208)

HEY BASTARD, LISTEN TO THIS! #3

4.25x5.5 \$1/trade 52pgs.
Personal stories written rather poetically. It begins with saying goodbye to old friends, and he describes well the random thoughts of days gone past that pop into his head. The rest of the 'zine is filled with other stories. I really like his prose, it often times seems like he could be telling a fiction story—what with the rich descriptions and such. There are lots of fragmented conversations interspersed throughout, which seemed to be an effective way to set the moods before the next story commences. Simple, yet quite a lot to read. RG (Pete/4707 Chester Ave #3/Philadelphia, PA 19143)

IMPACT PRESS #35

8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.
Seen the name around, but never bothered reading it. My loss. This is pretty good. The cover story is on recent developments in the wacky world of genetic engineering; in this case, modifying animals. This article is followed by one on evolution vs. creationism. Also in this issue part one of "The Making of a Terrorist," which charts the history of Osama Bin Laden. One on the fur trade, as well as commentary on various issues ranging from the loss of privacy since Sept. 11th, to the Adopt-A-Turkey Project. MA (PMB 361/10151 University Blvd./Orlando/FL 32817)

IMPACT PRESS #36

8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.
Another opinionated and controversial issue of the left leaning and informative *Impact Press* hot off the presses. This time around the articles are mostly about going to war against terrorism and all the off shoot stories that go along with it, including thoughts on the national ID and linking the drug trade to terrorism. There are also pieces on the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, vivisection, endangered species, antibiotics, and the government's classifications of journalists. *Impact Press* rounds out the issue with comics and listings of actions to get involved in. This is well done 'zine that reports with a lot of sass. LO (see above)

I WENT TO PUNKFEST AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY 'ZINE! #0

5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.
Dedicated to the aptly named Punkfest that happens annually in New Zealand, this 'zine features people's recollections of past fests as well as interviews with various individuals involved in the local scene. There's also a collection of flyers from the first fest to most recent and some really nice photography throughout. MA (Red Letter 'Zine Distro/PO Box 14562/Kilbirnie, Wellington/New Zealand)

KSPC 2001 FALL PROGRAM GUIDE

8.5x11 free 16pgs.
This is the program guide for the radio station of Claremont College in Claremont, CA. Beyond the program listings it contains some information about recent events at the station, an interview with Ohio sound artist Jessica Bailiff, and reviews and views of some of the music played on the station. SJS (KSPC Radio/Thatcher Music Bldg./340 N. College Ave./Claremont, CA 91711-6340)

THE LITTLE BLACK STAR #1

8.5x11 free 4pgs.
A newsletter from the Autonomous Arts Collective about current issues. It is only four pages, but informative and to the point. It focuses on the war and the destruction of civil liberties. One of the better anarchist/activist newsletters that I've come across; it lacks the typical reports of protest hopping. I appreciated the chronologies of "100 Years of US Military Intervention" and of accidental bombings done by the US in Afghanistan; I'm a bit of a sap to that scholarly shit. Recommended. JM (Autonomous Art Collective/113 N Water St./Lewisburg, PA 17837)

THE LITTLE BLACK STAR #3

8.5x11 free 4pgs.
Small, and not wasting any space; this is a bi-weekly anarchist (not only for though) newspaper. Articles on the war, the Revolutionary Women of Afghanistan (RAWA), CNN censorship of Indy media, semi-current statistics of civilians in the war, and current FBI investigations. Get hooked up, this is a great free and independent news source for some truth in the sea of corporate propaganda. CF (see above)

LARCENY #6

2x3 \$1/trade 32pgs.
In this handwritten personal 'zine, editor Shaun writes of life in central Michigan. Growing up in Evart, moving to Big Rapids, and then leaving for the suburbs of Detroit. This issue of *Larceny* tells some stories of his friends and their dramas and interactions along the way. Shaun also describes his interactions with various odd and difficult neighbors. The main story concerns a onetime best friend who over time becomes an unknown and volatile problem. A good read for those who enjoy walking through the turbulent times in other peoples' lives. SJS (see below)

LARCENY #7

2x3 50¢/trade 8pgs.
Larceny's seventh issue has more packed in its very small package than most 'zines twice this big. Of course, you'll have to hold it really close to you head to read it all. This issue talks about work, complaining and commenting on its current repressive effect on the author. I liked this 'zine; it is a little treasure you can hold in the palm of your hand. LO (Shawn Allen/8128 Constitution #8/Sterling Heights, MI 48212)

MAXIMUM ROCK'N'ROLL #222

8.5x11 \$3 156pgs.
MRR is back with more punk goodness. This issue is the one that was published after September 11th, so expect a bunch of talk about that. They also include a pretty neat column about building your own music equipment. They interview Tragedy, MDC, JR Ewing, Dios Hastio, and punk author Charles Romalotti. In addition, they write about the Dutch scene. JL (PO Box 460760/San Francisco, CA 94149-0760)

MAXIMUM ROCK'N'ROLL #223

8.5x11 \$3 164pgs.
Many of the columns, naturally, are about the world trade center bombings. I think it's an important thing to talk about right now, so I didn't mind the saturation too much. As for interviews, there are ones with Seven Days of Samsara, Good Riddance, Manifesto Jukebox, The Flakes, Ahiro, The Pokers, Viimeinen Kolonna, The Blueblooms, and Pg. 99. There's also a lot of interesting current event stories, as well as a piece on the history of Palestinian suffering. I found a lot of good stuff to read. RG (see above)

MESSAGE FROM THE HOMELAND #7

8.5x11 \$2 48pgs.
At first I was put off by the references to Christianity, as the editor does quote from the *Bible* and use biblical characters and instances in a few of his writings. But stepping back and just accepting it for what it is/there is some interesting insight within. There are thoughts on the death penalty, the church's condemnation of homosexuality, a road story, and a piece on the martyrdom of Eve that reminds me of a scene in the movie "Hedwig and The Angry Inch." Rounding things off is a chat with Derrick Green from Sepultura. MA (David Lucander/PO Box 1725/Westfield, MA 01086)

MISHAP #11

5.5x8.5 \$1/trade 64pgs.
A pro-DIY 'zine with lots of typewritten stories (shrunk down in order to fit more on each page), and news on protests and activism, and a few very interesting columns on anarchism and awareness, and many other things to read. There are a lot of well-done commentaries on various topics, most of them dealing with anarchism in some form or another. The bulk of the 'zine, though, is made up of some really great fiction stories. If you like reading good stories as well as interesting ideas on socially pertinent news, then definitely check this 'zine out! I think I saw issue #12 at a friend's house a little bit ago, so get that also. RG (PO Box 5841/Eugene, OR 97405)

MODERN FASCIST QUARTERLY #1

5.5x8.5 \$3 34pgs.
Interesting mix of politics and strange humor. There's a comic that details what globalization is, a round up of various taquerias around Santa Rosa, and a report from Genoa, among other things. The article on the tearing down of historical monuments in Santa Rosa to make way for high priced apartments could apply to anywhere, and is something I'd like to see discussed more in 'zines and punk in general. Entertaining read. Bryan Adams? MA (PO Box 524/Fulton, CA 95439)

THE MOUTH Vol. 1

5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.
This 'zine is subtitled "the plastic surgery issue" and the entire contents of the issue focuses on that subject. The writings within the pages cover the use of plastic surgery by women, the mental status of some who turn to plastic surgery, and the results of some cases. There are a variety of before and after photos and some pages of graphics. The 'zine ends with an essay that takes a look at the use of plastic surgery by teenagers to help with their insecurities about fitting in. SJS (Boyd Shropshire/52010702 Lakeside Complex/Gainesville, FL 32612-5201)

NATIVE SON #3.5

3x3 34¢/trade 20pgs.
Don't blink, you'll miss it. This half issue is a quick experience of images, drawings, and a few thoughts. This is what you do when you regularly make a personal 'zine but don't quite have enough to fill a regular issue. You pass it out to friends and avid readers to tell them what you've been up to. A nice moment, but not much more than that for me right now. LO (Paul H./1910 W Main St./Richmond, VA 23220)

NO ONE TOUCHES THE DREAM TEAM #6

5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.
Another irony filled issue from this tongue in cheek (and punch in face) 'zine from Colorado. Chris and company talk trash on Chris O'Donnell, the Colorado scene, and No Fear shirts while simultaneously writing about the child black market, the fact that old school bands rule, and messing with people in their "advice" column. They also review lots of stickers they have received as well as a few records, movies, and games. Not to be taken seriously and not to be f'ed with, *No One Touches The Dream Team* seems to be honing their barbed skills with each issue. LO (PO Box 19561/Boulder, CO 80303)

NERVE LANTERN 7x8.5 \$5 64pgs.

Subtitled a bi-annual axon of performance literature this publication contains texts for performances. These works were conceived and developed during a class at Naropa University. What you get are short scripts or script like writings with introductory comments that establish settings and directions. The writings are mostly non-linear creating imagery and emotional weight. Some make use of verse, others paragraphs of prose separated by actions. The directions give a good idea of props and intended actions. Much here tends toward surreal humor with a social conscience evident here and there. There are a few pages explaining how these performances were developed in the classroom setting and some historical context for the writings. *Nerve Lantern* features crisp, clean layout, is printed on heavy stock, and hand bound. The editor, Ellen Weiss, wishes to make this a bi-annual publication and is seeking contributions from anyone with similar interests. E-mail contact via: nervalantern@hotmail.com. SJS (Ellen R. Weiss/1900 Goss At. #107/Boulder, CO 80302)

THE NEW SCHEME #4 8.5x11 \$2 64pgs.

The New Scheme has short interviews, political contributions and opinions, music and print reviews, and lots of quick jabs of personality from the editor. This issue features short talks with Hey Mercedes, 31 Knots, Tape Op 'zine, Haymaker Riot, and Divot Records as well as a Fairlanes European tour diary. With each issue this 'zine gets better and thicker. Good luck for future issues. LO (PO Box 19873/Boulder, CO 80308)

THE NORTHEASTERN ANARCHIST #3

8.5x11 \$4 52pgs.

Another thick and slick looking issue of *The Northeastern Anarchist*, packed full of news articles on Sep. 11th, current anti-globalization protests, as well as theory and analysis. The Northeastern Federation of Anarcho-Communists, which works on organizing and activism, puts out this magazine. As always, great pictures and articles which are written very well. I really recommend the anti-war feature on why anarchists oppose the war. It goes into all kinds of interesting facts and debates that are really pertinent to our situation right now, like why people in the Middle East would hate us, erosion of civil liberties here in the US and capitalist interests in the war. The theory and analysis articles were great also, talking about theorists namely like Peter Kropotkin and the usual historical figures. I personally think the roots of anarchism can be debated, but I realize that this publication is an Anarcho-Communist magazine, so it will come from their angle. The anarchist history is always a good thing to see so we can learn from the past, and learn how to apply it to the future. This is a very text heavy magazine with in depth articles. Check it out if you're into it, better yet, if you're not into it. CF (PO Box 230685/Boston, MA 02123)

ONE KID IN THE BACK #1 4.25x5.5 free 20pgs.

This 'zine has a sweet, idealistic tone running throughout. The best example of this is the long tour diary; it tells the tale of a tour that pretty much gets botched but the people have fun and find some good in it anyway. There is also story about holding true to your standards, a comic about inspiration, and a how-to about stamp gluing. LO (PO Box 57/Olean, NY 14760)

OUTLET #3 8.5x11 \$1 28pgs.

I had to read this twice... and then let all my friends read it. It's a comic about four edge guys who pose as Minor Threat after being transported to the year 3003 in order to save the world from Capitalist Records. Lots of old school straight edge lyrics that I didn't catch until Hardcore James read it and found it terribly amusing. I liked it, I mean hell, they killed those capitalist robots... and if there is anything I hate more than a capitalist, it's a robot. JM (Steven DiSebastien/165 Franklin St. #208/Bloomfield, NJ 07003)

PALM TO HEART #1 4.25x5.5 \$? 28pgs.

Palm To Heart really ought to be called door to heart because you are let right on in. Sarah talks about life in the city, learning through the hard times, being nostalgic, falling in love, and finding the greatness in the small things. It is inspirational in its sweetness and hope. Words come criss-crossed on the page in varying sizes, looking to shake you up and remember the emotion it is written in. A very nice 'zine all around. I'd like to meet her. LO (Sarah/PO Box 1204/Santa Cruz, CA 95061)

PAPER SACKS 5.5x8.5 \$1 16pgs.

Three stories that mesh together complemented by a few poems. The stories consist mostly of observation of quite moments spent with people. The way memories stick in your head filled with little details that sort explain the overall feeling. This 'zine comes with screen printed paper sack cover. Write to this person and make a new friend. LO (885 B Lake Herman Rd./Vallejo, CA 94591)

PEOPLE'S RESISTANCE 5.5x8.5 \$? 24pgs.

A political booklet which addresses a variety of issues in a small amount of pages. The thoughts focus in on capitalism, race issues, fascism, eco-defense, and religion. Due to the size and the fact that this appears to be the first issue, the basic nature of the pieces tends to get in the way of them making any great impact upon the reader. The makers of this 'zine should check out *Imagine or Impact Press* to see how some other folks are going after the same goals in their 'zines. Oh, there are also vegan recipes. LO (PO Box 9452/Erie, PA 16505)

PICKING UP THE PIECES #2 5.5x8.5 \$2 24pgs.

A combination of music 'zine and personal 'zine. I prefer the music side. Interviews are with Submission Hold and Vivisick Distro. There's also some thought on sexual abuse, and a story that I can't tell if it's fiction or fact. MA (Brent McEwen/1100 Mercer-New Wilmington Rd./New Wilmington, PA 16142)

PICK YOUR POISON #1 & #2 5.5x8.5 \$1 48pgs.

Issue #1 has many stories from the editor's childhood about the downward spiral of someone he knew as well as a few from more recent history of his. They are all pretty descriptive and interesting to read. You get a real sense of what the writer must be like; that is good. Issue #2 picks up where it left off in the saga of issue #1. More stories and more details to entertain you. In the intro to this one the editor talks about some other stuff that he was going to include... I am glad he didn't because the focus of this 'zine is what makes it appealing. LO (Nate/PO Box 8995/Minneapolis, MN 55408)

PUNK 'ZINE 5.5x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

This lovely gem is a satire or, perhaps more correctly termed, a farce of the high school punk 'zine. I don't know if it is necessary to satirize said genre, as many of these 'zines are self-parodies already, but *Punk 'Zine* does it anyway. This shit is so over the top and quite funny in spots, but by the end it starts repeating jokes and also uses several of the dreaded lazy jokes. But what can you really say about a 'zine that fills any white space with such punk slogans as "oi," "punks rule," and of course "fuck you." OB (James/1609 Marshall Ave./St. Paul, MN 55104)

READING COMPREHENSION 8.5x11 \$2 68pgs.

This is year long compilation of journal entries, which were original posted on a website called Diaryland. It runs from July 4, 2000 to July 6, 2001, though there are not entries for every day. The author is a 16 year old girl from Richmond. She has a pretty neat writing style, where she will end a paragraph and then finish the thought in a second paragraph. The content is what you would expect: school, work, music, boys, friends, etc. Also comes with neat bookmark. OB (Meredith/2716 Fillmore Rd./Richmond, VA 23235)

REASON TO BELIEVE #3 8.5x11 \$3 80pgs.

This is an impressive publication. *Reason To Believe* contains in depth articles on many topics that concern folks in the DIY community. This issue features a series of writings by wimmin that address their concerns with and observations of their involvement with the extended DIY/punk/hardcore community. The contributions look at sexism and constraints wimmin experience in punk, how aggressive behavior at shows affects wimmin, and the many experiences of wimmin running record labels, playing in bands, forming collectives, and as a journalist in the scene. This section also includes extensive information on and illustrations of self-defense for women and girls. Other articles include an extended analysis of the conflicts in Macedonia, and a scene report from Bulgaria that tells the history of underground music and art in that country since the 1960s. There is an interview with a member of the Hamwic Housing Co-op that explores the methods for establishing and maintaining a housing co-op. There is a lengthy overview of the actions and protests around the Genoa Summit by some people who ended up in the thick of the police retaliation riots. There are interviews with Finland's Manifesto Jukebox and Barcelona's E150. The Manifesto Jukebox folks discuss the hardcore scene in Scandinavia and Finland's use of conscription to fill it's military. E150 talk about the diversification of punk rock in Spain and the social and political issues they deal with in Barcelona. Filling out the rest of this issue are many 'zine and record reviews, a few book reviews, and a few pages of news from the Netherlands, the UK, and Spain. All this information combines to create a very positive reading experience. SJS (145-149 Cardigan Rd./Leeds/L56 1L/UK)

RECLUSE #4 5.5x8.5 \$1.25 36pgs.

Recluse 'zine comprised of a variety of essays and articles on topics of interest to the editors. This issue begins with some thoughts on the events of September 11th. There are stories of a questionable animal sanctuary for cats, a plea for young folks to think hard about their futures before having children, a guide to silk-screening t-shirts, some information about the Ohio 'Zine Festival, and an essay about growing up in the eighties. Elsewhere there are some poems and other writings, some information on family violence, and some information on the many toxic substances that may be in various foods. This issue closes with music, 'zine, and book reviews. SJS (PO Box 09558/Columbus, OH 43209)

REGULATE #5 7x8.5 \$3 36pgs.

A fucking kick ass 'zine that has personal, scene, music, and political stuff all rolled into one. I love the way she is pissed off, and I love the way she talks about what she has learned in life so far. The whole 'zine is very honest and her opinions are fresh and nice to hear. *Regulate* describes the life of a young woman dealing with going to law school, staying straight edge, finding friends, explaining her politics, and amusing herself along the way. This is a keeper. LO (Lauren Johnson/31 E 31 St. #7B/New York, NY 10016)

RIOT 77 MAGAZINE #3 8.5x11 \$3 52pgs.

A music based fanzine out of Dublin, Ireland. As you can probably derive from the title, this has a heavy oi/street punk tilt to it. Interviews are with the Reducers SF, GBH, Oxes, Skript, Propagandhi, Stiff Little Fingers, Babes in Toyland, and Bluetip. There is also a chronicle of Rollins' career, and the some live gig reviews, including a recap of the Holidays in the Sun festival. There are also record reviews. Overall this is a well done 'zine, and I definitely recommend it to those of you into the oi/street punk scenes. OB (31 Saint Patrick's Rd./Clondalkin/Dublin 22/Ireland)

ROUND THINGS ROLL #3 7x8.5 \$2.50 48pgs.

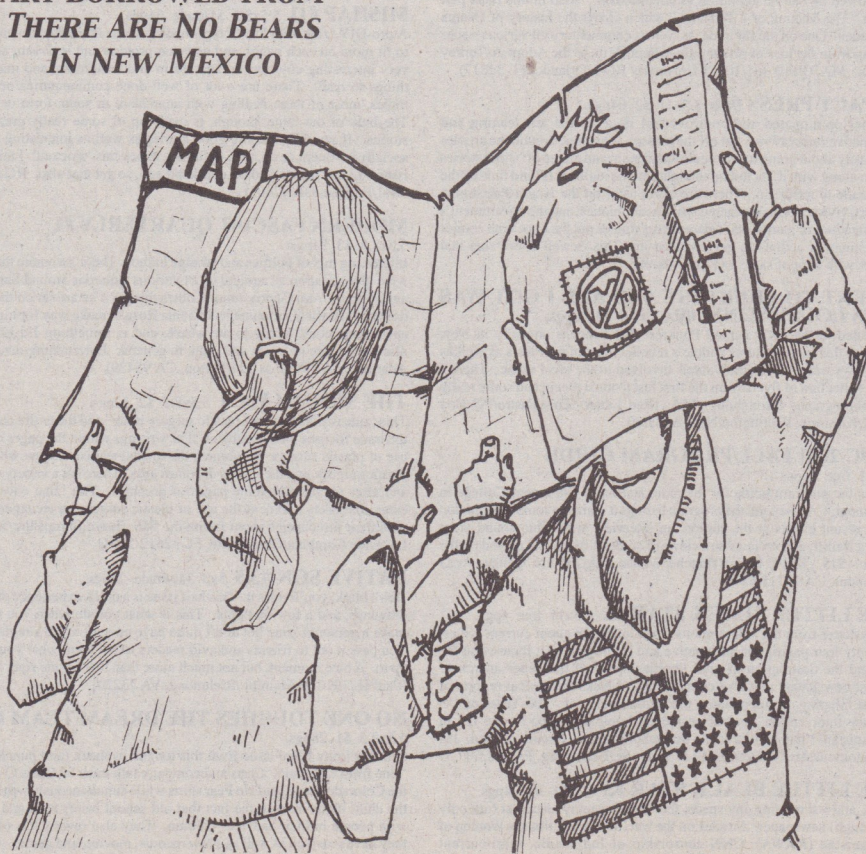
Much of the emphasis in this 'zine is on acoustic rockers. Some acoustic punks are interviewed, including John Darnielle of the Mountain Goats, David Dondero, Delta Dart, Lucas Bernhardt, Mike Rey, and Alison Williams. The interviews all ask the exact same questions, but they stay interesting because each person's answer to each question is placed right next to each other. I've never been the biggest fan of acoustic music—I think I really have to like the singer—but the responses still definitely peaked my interest. I was kind of bothered with how they sometimes seem to be on the defense about the merits of acoustic music in punk rock. I can kind of see it as a response to intolerant jerks like me, so I suppose I should not be complaining too much. There are also a few tour reports from acoustic carnage in the US—many good stories to read here. There is also a tour report from Shut The Fuck Up that is very entertaining. Plus other great stuff, stimulating. RG (PO Box 11384/Portland, OR 97211)

THE SECRET LIFE OF PIRATES w/CD comp

8.5x11 \$2 28pgs.

This fanzine is jam packed full of stuff. There are interviews with Poison the Well, The Black Tie Affair, I Like Girls, The Bled, and Drawing Down the Sun. Not to mention a wide variety of music reviews. There are also lots of interesting contributions, including one with suggestions on what to do with Dollar Store finds. I should mention though that they plan on changing the every issue, so the next issue will be "The Secret Life of Robots." I don't know what that's all about, I can't get enough of pirates. BS (Isaac Jackson/8927 W. Butler/Peoria, AZ 85345)

ART BORROWED FROM THERE ARE NO BEARS IN NEW MEXICO



SEVEN ELEVEN #7 5.5x8.5 \$1 28pgs.

What a nice little 'zine this was. Funny stories, commentary on life's oddities, a few point on things that suck, and a few humorous explanations of things that really suck. *Seven Eleven* talks about things like being attacked while riding your bike, reminisces about good restaurants that are really gross, and reprints found letters and comics seeped in irony about life. If all 'zines were at least this good, we all might care more about 'zine. LO (Danny/PO Box 771402/Lakewood, OH 44107)

SHAZZBUTT! #7 5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.

I must admit I took this one to review because included was a color photograph of some demolition derby action. I also saw that this was reviewed last issue, but I'll review it again. The 'zine begins with some quotes from Vonnegut, Satre, *Cometbus*, the Soophie Nun Squad, and some other less famous thinkers. An article follows this on 'dodgeball'/bombardment. Apparently the author is way into these games, has organized a league, and his team travels to participate in tournaments where it battles Speedo clad jocks. Next up is an interview with Honor System, who discuss the meanings behind their songs. He might of edited out all the "you knows," and "shits," and "likes," but I guess he kept them in their for added authenticity. Towards the back are two articles on the homeless, some record reviews, and a broken hearted piece of prose entitled "Not A Good Time." After such, for the lack of a better word, PC, content, I was a little off put by the article entitled "How To Be A 14 Year Old Girl." I don't know if this is meant to be tongue in cheek or what, but it was at times funny and at times very creepy. Lastly you can play spot the nare at the mayday parade. OB (Mark Novotny/5413 S. 6th Ave./Countryside, IL 60525)

SIDEBURNS #3 4.25x5.5 \$? 28pgs.

Some poludix, some music, some emoting. Very clean and artistic. Sometimes the bad grammar makes the reading difficult, but the content is worth the read. Interesting portrayal of an Austrian hell. If the author didn't mention that he lived in Austria I would have assumed he was bashing the US the whole time... I never thought that those people who said "If you don't like it, leave it" were giving the best advice. Good skateboarding edge to it, and sXe. And the free laminated bookmark... now that's special. JM (Andi Dvorak/Kinskyg. 16-30-63-3/1232.Vienna/Austria)

SIDEBURNS #5 2x3 \$? 32pgs.

Issue #5 is much smaller than #3. I like the composition. More reflective, more jaded, more about skating... Andi is growing up. The shortsies are less overtly political and more about disillusion. Lots of band photos and quotes from songs, that sort of thing. JM (Andi Dvorak/Kinskyg. 16-30-63-3/1232 Vienna/Austria)

SIDEBURNS #6 2x3 \$? 64pgs.

Andi took a chance in this issue, adding a bit more drawing. The pictures, however... very strange... people without faces and that sort of thing. Stories about touring and traveling to shows. It all makes my wanderlust multiply tenfold. That and sitting on the Amtrak bus... Andi really likes Team Dresch, and I'm into that. Lots about moving on and getting older. This should really be read in a trilogy with issue #3 and #5. JM (Andi Dvorak/Kinskyg. 16-30-63-3/1232 Vienna/Austria)

SINISTER SPIDDER #6 5.5x8.5 \$? 32pgs.

Sinister Spider for the Southern and proud approach with a mix of blues, punk rock, country, and for lack of a better word, hillbilly, aesthetic. Lots of overalls mentioned and pictured. It also seems to be out of order, or perhaps that is part of the aesthetic as well. We have some comics, a review of the Juke Joint Caravan tour, and some stories of the Birmingham working man. The 'zine is way sloppy, as there are several pages where the text was cut off. OB (3000 County Rd. 10/Florence, AL 35633)

SLAVE #6 8.5x11 \$3 88pgs.

This issue of *Slave* focuses on some things twisted and ghoulish. There is a section titled "Ghoul Punks" that "punks who live in the shadows of the scene, and sometimes wear a bit of makeup." It contains interviews with Bobby Steele and psychobilly band Tiger Army. Also there is one essay describing how to survive a zombie movie, and another detailing how to create a wacky alien Halloween costume out of cushion foam from old furniture. Along the same theme is an interview with Jeff Gaither and a pull out centerfold of his horror/fantasy illustrations. Another article examines how Metallica created an all encompassing esthetic through graphic design of their t-shirts and *Ride The Lightning*. *Master Of Puppets*, and *...And Justice For All* LPs. There is an essay describing the treatment of protesters at recent political demonstrations and an expose on the odd and humiliating behavior required of servers at certain family style restaurants. This issue opens with some commentary from the folks who put *Slave* together and a very good book and zine review section. It ends with a pile of in depth music reviews. SJS (PO Box 10093/Greensboro, NC 27404)

SLUG & LETTUCE #69 news 57¢ 16pgs.

What can I really say about S&L? Christine has been doing an incredible job for many years; she keeps pumping out an awesome magazine that has become a staple in my punk rock bubble. The columns are great and make the magazine that much better. As always record, 'zine, and book reviews. Always great photos and resources to meet like minded punks all over. Just get it if you don't already. Word up. CF (Christine/PO Box 26632/Richmond, VA 23261)

SNACKBAR CONFIDENTIAL 5.5x8.5 \$3 36pgs.

Basically *Snackbar Confidential* is a collection of old product, television, and movie advertisements clippings from the early 1970s, with some commentary on the products and shows. There is also an occasional record review, of both current (though retro) records, and records from the 1970s. SBC is reminiscent of the early 90s 'zine *Beer Frame*. As I was but a toddler during the Ford years, so I can barely remember any of the stuff included in this 'zine. I also believe a lot of it is some pretty obscure shit like Cap'n Crunch's Ship Shake. While most of the nostalgia value would be lost on the average 20 something *HeartAttack* reader, there is some funny ass stuff in here, like "Questions from Morons" (basically questions written to the television guide that used to come with newspapers). Also if you are into the type of movies that they used to show in Times Square, then you'd get a kick out of the advertisements and movie listings reproduced in *Snackbar Confidential*. OB (PO Box 895/Saratoga Springs, NY 12866)

SORE #13 8.5x11 \$2 40pgs.

Sore is a newsprint 'zine with personal articles, music and 'zine reviews, fiction pieces, and a few ads. Some of the most interesting features in this issue were the thoughts on how a story from his father inspired him, the story about how life can be good and bad, living in New York City after September 11th, and the well written reviews. Submissions are requested. LO (Taylor/PO Box 68711/Va. Beach, VA 23471)

SPARKED IN THE DEAD EYE #1

5.5x8.5 trade/SASE 32pgs.

A very personal 'zine that grants you entry to the more secret parts of this person's story. There are many poems that give you an idea of some of the experiences this writer is trying to share. Also included is a longer story about her relationship with her mother and her mother's illness. The pieces are all well written and you can't help but feel entranced with something. I find that when I read something like this I eat these kinds of 'zines up and want to write the editor a letter. LO (Michelle/2729 W Division #2R/Chicago, IL 60622)

SWEET DREAMS FOR TALULA

5.5x8.5 \$2 32pgs.

Now here is a heart-warming story. Talula is a little girl who finds more happiness in her dream world and chooses it over the outside, "real" world. She realizes it's okay to be different than the other kids her age (which is a good realization for young people). I liked reading this a lot. The drawings were neat and the story made me smile a little towards the end—and that is always a good thing. Two morals to the story: follow your dreams and be happy with who you are. EM (JB Thomas/PO Box 163463/Sacramento, CA. 95816)

THERE ARE NO BEARS IN NEW MEXICO

7x8.5 \$2 28pgs.

Much like a children's book, this book tells the sweet story of two friends traveling who have a situation to deal with. One is being honest and the other is teasing her for it. After much description and little action, the story comes to a head and they learn a valuable lesson about how to treat a friend. This one is a quick read with lots of finely drawn pictures. LO (Ten Eleven Press/1826 Virnankay/Ann Arbor, MI 48103)

TRIC #13 8.5x11 free 32pgs.

A music oriented 'zine with all sorts of features. This issue has a lot of content that I didn't really understand. There are write ups on The Misfits reunion and Murder City Devils and interviews with Tbtmo, Gearbox, Monster Mix, as well as some show, music, and fanzine reviews. Lots of smaller rants and thoughts on random things litter the pages of this 'zine. I guess I am just a little too far out of the circle to get into this 'zine. Many of the pages are filled with ads for releases and local stores. LO (Casey Grabowski/219 East Court/Wilmington, DE 19810)

TWIN CITIES HARDCORE JOURNAL #5

8.5x11 \$2 28pgs.

This issue takes a look at the hot debate of religion and hardcore. The stance is non-biased, presenting arguments and thoughts from both sides. The first part is a collection of opinions from a few people weighing in with their thought, and then it's on to short interviews with Christian and non Christian bands, from hardcore to metal (Good Clean Fun, Poison The Well, Disciple AD, and Heros Drive). Then it's rounded off with reviews. MA (803 Thomas Ave./St. Paul, MN 55104)

TWO TEARS IN A BUCKET MOTHER FUCK IT #13 7x8.5 \$1 32pgs.

First off, that is a great titled, and it fits pretty well with the 'zine, too. Mollie Hatchet takes most of this issue to tell about her recent trip to Europe. She travels around, has drunken misadventures, visits a lot of punk spaces, and ad a darn good time. She also talks about things in her life and some ideas she has had while finished this issue out. I think this 'zine is well done, and very appealing to those who avidly read travel stories. LO (3522 River Rd./Cincinnati, OH 45204)

UNDERGROUND 'ZINE SCENE #14 8.5x11 \$1 16pgs.

Underground 'Zine Scene is a music 'zine from Michigan that focuses on hard rock, progressive rock, and metal from around the world. In this issue you will find reviews of recordings from Michigan bands, a longer review section for recordings from elsewhere, and a variety of band interviews. The bands interviewed include England's Balance Of Power, Utah's Katagory V, Paranoise, Silent Exile, Symmetry, Elmer, and Aztec Jade. These discussions tend to be brief but interesting here and there due to my lack of exposure to some of this music. SJS (John Ridge/618 W Harper Rd./Mason, MI 48854)

VERBICIDE #4 8.5x11 \$2 68pgs.

The folks at Scissors Press combine writing about music with a variety of prose, poetry, and some photos and come up with an interesting mix in *Verbicide*. This issue contains quite a few short stories, excerpts from an online comic, a few letters to corporations from Rich Mackin, as well as a couple pages of poems. The music features include interviews with Drowningman, The River City Rebels, Atom & his Package, and Stop and Rewind Records proprietor Jessica Jones. There is also an interview with Sander Hicks of Soft Skull Press. These interviews are comprised of intelligent questions and answers from all involved. Also within the pages of *Verbicide* you will find a journal of the editors road trip to The Underground Publishing Conference, a list of worthy organizations with whom reader may wish to get involved, and book, record, and 'zine reviews. SJS (Scissors Press/Yale Station/PO Box 206512/New Haven, CT 06520)

VILE DOMINION #1 5.5x8.5 \$1 24pgs.

This is a new 'zine that is done by the guy who used to do *Refuse Planet* (another good 'zine that I got to review a while back). This is the same in content just in a smaller format. Mostly personal rants that I enjoyed reading—they aren't whiny personal drama that bores me but stories I actually could identify with which had great insight and criticism. There is a well-done interview with Harum Scarum and some record and 'zine reviews and band photos spread through out. Keep up the good work and I hope to see more issues out soon. CF (1970 Westwood Northern Blvd. #5/Cincinnati, OH 45225)

WHEN WE READ THESE, WE THOUGHT THEY WERE GOOD: AMERICA? #9 READING COMPREHENSION RIOT 77 MAGAZINE #3 HELP MY SNOWMAN IS BURNING #6 IMPACT PRESS #35 ALMOST KISSING #2 REASON TO BELIEVE BEATING HEARTS PRESS MISHAP #11 SLAVE #6 FISH PISS VOL. 2 #3

WE'RE GONNA FIGHT #3 5.5x8.5 \$2 40pgs.

Subtitled "International Political Vegan SxE" this 'zine truly lives up to it's proclaimed mission. Within the pages of *We're Gonna Fight* you will find news, interviews, scene reports, and information from the global underground political punk movement. Within this issue you will find interviews with Analena, Rai Ko Ris, and Active Minds; bands from Croatia, Nepal, and England respectively. There are scene reports from Portugal, Spain, Philippines, Malaysia, and France. Other things you will find are an interview with a person named Raf who runs a DIY distro in France and a variety of columns that discuss fascism, imperialism, boycotts, and the working class as they relate to punk and hardcore. The pages also include a large selection of music and 'zine reviews from the world over. This 'zine is taking steps in the direction of exposing the vast and growing youth resistance movements from all parts of our planet. SJS (8 Crs Gambetta/69007 Lyon/France)

WILD CHILDREN, INC. #2 5.5x8.5 \$1 72pgs.

A personal 'zine that tells stories of traveling, adventuring, living, and believing. Scott has been able to get out on his own, live a life of carefree exploration, and recounts those thoughts here. It is about the connections you make with people and places, but mostly with experiences. Other content includes a list of books to read, stories of bike trips and train rides, as well as thoughts on childcare, addiction, and enjoying life. Wild Children, Inc. is full of inspiration and heart. LO (Scott/545 Calle Del Norte/Camarillo, CA 93010)

WITCHES ABOUT WITCHES 8.5x11 \$? 32pgs.

The original version of this 'zine is all in Polish. However, they include a dense little booklet which translates the articles into English. *Witches About Witches*, a project compiled by a radical anarcho feminist group in Poland, discusses the history of witch persecution, the traditional roles witches have played, the many misconceptions about witches, and some basic herbal remedies. It is all well written and very interesting, especially since I new very little of the factual history of witches/wise women in Europe. The original 'zine is much larger than the booklet, complete with images and extra features. I liked this project a lot. LO (Wiedzma/PO Box 21/08-100 Siedlce 1/Poland)

HEARTBREAK STOMACHACHE #4/NO ASSURANCE 4.25x5.5 trade/letter 32pgs.

Two personal 'zines come together with this issue of *Heartbreak Stomachache*. *No Assurance* is one short story describing what becomes of family photos taken at the end of a parent's life. Not exactly an uplifting tale. *Heartbreak Stomachache* is a collection of writings from editor Christopher. He writes about things, events, people, and ideas that are important to him or have made an impression on him. He describes why and how these pieces fit into his life. SJS (Christopher/PO Box 175065/San Francisco, CA 94117)

EVASION book \$8 260pgs.

This book blew me away. *Evasion* began as a 'zine found on coffee tables in random houses. It detailed the life of a young man living a life free of work and regular responsibility; one of traveling adventures, dumpstered foods, return scams, and sleeping in shacks. Most copies of the 'zine were simply remade and passed out to people as they met. Like many things in the author's life, there was no formal system for it. This book is a collection of reprints from the 'zines you might have seen, as well as a complete printing of everything the Crimthine people could assemble into one book. It is well organized, educational, honest, and really funny. There are long sections about hopping trains, running scams, and doing what needs to be done in order to make the lifestyle work. It is totally inspiring book. Kudos to the mystery man. LO (CrimethInc/2095 Rangewood Dr./Atlanta, GA 30345)

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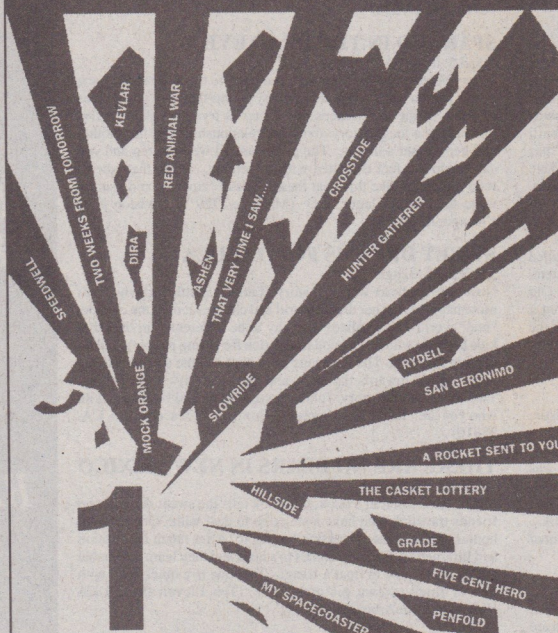
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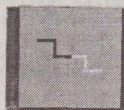


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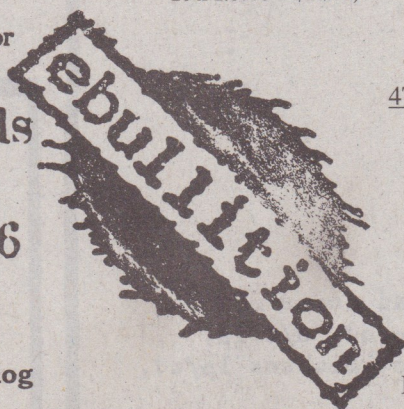
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